July 12, 1976

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THE NEW YORKER

Jenni Oliver

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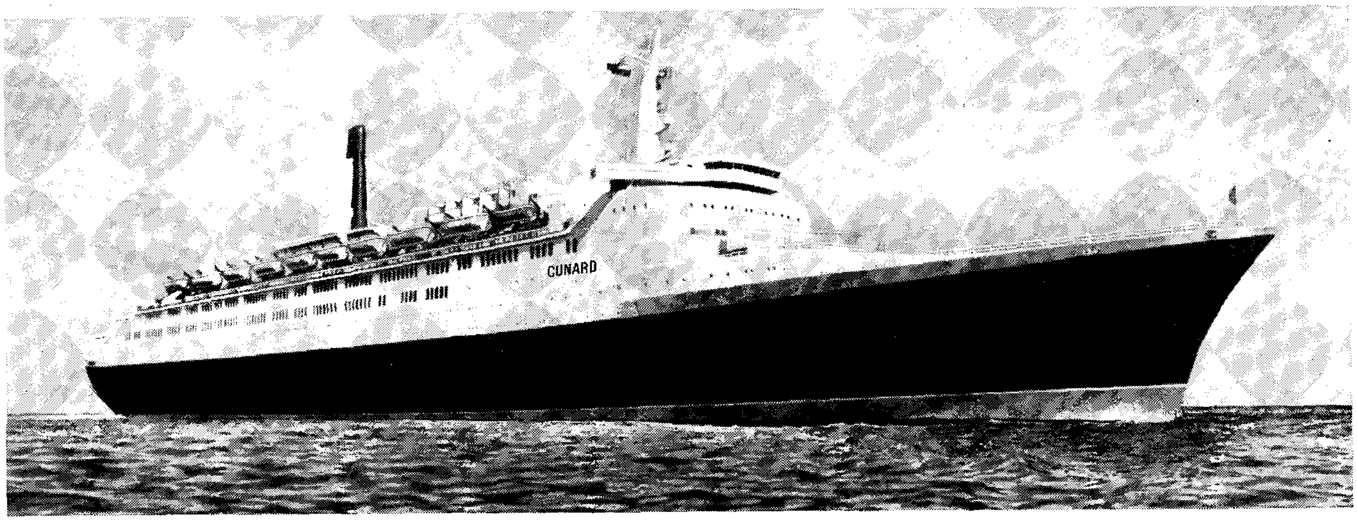

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

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The Belle of Amherst—Julie Harris as Emily Dickinson, in a one-woman show. A few more actors onstage might have turned this into a play instead of a charming, insubstantial stunt. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, July 7, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerrilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast, headed by Graham Brown, is very good indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Livin' Fat—A satire, by Judi Ann Mason, played as a broad farce, about a young black janitor in a bank who "finds" a packet worth fifteen thousand dollars (after the bank has been robbed) and agrees to let his upright parents decide whether he may keep it. Much of the play is funny, as directed by Douglas Turner Ward and as performed by Frances Foster, Minnie Gentry, Frankie Faison, Joyce Sylvester, and (in the leading role) Dean Irby. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 18.)

Me and Bessie—Linda Hopkins is not Bessie Smith, by a good margin, but now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Mrs. Murray's Farm—A comedy by Roy London. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. Shaw in Heaven is *so* pleased with his royalties; he talks of little else. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pal Joey—A poorly produced revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical, which has a book by John O'Hara. Joan Copeland is excellent in the role originated by Vivienne Segal. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Royal Family—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, and Sam Levene, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Wednesday, July 7, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, July 8-9, at 8; Saturday, July 10, at 2 and 8; Sunday, July 11, at 3; Tuesday, July 13, at 2 and 8; Wednesday and Thursday, July 14-15, at 2; Friday, July 16, at 8; and Saturday, July 17, at 2 and 8.)

The Runner Stumbles—A first-rate play by an American newcomer, Milan Stitt. A priest and a nun fall in love in rural Michigan in 1911, and there is literally hell to pay. With Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue, directed by Austin Pendleton. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and Duck Variations—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a

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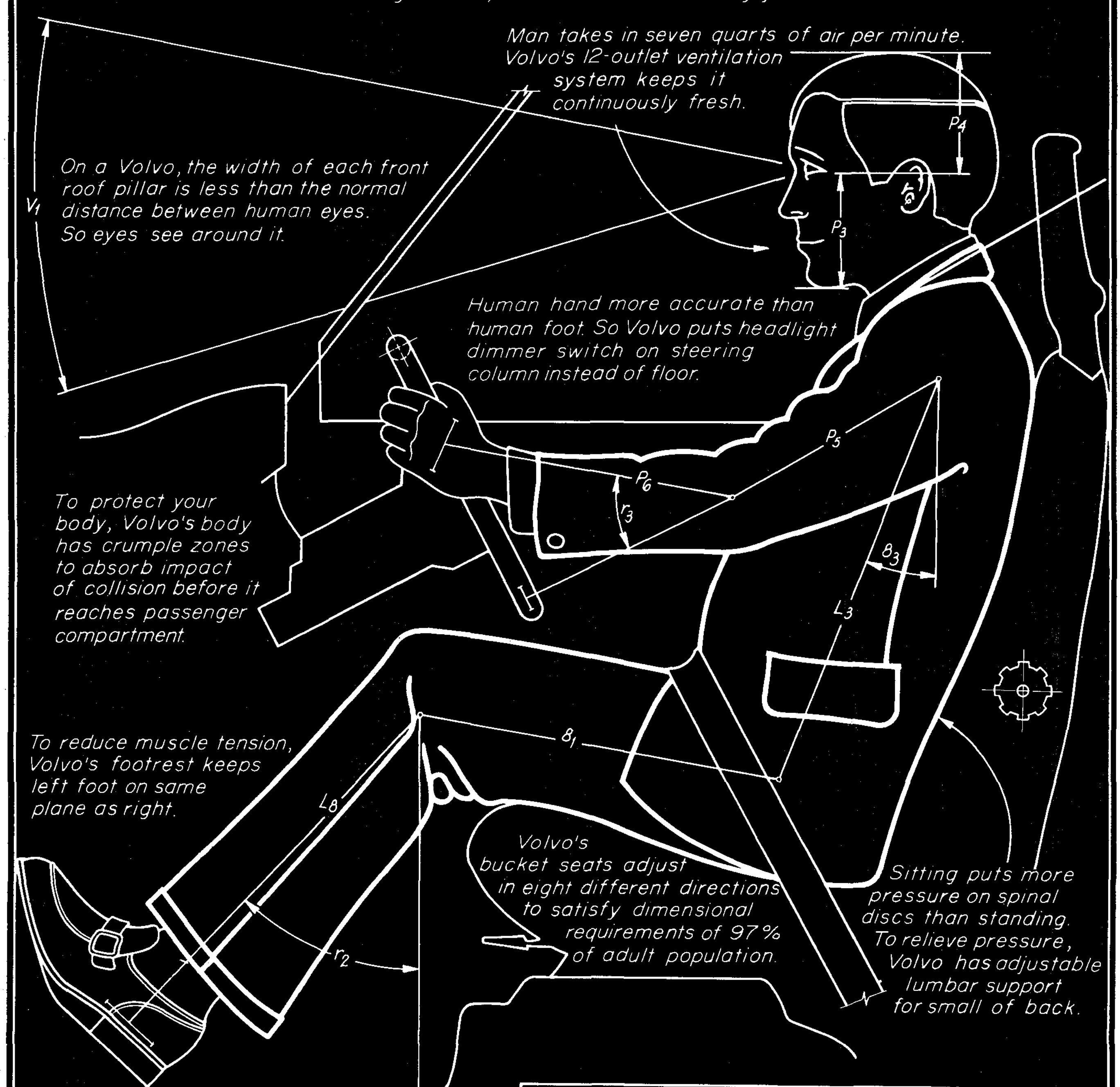

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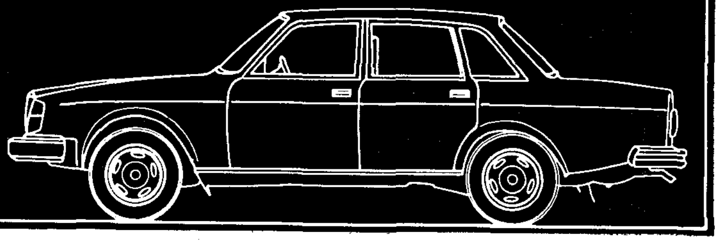

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deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

SOMETHING'S AFOOT—No, something's awry. A terrible musical, with Tessie O'Shea. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STREAMERS—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Raul Julia is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

VANITIES—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

VERY GOOD EDDIE—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—Edward Albee's play is as fresh and biting as ever. With Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara as the well-matched married adversaries in a night-long drunken donnybrook. Directed by Mr. Albee. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 1.)

WOMEN BEHIND BARS—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

LONG RUNS—**BOY MEETS BOY:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Keith McDermott, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,745 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday matinée, July 7: "Les Sylphides," "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Epilogue," and "Shadowplay."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 7: "Shadowplay," "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Pas de Deux," and "The Leaves Are Fading."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 8: "Texas Fourth" (company première), "Fall River Legend," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Friday evening, July 9: "Les Sylphides," "Medea," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 10: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Deux," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday evening, July 10: "Shadowplay," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Medea," and "Rodeo." ... ¶ Monday evening, July 12 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 757-7035): A program of excerpts from various ballets, danced by Natalia Makarova, Gelsey Kirkland, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Lynn Seymour, Yoko Morishita, Fernando Bujones, Marcia Haydee, Ivan Nagy, and the entire American Ballet company.... ¶ Tuesday evening, July 13: "La Bayadère," "Pas de Deux," "Fall River Legend," and "Push Comes to Shove." ... ¶ Wednesday matinée, July 14: "La Bayadère," "Fall River Legend," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 14: "La Bayadère," "Pas de Deux," "Fall River Legend," and "Push Comes to Shove."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 15: "Fancy Free," "Medea," and "The River."... ¶ Friday evening, July 16, and Saturday matinée and evening, July 17: "Swan Lake." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 7.)

RUSSIAN FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DANCE—A three-week engagement by a company of a hundred and seventy-five, including the Piatnitsky Folk Choir and Dancers, Pavel Virsky's Ukrainian Dance Company, the Georgian State Dance Company, fifteen Eskimo dancers from Siberia, and the Komuzisty chamber ensemble from the Kirghiz Philharmonic. Produced and staged by Igor Moiseyev. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 17.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. Bassist Sam Jones heads up a quintet through Saturday, July 10; on Monday and Tuesday, July 12-13, saxophonist Jeff Hittman's quintet will take the stand; and Thursday through Saturday, July 15-17, alto saxophonist, flutist, and contrabass clarinettist **ANTHONY BRAXTON** and three other highly regarded players will show up. Braxton (who has noted as his influences Ornette Coleman, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Paul Desmond) and his various collective-improvisation groups have done much toward merging and decategorizing jazz and new music. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Guitarist Pat Martino works out through Thursday, July 8. Friday through Sunday, July 9-11, singer and guitarist **KENNY RANKIN** blends folk music and Brazilian jazz with his backing crew. More folkies descend on the place: on Tuesday, July 13, Eric Andersen; Wednesday, July 14, Livingston Taylor; Thursday, July 15, Mary Travers; and on Friday, July 16, Tom Paxton. To keep all these folksingers and their audiences sufficiently nostalgic for the protest songs and politicizing of a decade ago, the management is presenting—from Friday through Friday, July 9-16—the Convention, a revue of political satire. On Saturday, July 17, singer No-

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⬭ après sun is the after-sun emollient lotion that helps you keep your tan longer.

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vella Nelson will arrive. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists perform duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. **JOHN BUNCH** and **CHUCK ISRAELS** take on the conversationalists through Saturday, July 10; then, beginning Monday, July 12, pianist Tom Garvin and bassist George Mraz will move in. The Sunday pianist is **BARRY HARRIS.** Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Short and his sidemen, Gene Gammage and Beverly Peer, appear twice Tuesdays through Thursdays and three times on Fridays and Saturdays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow, rustic bar, lined overhead with rows of neon beer signs that hang from the ceiling. Onstage are mostly local, primitive rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive (if any) record-company backing, no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Most of the regulars who perform here have some way to go before their music makes the WABC playlist. Monday is showcase night. Music from about nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The forthright **HELEN HUMES** delivers delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs with backing from Jerry Wiggins and Major Holley; Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, **SAMMY PRICE,** a polished performer and boogie-woogie specialist, has taken over for Dick Hyman. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, July 13, tenor saxophonist Al Cohn will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, July 11, will be set aside for trumpeter **ART FARMER** and a combo, beginning at eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR,** drummer **SONNY GREER,** and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays accommodate vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON,** guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE.** Music from ten to three. Chiasson and Little will be back again on Sunday, July 11, to take up with pianist Onaje Allan Gumbs from five to nine. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Jim Watkins, and Morris Edwards collaborate from six to nine.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS'** trio is here through Wednesday, July 14. On Thursday, July 15, pianist Monty Alexander will arrive with his trio. Two sets Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Jonny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Max Kaminsky leads the band on Mondays. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, who performs every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts is the relief man. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist Skitch Henderson is aboard, working with a bassist, a drummer, and a string quartet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ In the Bird Cage, starting Thursday, July 8, comedian Mort Sahl, who still carries a newspaper with him onstage and who has become the resident intellectual of Las Vegas, will be briefing audiences at ten and midnight, except Sundays and Mondays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble on the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Thursday through Saturday, July 8-10, drummer **ROY HAYNES** and his quintet, the Hip Ensemble, run through bop and post-bop standards. Monday through Thursday, July 12-15, saxophonist Denny Morouse will head up a rhythm-and-blues band. Music from ten to three.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Singer and pianist Ben Sidran, a Mose Allison-inspired performer, finishes up on Thursday, July 8. Friday through Monday, July 9-12, the Good Ol' Boys will perform country and bluegrass. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This attractive bar-and-restaurant complex currently features Cathy Chamberlain, a young singer who has an ample, crusty voice and who does old songs, such as "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?," and revivalist originals written in a similar, forty-year-old mode. Her backup band includes Freddie Moore, on drums, and Howard Johnson, on tuba. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups play most nights. Mondays are given over to **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties; Wednesdays, **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** trade guitar solos. Thursday, July 8, trumpeter **HOWARD MCGHEE** will bring along a quartet; Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, and Tuesday, July 13, Joe Puma will be in charge of a trio; and Thursday through Saturday, July 15-17, saxophonist **AL COHN** will front a quartet. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Remodelled again, this busy restaurant has come up with a desirable seating arrangement, and if it's crowded, it's only because the management has good taste in its bookings. Guitarist **JACK WILKINS** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ,** an amazingly facile, lyrical, and swinging duo, are here through Sunday, July 11. Monday and Tuesday, July 12-13, pianist Larry Karush will take over; and on Wednesday, July 14, singer and pianist Nina Sheldon will start working with bassist Harvey Swartz. The music runs from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—A place that draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. **CHARLES MINGUS** fires up his quintet through Thursday, July 15. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK,** who is a reed section all by himself, finishes up with his quartet on Sunday, July 11. On Monday, July 12, **BILL WATROUS** will execute some gliding trombone work with his youthful, jazz-rock-riffing seventeen-man aggregation. On Tuesday, July 13, **SONNY FORTUNE** will begin playing hard-edged, driving, and absolutely uplifting alto saxophone solos that make you forget all about Paul Desmond and Cannonball Adderley. He'll bring in a quintet, which usually includes **CHARLES SULLIVAN,** a wonderful young trumpet player to watch out for. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, **JO JONES,** seated behind a trap set—although all he needs is a hi-hat—is in command of a quartet. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Jim Roberts, Harold Ashby, Ronnie Cole, and Paul Quinichette get together for more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

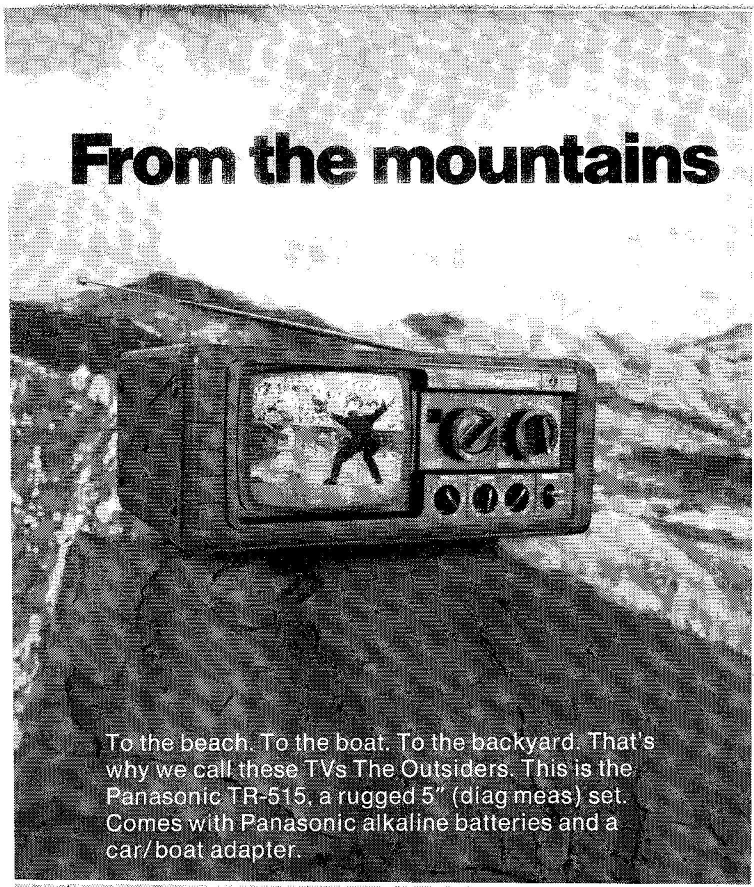
Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Quiet and peaceful most nights, but on Tuesdays the place fills up with musicians and friends of musicians who are members of the Dick Cone big band, a seventeen-piece pickup affair that lumbers through Cone charts, beginning after ten-thirty. Trumpeter Charles McGee, tenor saxophonist Frank Foster, bassist Richard Davis, pianist Ron Burton, and drummer Charlie Persip depart after Saturday, July 10. Tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley will lead a quartet Wednesday through Saturday, July 14-17. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Shirley MacLaine—With her chorus-line "gypsies," in a two-week return engagement. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Friday, July 9, through Saturday, July 24. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

Sammy Davis, Jr.—A benefit concert, with Billy

From the mountains



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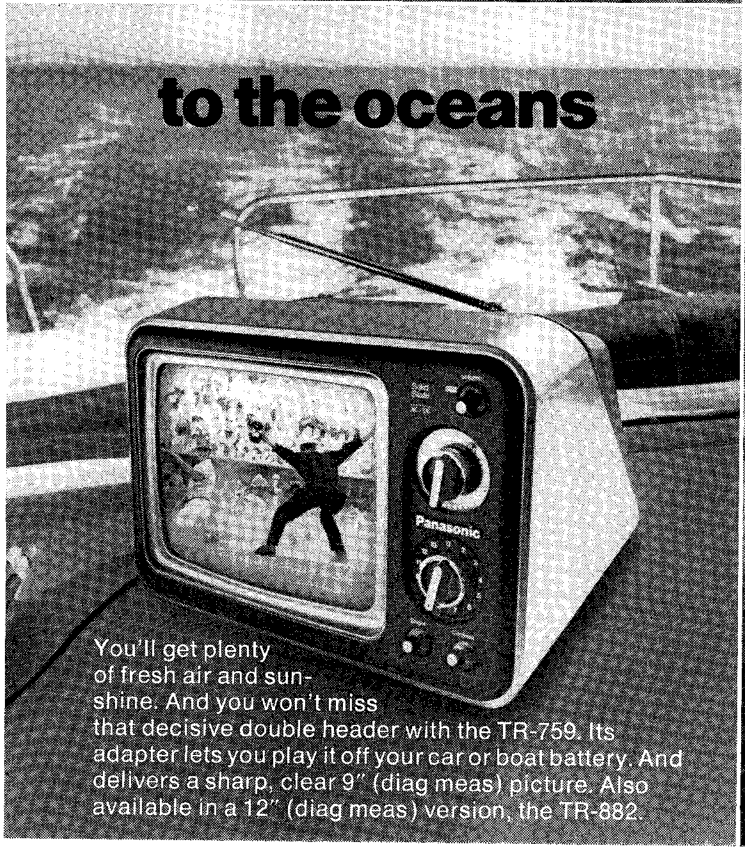

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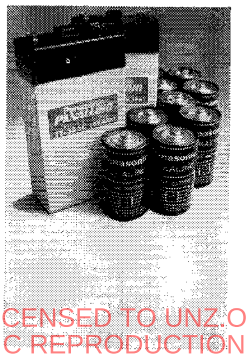

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Eckstine, Vivian Reed, Cab and Lael Calloway, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, July 7, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Georges Braque (1882-1963)—Fifty or so lithographs, aquatints, etchings, and woodcuts, selected from a collection of more than a hundred—the largest ever seen in this country. Included are an etching that is one of his first experiments in Cubism and a number of his familiar bird figures. Through Saturday, July 10. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Giorgio de Chirico—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by this earliest of the Surrealists, who is now in his eighty-eighth year and still turning out mystical landscapes inhabited by broken columns, galloping horses, and festive towers. Through July 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sante Graziani—This artist is having a great year, since he specializes in star-spangled, red-white-and-blue compositions built around portraits of George Washington, with Martha occasionally also present (not to mention Abraham Lincoln). Through July 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—A scattering of watercolors and oils by the German Expressionist. Through July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Andy Warhol and James Wyeth—Portraits of each other. Warhol has done a silk screen of his handsome friend in a pensive, poetic pose, and Wyeth, who has the more eye-catching model to work from, takes every advantage of Warhol's ravaged features. In addition to the portraits, there are thirty-four preparatory works, which in some respects are more interesting than the main events. Through Friday, July 9. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **alonzo**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A cityscape sighted west on Thirteenth Street in late-afternoon colors by William Clutz; an abstract still-life by Lionel Gilbert; and a flourish of Oriental-looking calligraphy by Joseph Love, who has recently been teaching art (and English) in Japan, are highlights in this showing of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics. Through Friday, July 9. . . . **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Works on paper and paintings, most of them by early-twentieth-century artists (Kirchner, Max Ernst, and Moore among them). Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Among the contributors to a show of drawings are Robert Barry, Hanne Darboven, and Edward Ruscha. Through July 30. . . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by gallery artists Romare Bearden, Margaret Israel, Fritz Scholder, and others. Through Friday, July 16. . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Tony DeLap, David Roth, John Wesley, and others. Through Sept. 30. . . . **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small, happy-looking collages by Herbert Schneider, incorporating sheets from antique German songbooks; two ovate bronze pieces with lesser ovals cut out and painted white by the late Barbara Hepworth; and a large silk-screened drawing of a reclining figure by Henry Moore are among the high spots in this show of gallery regulars. Through July 30. . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Odd little porcelain reliefs, with sketchy figures outlined in color, by Alexa Grace; free-form collages made of strips of torn paper assembled and painted to depict rocky canyons by Anne Elliott; and small, striking landscapes (like condensed Vlamincks), done in several mediums, by Phyllis Yampolsky are among the works on exhibition in this summer show. Through July 30. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Two exhibits, one of French and American Impressionists, such as Bonnard and Twachtman, and the other of recent works by gallery artists Will Barnet, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Through Friday, July 16. . . . **knoedler contemporary art**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by gallery members Jules Olitski, Larry Poons, Robert Goodnough, and others. Through July 30. . . . **larcada**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by American artists Rockwell Kent, Kaffe Fassett, Peter Miller, and others. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.). . . **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, and watercolors by Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, and others. Through Friday, July 16. (Opens at noon.). . . **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A show of drawings by gallery artists, among them Douglas Cumming and Louisa Matthiasdottir. Through Friday, July 16. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Martin Chirino, Ilya Bolotowsky, and José de Rivera showing metal and wood pieces. Through July 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

The Cuzco Circle—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian paintings, done by colonials and mestizos in the rococo way that their religious teachers (Spanish, Italian, and Flemish) taught them. Through July 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Leonard Baskin—Watercolors, bronze sculptures, and drawings from the past two years based mostly on mythological and Biblical themes, and often incorporating his predatory-looking birds. Through Friday, July 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Fourteen pieces of sculpture seven feet tall, which resemble primitive ladders standing upright in a circle on their own (they are really hung on all but invisible wire), giving the strained impression of so many circus poodles standing on their hind legs. Through Friday, July 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Martha Diamond / Rodney Ripps—Small abstractions, mostly egg-shaped, done in oil, and nicely situated on expanses of heavy oatmeal-colored Dutch linen paper several times as big as the composition. / Small-scale, three-dimensional squiggles meant to hang on the wall and made of crumpled foil, modelling plastic, and cloth, all heavily coated with oil paint as thick as insulation. Through July 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Georges—Large social-protest works, several of them in the allegorical manner of Poussin; one, based on the shootings at Kent State, shows a sylvan campus where policemen firing pistols have treed a classical figure (Art? Freedom?) whose escorting cupids are firing back with their bows and arrows. Through July 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Paintings of outsize and rather threatening-looking dahlias, tulips, lilies, anemones, and other garden flowers, plus a recently done portrait of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, another in this artist's series of our local river crossings. Through July 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 4:30.)

Ruckus Manhattan—Red Grooms' three-dimensional caricature of New York City, which can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. A benefit show. Through Friday, July 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and other works (by, among others, William Fares, Michael Vessa, and Nina Yankowitz), all of which are small in size. Through Aug. 13. . . . **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Peter Saul, Michael Isen, and Joan Brown are three of the contributors to an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and other works all taking the Bicentennial as their theme. Through July 30. (Opens at noon.). . . **genesis**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by contemporary British artists, including works by Hubert Pattison, whose colored drawing of a red-eyed crying young woman stands out, and John Howard, who paints the élite at their cocktails. Through Sept. 11. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **hammer**, 51 E. 57th St.: "Impressions of New York City" begins (chronologically, at least) with a view of the Plaza, circa 1905, by A. C. Goodwin; moves on through striking vistas of the metropolis by Marin, Guy Pène du Bois, Reginald Marsh, Sheeler, a handful of the Ashcan School, and so on; and winds up with a sidewalk-crowd study by Yan Hsia that is a 1976 Photo-Realist echo of Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," which caused all that uproar at the Armory Show here back in 1913. Through Aug. 18. . . . **kornblee**, 20 W. 57th St.: Outsize pastel closeups of apples by Paul Linfante; abstract, cushion-like forms in pastel by Gail Flanery; watercolors done around Roxbury, Connecticut, by Mary Kelsey; and colored-pencil drawings of friends by Polly Kraft are included in this group show of works on paper. Through Friday, July 16. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.). . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Among the works by gallery regulars now on exhibit are a tempera painting of a nun in a huge white headpiece standing in an arbor where yellow butterflies are flitting around, by Robert Vickrey; a pink cyclamen done in oil, by Julien Binford; and a tempera painting of a remembered place in the mountains, by Ethel Magafan—not to mention canvases by Isabel Bishop, William Thon, and Paul Cadmus. Through July 30. . . . **pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: A selection of works by gallery artists includes sculptures by Louise Nevelson and Guy Dill and paintings by Lee Krasner and Jack Youngerman. Through Sept. 24. . . . **rené**, 6 W. 57th St.: Latin-American painters and sculptors. Through Aug. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.). . . **sachs**, 29 W. 57th

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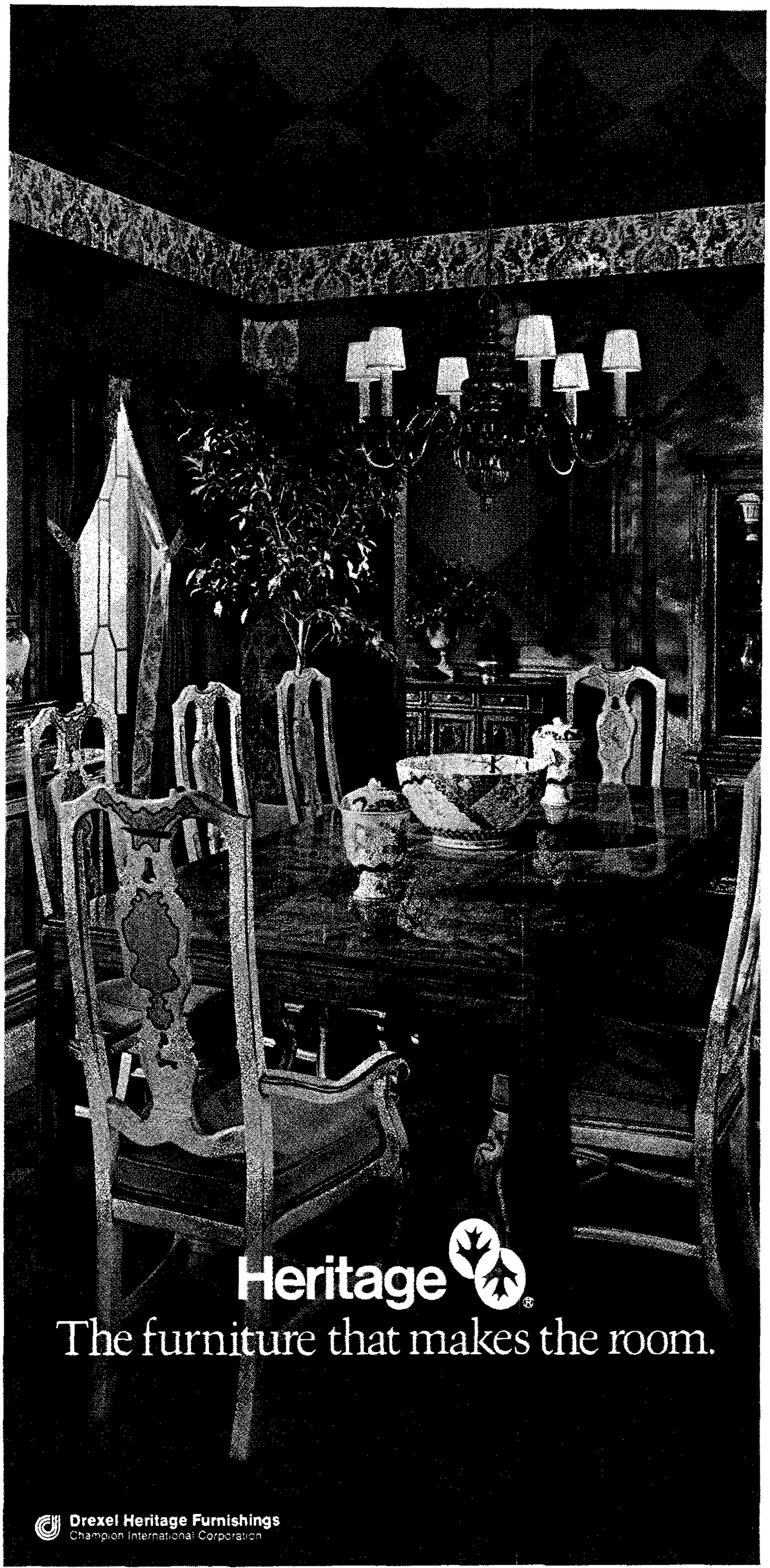
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.: A big oil painting by Jillian Denby of a happy, healthy-looking nude girl pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with bric-a-brac is the introduction to this exhibit, which also includes one of Cletus Johnson's recent miniature building façades; a painting of a model posed in the elaborate finery of Elizabeth I, by Josef Levi; and a large triptych in which some forty layers of paint, applied and then scraped off, produce a hard, brittle, shimmering surface, by a young artist named Dennis Masback. Through Thursday, July 15. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 4.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Models, drawings, and other materials related to the outdoor sculptures of Lloyd Hamrol, Anne Healy, and Athena Tacha. Through July 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

NANCY GENN—Rectangles of heavy, handmade paper, several layers thick and each layer a different color, enabling the artist to obtain a collage effect by tearing thin strips from one or more of the outer sheets. Some of the papers are laced with colored threads, which enhance the effect. Through July 30. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

RONALD SEARLE—Twenty-two lithographs made from drawings (many of cats) done between 1971 and 1976. Through Sunday, July 11. (L'Affiche, 145 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Frank Stella, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . **HUNDRED ACRES**, 456 West Broadway: A drawing of a casually hung denim jacket in unbelievably fine colored-ink crosshatching, by Dalia Ramanauskas; a colored diagram that looks like a carefully detailed engineering plan but was just made up out of the artist's head, by Mark Wilson; and four slender six-foot ornamental rods, made of wood and metal and covered with suède, by Benigna Chilla, are prominent in a group show at this gallery. Through Friday, July 16. (Opens at noon.) . . . **KNOWLTON**, 153 Prince St.: Saul Steinberg and Tom Wesselmann are two of the artists in a show of drawings, paintings, and other works. Through July 23. (Opens at noon.) . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: A group show of works by a dozen artists here includes boxes made of raw wood, twenty inches square and eighteen inches deep, lined with mirrors and each containing a much smaller (embryonic?) box, by Irene Krugman; large color-field paintings in gray with a rippled impasto by David Budd; and eager-beaver yet appealing color photographs of his own bar mitzvah, taken with the use of a self-timer when he was thirteen, by the painter Big Jim Jacobs. Through July 23. (Opens at noon.) . . . **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and other works by contemporary artists from Quebec. Through Thursday, July 15. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

MINORU NIIZUMA—Fourteen pieces of abstract marble sculpture that offer subtle sermons on the relationships between the rude, unfinished stone and the polished surfaces that can be obtained from it, plus a tall bronze column of a style and aspect that remind one that the artist was born in Tokyo. Through July 24. (Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MICHAEL TODD—Three welded-steel sculptures through which it is possible to walk. Through Sept. 4. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JAMES ABBE (1883-1973)—Fashion photographs made in the twenties. Through July 23. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDOUARD BOUBAT—More than a hundred prints by a contemporary French photographer who concentrates on portraits of women and children. Through July 31. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

WILLIAM EGGLESTON—Color photographs (figures, still-lifes, landscapes) taken in Tennessee and northern Mississippi. Through Aug. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

LATON HUFFMAN (1854-1931)—Photographs of the American frontier. Through Friday, July 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.: More than a hundred photographs that were taken in India, primarily by British photographers, between 1840 and 1910. The exhibit includes a series of studio portraits of maharajas and of British military officers, a group of Samuel Bourne landscapes of the Himalayas, as well as photographs recording leisure activities of British subjects. Starts Thursday, July 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **HARLOW**, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A show of portraits, including examples by Nadar, Carjat, and Adam-Salomon. Through July 30. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Four exhibits are on view through July 18. One show, "The Alaska Gold Rush," consists of prints made from the original glass plates of photographer E. A. Hegg. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Eighty photographs selected from the more than three thousand works acquired by the Department of Photography since January, 1974. Through Tuesday, July 13. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Civil War photographs, some of them taken by Mathew Brady. Through July 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.: An exhibit made up of submissions to Volume III of "The Black Photographers' Annual." It includes works by Mickey Mathis and James Van DerZee. Through July 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Eight Goya paintings, selected to represent the high points in the artist's career, on loan from the Prado and including both of the celebrated Majas, clad and un. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ "American Ephemera" is a show of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Aug. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than eighty paintings as well as a group of drawings are included in a retrospective exhibition of the Surrealist André Masson. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Five taxicabs, new in design, built by two American and three European car manufacturers to specifications developed by the museum. Also a 1968 London cab. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Photographs by William Eggleston. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibition of eighty recently acquired photographs. Through Tuesday, July 13. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal keyboard recitals of works by contemporary American composers Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. A really big

Someone once said long-stemmed roses become me. Here am I, surrounded by them. And they simply refuse to wilt. Long float robe with zip front, convertible collar and long sleeves. Packable, carefree polyester in petite to large sizes. Ours exclusively in black with red roses, $68. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

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Our waist buckled shirt-coatdress.

A smashing addition to your fall wardrobe: mini-checks of beige and ivory on a trim, tailored dress with wing collar, front buttons and new waist buckles for that subtle shaping. For us by Roth Le Cover in pure polyester. 6 to 16 sizes. $130.

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show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of watercolors and pastels (late eighteenth century to the present) by American artists, including Homer, Sargent, Burchfield, Avery, and O'Keeffe. Through Oct. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such stones as the Golden Hope (a 44.35 carat yellow diamond set in a pin), the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-three Edo-period kimonos (1615-1868) from the Kanebo collection, including four made with a tie-dye technique that took two years to complete—one year to tie the kimono in readiness for the dye, and another year to untie it. Through Sunday, July 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred and fifty historical documents includes the only surviving copy of the first printed Thanksgiving Proclamation, signed by George Washington in 1789. Through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Political cartoons, newspapers, pamphlets, campaign buttons, posters, and sheet music in support of the Presidential campaigns of candidates from New York State in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A nine-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, July 7, and Friday and Saturday, July 9-10: Jaime Laredo conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with the Guarneri Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8: The Guarneri Quartet, with Claude Frank, piano, and Mr. Laredo, viola. . . . ¶ Monday, July 12; Wednesday, July 14; and Friday and Saturday, July 16-17: James Conlon conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 13, and Thursday, July 15: Helmut Müller-Brühl conducting the Cologne Chamber Orchestra, with Michel Beroff, piano, and Ransom Wilson, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 29—Friday, July 9, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ The Boston Symphony in three all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 9, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Christoph Eschenbach, piano. . . . Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: Eduardo Mata conducting; no soloists. . . . Sunday, July 11, at 2:30: Eduardo Mata conducting, with Judith Blegen, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 13, at 7:30: Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 7: Gilbert Kalish in a recital of Haydn piano sonatas. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing an all-Vivaldi program, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Enoch Sherman, tenor; Barry McDaniel, baritone; Joseph Silverstein, violin; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: Neville Marriner conducting an all-Bach program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing an all-Haydn program, with the Misses Bryn-Julson and Killebrew; and the Messrs. Sherman and McDaniel; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Friday, July 9, at 9: Julius Rudel conducting a staged performance of Benjamin Britten's canticle "Curlew River," with Andrea Velis, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; David Clatworthy, baritone; and John West, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor *Festival Orchestra in a program of romantic* music, with John Wion, flute, and Charles Haupt, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 5:30: The Guarneri Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 8:30: An all-Beethoven program performed by Peter Serkin, piano; Fred Sherry, cello; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Allan Vogel, oboe; Robert Routch, horn; and Bill Douglas, bassoon. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: Julius Rudel directing the Caramoor Festival Chorus and Orchestra in a performance of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," in concert form and in English, with Catherine Christensen and Marianna Christos, sopranos; Charles Roe and Gene Bullard, tenors; and James Billings and Jack Harrold, baritones. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 5:30: The Bach Aria Group in a program of arias and duets from the cantatas of J. S. Bach. (Katonah, N. Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 22. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Wednesday, July 7, at 8:15: The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 8:15: Ella Fitzgerald. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:15: Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 8:15: Gordon Lightfoot. . . . ¶ The New York City *Ballet will open a three-week season* (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 31, with performances of "The Nutcracker" on Wednesday, July 14, at 8:15; Thursday, July 15, at 2 and 8:15; Friday, July 16, at 8:15; and Saturday, July 17, at 2 and 8:15. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 10: Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins, the Joyce Trisler Danscompany, Annabelle Gamson, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 13-17: The Maria Alba Spanish Dance Company, with Luis Rivera and Roberto Lorca. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 8: Chuck Davis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 9-10: Metropolitan Opera Ballet Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 16-17: Nikolais Dance Theatre. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Evenings at 8.)

SPORTS

AUTOMOBILE RACING—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, July 10, at noon.

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, July 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Chicago, Thursday through Saturday, July 8-10, at 8, and Sunday, July 11, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Thursday and Friday, July 15-16, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 17, at 4:05 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 2:30, and will include a couple of innings in which representatives from New York's National League teams of the past—the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants—as well as former Met players will participate).

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison, Thursday through Sunday, July 15-18.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Juvenile, Wednesday, July 7; the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 10; the Astoria, Wednesday, July 14; and the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 17. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15; through Saturday, Oct. 2.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Tampa. (Yankee Stadium.

Wednesday, July 14, at 7:30. For tickets, call 484-6010.)

TENNIS—PROFESSIONAL MATCHES: World Team Tennis. Sets vs. Boston. Friday, July 9. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, July 12. . . . ¶ Sets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, July 14. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Golden Gate. Saturday, July 17. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.). . . **AMATEUR MATCHES:** U.S.T.A. Men's and Women's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, July 12-18.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 17. . . . **HISTORIC TRACK**, Goshen: Daily at 1:30; through Friday, July 9. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 17.)

ET ALIA

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION—Opens at Madison Square Garden Monday, July 12, at 8 P.M. The keynote addresses, by Senator John Glenn, of Ohio, and Representative Barbara Jordan, of Texas, will be delivered that evening.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **HENRY V.** Philip Bosco is strong, funny, and Shakespearean as that usual bore Pistol; Meryl Streep is a charming, lyric Princess Katherine; and Michael Moriarty makes a casually persuasive Chorus, but the show never takes off, and one is left with the impression of a lot of good actors—Paul Rudd, Lenny Baker, Sasha von Scherler, and Walter McGinn among them—at loose ends, never quite certain what is required of them. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 25. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 7: Ray Barretto/Tipica '73 and Bobby Rodriguez & Co. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9: The Patti Smith Group. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10: Laura Nyro. . . . ¶ Monday, July 12: B.B. King and Wet Willie. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 14: Stanley Turrentine and Freddie Hubbard. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16: Toots & the Maytals. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17: The Earl Scruggs Revue. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **SHOWBOAT**, with Robert Peterson, Barbara Meister, Max Showalter, and Beth Fowler, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets call 516 221-1000.)

WALKING TOUR—"Lower Broadway," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, July 11, starting just outside the Bowling Green subway station of the Lexington I.R.T. line at 2:30.

BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN—The Cranford Memorial Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 8 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) will be open for the last time this season on Sunday, July 11, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

MOVIES IN THE PARK—A program of conventional and experimental films will be shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Sundays through Thursdays and Friday, July 16; starting Monday, July 12. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW

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			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Murder by Death."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through July 13: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From July 14: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through July 13: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From July 14: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 13: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."
From July 14: "End of the Game" and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through July 8: "Dumbo" and "No Deposit No Return."
From July 9: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Apple Dumpling Gang."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Omen."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Big Bus."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Midway."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Le Magnifique."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder by Death."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Old Gun."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Silent Movie."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through July 13: "Lipstick" and "Death Wish."
From July 14: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"All the President's Men."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 10: "Véronique, ou l'Eté de Mes 13 Ans."
From July 11: "My Friends."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Tenant."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 13: "I Will, I Will . . . For Now."
From July 14: "Mother, Jugs & Speed."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"All the President's Men."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Logan's Run."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Omen."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Midway."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through July 8: "They Came from Within" and "Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw."
From July 9: "A Small Town in Texas" and "Sunday in the Country."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through July 8: "Dumbo" and "No Deposit No Return."
From July 9: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Apple Dumpling Gang."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"All the President's Men."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 13: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."
From July 14: "Tunnelvision."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 13: "Seven Beauties" and "The Seduction of Mimi." From July 14: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: Through July 13: "A Piece of Pleasure." From July 14: "Duel in the Sun" and "Portrait of Jennie."
Theatre 3: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."
Theatre 4: Through July 13: "A Boy and His Dog" and "Dr. Strangelove." From July 14: "The Clockmaker."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hawmps."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Harry and Walter Go to New York."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 8: "Dumbo" and "No Deposit No Return."
From July 9: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Apple Dumpling Gang."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 13: "The Missouri Breaks" and "Breakheart Pass."
From July 14: "Seven Beauties" and "Where's Poppa?"

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Murder by Death."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Children of Paradise."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 13: "Lipstick" and "Once Is Not Enough."
From July 14: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 8: "Dumbo" and "No Deposit No Return." From July 9: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Apple Dumpling Gang."
Theatre 2: Through July 8: "They Came from Within" and "Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw." From July 9: "A Small Town in Texas" and "Sunday in the Country."
Theatre 3: "Hawmps."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"All the President's Men."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through July 13: "A Piece of Pleasure."
From July 14: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 13: "Robin and Marian" and "The Angel Levine."
From July 14: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 7: "The Silence" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom; and "Monika" (1952), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson.
July 8: "Morgan!" (1966), directed by Karel Reisz, with David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave; and "Minnie and Moskowitz" (1971), directed by John Cassavetes, with Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel.
July 9: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.
July 10: "The Music Lovers" (†) and "The Devils." (†)
July 11: "The Seventh Seal" (1956) and "The Virgin Spring" (1960), both films in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow.
July 12: "Pandora's Box" (†) and "Spies." (†)
July 13: "Fear Eats the Soul-Ali" (1974), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Brigitte Mira; and "The Merchant of Four Seasons" (1971), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Hans Hirschmuller.
July 14: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
July 15: "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 7: "Tobacco Road" (1941), directed by John Ford, with Charley Grapewin, Gene Tierney, Marjorie Rambeau, and Elizabeth Patterson; and "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), directed by John Ford, with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall, Sara Allgood, and Barry Fitzgerald.
July 8: "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "Blonde Venus" (1932), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore.
July 9: "The Circus" (†); and "The White Sheik" (1951), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi.
July 10: "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Robert Walker and Farley Granger.
July 11: "French-Cancan" (†) and "Moulin Rouge." (†)
July 12: "Hearts and Minds" (1975), directed by Peter Davis, a documentary film about United States involvement in Vietnam; and "The Ugly American." (†)
July 13: "La Marseillaise" (†) and "Les Misérables." (†)
July 14: "My Darling Clementine" (†) and "Fort Apache." (†)
July 15: "The Senator Was Indiscreet" (†) and "The Solid Gold Cadillac." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 7: "Yojimbo" (1962), and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, di-

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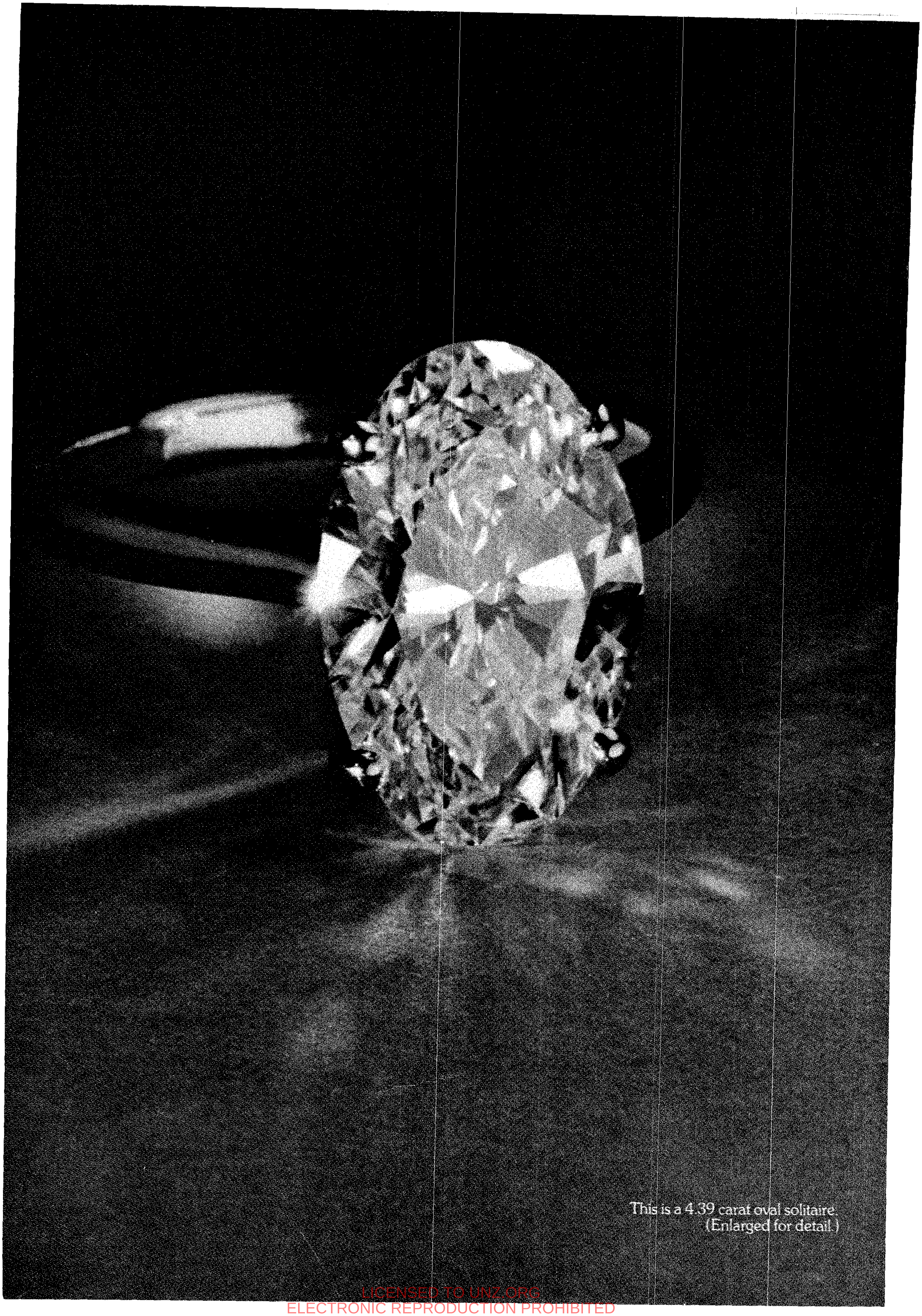

This is a 4.39 carat oval solitaire.
(Enlarged for detail.)

How do you put a price on a miracle?

Born from the earth through volcanic eruptions, all diamonds seem to be a fluke of nature, but here's why a diamond like this is a miracle. And why it is so valuable.

First seen. This diamond might never have seen the light of day if it weren't for man's perseverance. It was trapped in the hardest of rock ore at a De Beers mine near Kimberley. When dug up, special equipment was used to free this stone. Nature just did not want to let it go.

A rare find. When the hard rock was finally split apart, it revealed this rough 8.2 carat diamond. An important discovery, because large diamonds are becoming scarcer every day.

Cut by a master. Some cutters study a miracle like this for a month, others give it a year. They explore all possibilities. Wrestling with weighty decisions. Should this rough diamond be cut in two. Two small round cuts. Or one large oval. This time, the cutter lost almost half the weight of that original rough diamond, and he created one large magnificent oval, worth about $80,000.*

A masterpiece. Reflecting and refracting light in its own inimitable way, there is no other diamond like this in the entire universe. It is one-of-a-kind. As all diamonds are. Each one has a history, a personality and a value all its own. And anyone who is fortunate enough to call a diamond like this his very own, is someone who possesses something nobody else can ever own.

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*This price refers to this specific stone. Other stones of the same size will vary in value, sometimes much higher or lower, according to the individual characteristics of each stone. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

rected by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

July 8: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "Bananas" (1971), directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

July 9: "Cry Uncle" (1971), directed by John Avildsen, with Allen Garfield (X-rated); and the Second Erotic Film Festival.

July 10: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (†)

July 11: "The Little Prince" (1974), directed by Stanley Donen, with Richard Kiley, Bob Fosse, Gene Wilder, and Steven Warner; "Duck Soup" (1933), directed by Leo McCarey, with the Marx Brothers; and "The Time of Their Lives" (1946), with Abbott and Costello.

July 12: "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973), directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty and Robert De Niro; and "Drive, He Said" (1971), directed by Jack Nicholson, with William Tepper and Karen Black.

July 13: "A Man and a Woman" (†) and "The Lovers of Teruel." (†)

July 14: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts I and II" (1954-56), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

July 15: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" (1963), directed by Stanley Kramer, with Spencer Tracy; and "King of Hearts."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through July 8: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; and "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

July 9-10: "Summer Interlude" (†) and "Secrets of Women." (†)

July 11-13: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Aznavour; and "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.

July 14-15: "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti; and "Casque d'Or" (1952), in French, directed by Jacques Becker, with Simone Signoret, Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 10: "To Have and Have Not" (1944) and "The Big Sleep" (1946), both films directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

July 11-13: "Footlight Parade" (†) and "42nd Street." (†)

From July 14: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Now, Voyager." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through July 10: "Jungle Book" (1942), directed by Zoltan Korda, with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke; and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (1944), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Andy Devine, and Fortunio Bonanova.

July 11-13: "A Star Is Born" (†) and "State Fair." (†)

From July 14: "That Night in Rio" (†) and "Down Argentine Way." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 8 at 2:30: "The Royal Family of Broadway" (1930), directed by Cyril Gardner and George Cukor, with Fredric March and Ina Claire. . . . ¶ July 8 at 6: "The Big Pond" (1930), directed by Hobart Henley, with Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ July 8 at 8:30 and July 9 at 2:30: "Part-Time Wife" (1930), directed by Leo McCarey, with Edmund Lowe and Leila Hyams; and "Let's Go Native" (1930), directed by Leo McCarey, with Jack Oakie, Jeanette MacDonald, and Kay Francis. . . . ¶ July 9 at 6: "Check and Double Check" (1930), directed by Melville Brown, with Amos 'n Andy, Sue Carol, and Duke Ellington. . . . ¶ July 10 at noon: "Movie Crazy" (1932), directed by Clyde Bruckman, with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ July 10 at 2:30: "Soup to Nuts" (1930), directed by Benjamin Stoloff, with Ted Healy and his Stooges, Frances McCoy, and Stanley Smith. . . . ¶ July 10 at 5: "Safety Last" (1923), directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; and "Modern Times" (1936), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin. . . . ¶ July 11 at noon: "Once in a Lifetime" (1932), directed by Russell Mack, with Jack Oakie, Aline MacMahon, ZaSu Pitts, and Gregory Ratoff. . . . ¶ July 11 at 2:30: "The Royal Family of Broadway." . . . ¶ July 11 at 5: "The Avenging Conscience" (1914), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Henry B. Walthall and Blanche Sweet; and "The Mysterious X" (1913), directed by, and with, Benjamin Christensen, no intertitles. . . . ¶ July 12 at noon: "Soup to Nuts." . . . ¶ July 12 at 2:30: "Rain or Shine" (1930), directed by Frank Capra, with Joe Cook and Louise Fazenda. . . . ¶ July 12 at 6: "Movie Crazy." . . . ¶ July 13 at noon: "Prosperity" (1932), directed by Sam Wood, with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. . . . ¶ July 13 at 2:30: "Goldie" (1931), directed by Benjamin Stoloff, with Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow; and "Jewel Robbery" (1932), directed by William Dieterle, with William Powell and Kay Francis. . . . ¶ July 13 at 6: "Rain or Shine." . . . ¶ July 15 at 2:30: "Bachelor Father" (1931), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Marion Davies, C. Aubrey Smith, Ralph Forbes, and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ July 15 at 6: "Flying High" (1931), directed by Charles F. Riesner, with Bert Lahr, Charlotte Greenwood, and Pat O'Brien. . . . ¶ July 15 at 8:30: "Goldie" and "Jewel Robbery." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 13.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (4/12/76) (Columbia I, U. A. East, Waverly, and Symphony.)

The Angel Levine (1970)—Bernard Malamud's fable about an elderly Jewish tailor who is too skeptical to accept a black Jewish angel whom God has sent to help him. Unfortunately, the audience also has a hard time accepting the angel (Harry Belafonte). Uninspired. With Zero Mostel and Ida Kaminska. Jan Kadar directed. (Olympia; through July 13.)

The Apple Dumpling Gang (1975)—From the Disney studios, with Bill Bixby and Susan Clark, directed by Norman Tokar. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 9.)

The Big Bus—A comedy, with Stockard Channing and Joe Bologna, directed by James Frawley. (Sutton.)

Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw—With Marjoe Gortner and Lynda Carter, directed by Mark L. Lester. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 8.)

A Boy and His Dog—A futuristic film with Don Johnson, directed by L. Q. Jones. R-rated. (Quad Cinema; through July 13.)

Breakheart Pass—A mystery set in the Old West, based on the Alistair MacLean novel. With Charles Bronson, Ben Johnson, Richard Crenna, and Jill Ireland; directed by Tom Gries. (Playboy; through July 13.)

Buffalo Bill and the Indians—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West Show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup, and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. Buffalo Bill is growing old, but refuses to take it in. There is a key scene between Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull in which the actually dead Sitting Bull appears and disappears in apparition. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (6/28/76) (Murray Hill, Eastside Cinema, and Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through July 13. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting July 14.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Paris.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

The Clockmaker—With Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort, directed by Bertrand Tavernier. In French. (Quad Cinema; starting July 14.)

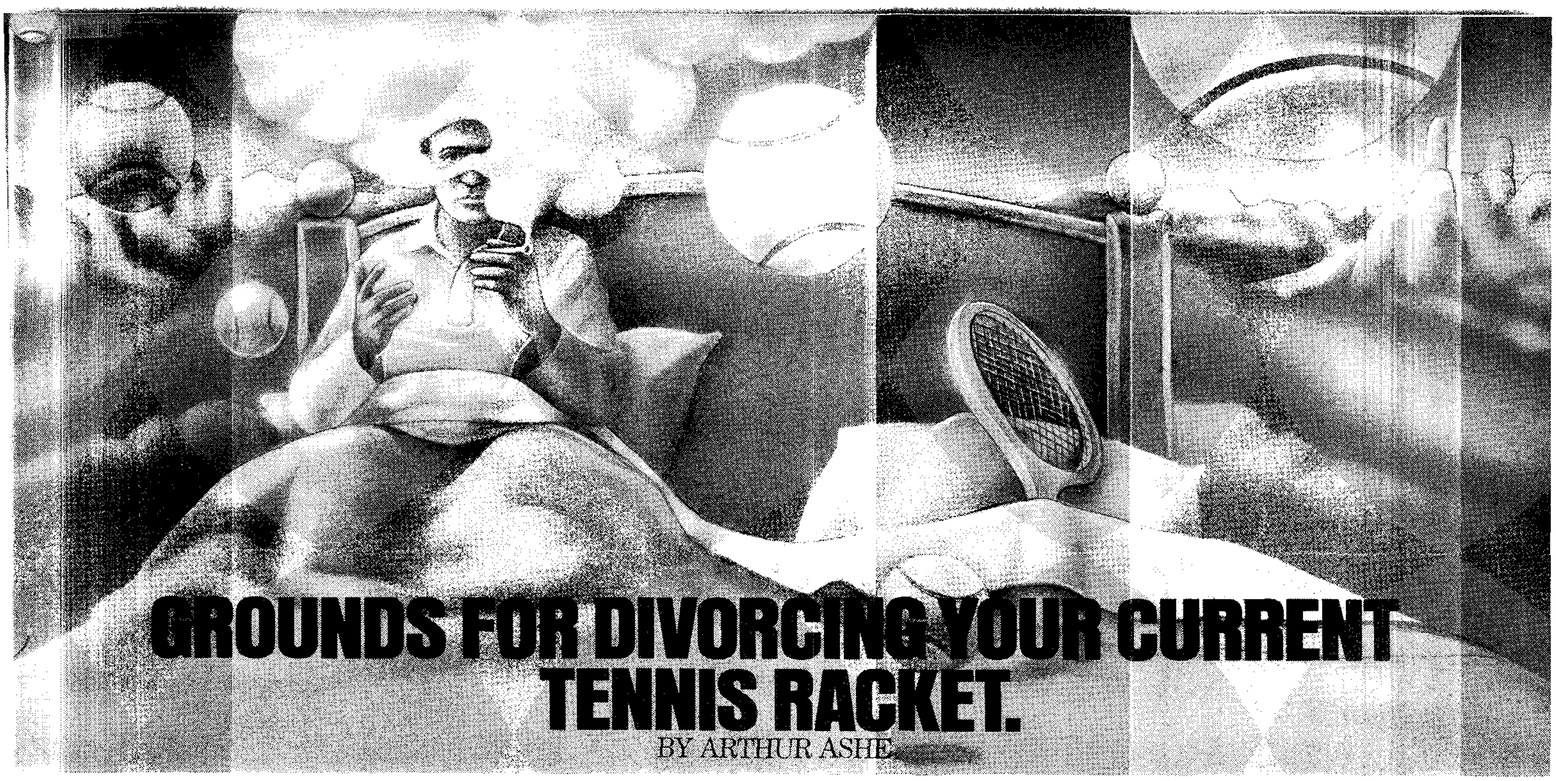
Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the laxity of the American gun laws. Directed by Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (First Avenue Cinema; through July 13.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 10.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Quad Cinema; through July 13.)

Down Argentine Way (1940)—Twentieth Century-Fox forties-musical camp, so outrageous that it's hard to believe it isn't at least partly intentional—but why would anybody make this picture on purpose? The queen of these excruciating extravaganzas was Alice Faye, but she had become ill, and Betty Grable, a featured player for a decade, got her big chance. Unbelievably, this picture made her a star. With stolid Don Ameche, smiling his pained, hardworking smile, just as he always had for Alice; Charlotte Greenwood, the high-kicker who had seen better days before she started playing chaperones; and Carmen Miranda, the "Brazilian Bombshell," in her manic début. When she stands on her nine-inch heels and sings "Mama Yo Quiero," she is so frenetically irresistible that there's no use trying to fight it, though some people have been hiding under seats for thirty-five years. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 14.)

Duel in the Sun (1947)—Hilariously florid, sometimes called "Lust in the Dust." A Wag-



GROUNDS FOR DIVORCING YOUR CURRENT TENNIS RACKET.

BY ARTHUR ASHE

When you play tennis you and your racket are really partners. And though for sentimental reasons it's not always easy to do, there are a lot of sound reasons why maybe you and your tennis racket should separate.

Let's say you're a beginner. That racket you dug out of the basement or that cheap toy you bought on impulse may have served you well. It helped you find out if you were really interested in the game of tennis.

But once that's been established, what that racket could be doing to your game is nothing short of mental cruelty.

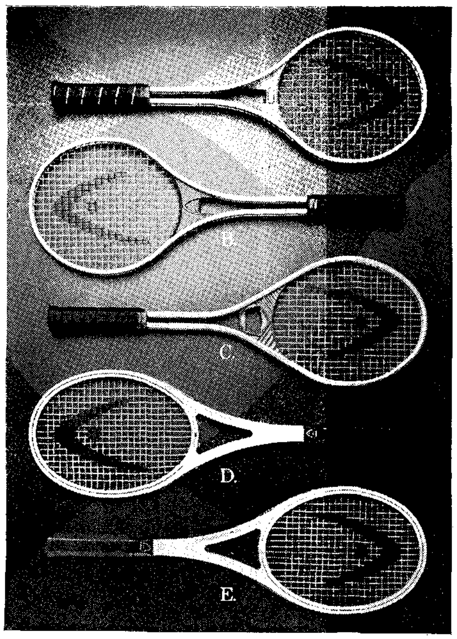
So I'd start you out with a Head Standard. It has a softer flex and a larger hitting surface than our competition models. So it combines adequate power with the control a beginner needs.

The Standard can help you learn right and enjoy the game more. And it's pre-strung, so it's not a big investment if you're just starting.

Or maybe you're a player who is already well on your way. And made the mistake of buying a racket that is too domineering. It's not that it's too "good" for you, but rather that it's too "much" for you to handle.

If that's the case, I'd recommend putting that racket aside for awhile and trying a Head Master. The Master has a stiffer flex than the Standard for the added power some intermediate and more advanced players are ready for.

But it has many of the same construction benefits for control. So you're controlling your racket, rather than having it control you.



A. HEAD STANDARD B. HEAD MASTER* C. HEAD PROFESSIONAL* D. HEAD ARTHUR ASHE COMPETITION 1* E. HEAD ARTHUR ASHE COMPETITION 2*
*SOLD UNSTRUNG.

But, usually, the opposite is more often true. Your current racket is holding you back. And your game might really improve if you use a racket with a little more "zip."

Advanced players like the Head Pro, or as many of them call it, the "Red Head." It has an elliptical head shape which elongates its "sweet spot." And because the Pro is rigid, it's exceptionally powerful when you hit that sweet spot.

Another good move "up" is to the Ashe Comp 1 or 2. They aren't metal, they're what we call "composites." Head and I planned and built them together to give some of the playing qualities of wood, with the durability and quickness of metal.

They both have teardrop shaped heads and are quite firm. That, plus a lot of other features, makes them very powerful. But their broad open throats give you less wobble and more control on off center hits than traditionally designed rackets.

The Ashe Comp 2 needs a player with high ability to realize its potential. The Ashe Comp 1 is more forgiving, but the person who uses it should be at least at the intermediate level.

I think it's very important that you mentally feel comfortable with the equipment you're playing with. So I would never suggest changing rackets just for the sake of change.

But if the time is right for you and your racket to go your separate ways, go to a reputable tennis shop or pro. And I know you'll find a Head racket that will give you and your game many years of happiness.

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11	12	13	14	15		

nerian Western, with Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones as lovers so passionate they kill each other. She's Pearl Chavez, a half-breed wench, and so, by Hollywood convention, uncontrollably sexy, and Peck actually manages to bestir himself enough to play a hunk of egotistic hot stuff—maybe the name Lewt McCanles got to him, or maybe the producer, David O. Selznick, used electric prods. Set in Texas, it's a lavish, sensual spectacle; the director, King Vidor, can't keep it from being absurdly hammy, but he gives much of it a bravura excitement, and the hokum is irresistibly entertaining. With Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, Lillian Gish, Butterfly McQueen, Walter Huston, Herbert Marshall, Lionel Barrymore, Harry Carey, Sidney Blackmer, and many other celebrated names. (Quad Cinema; starting July 14.)

Dumbo (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Small children react with terror when Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated from him. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 8.)

End of the Game—A suspense film, with Jon Voight, Jacqueline Bisset, Martin Ritt, and Robert Shaw. Directed by Maximilian Schell. (Gramercy; starting July 14.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of the more celebrated early Warner Brothers musicals—silly, but from time to time irresistibly wonderful. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Regency; July 11-13.)

Fort Apache (1948)—Henry Fonda, as an imperious, wrongheaded lieutenant colonel whose men are massacred because they obey him; the John Ford film, set after the Civil War, never suggests that they should disobey him—though he's practically a certifiable maniac. This is one of Ford's beautiful but irritating epic Westerns. The fights and dances and other big scenes are triumphs of staging, but the coy love interest (Shirley Temple and John Agar) and the Irish horseplay are infantile. And the whole picture is bathed in a special form of patriotic sentimentality: scenes are held so that we cannot fail to appreciate the beauty of the American past. With John Wayne, Ward Bond, Anna Lee, Victor McLaglen, Pedro Armendariz, Mae Marsh, Irene Rich, and George O'Brien. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 14.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was an unofficial remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Regency; July 11-13.)

French-Cancan (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Music Hall.)

Hawmps—A comedy of the Old West, when the Cavalry tried using camels. With James Hampton, Christopher Connelly, and Slim Pickens. Directed by Joe Camp, who made "Benji." (Guild, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

I Will, I Will . . . For Now—The worst. Combines the most simperingly forced elements of fifties mistaken-identity farces with a gooey soft-core version of the sex-manual pornos. Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton; Norman Panama directed. (3/1/76) (72nd Street East; through July 13.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 9.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (First Avenue Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through July 13.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be living under opaque, hermetically sealed domes in the midst of the devastation that in these mid-twentieth-century days we know as Earth. We shall dress in vaguely Greek tunics; men will wear as much jewelry as women; people will speak in the voice of the Midwestern disc jockey—even Michael York, the English actor who plays the hero, Logan—and the only inhabitants left will be under thirty. The few fugitives are called "runners." They make for a place called "sanctuary," outside the domes, which seems to be a Washington dripping with ivy. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the detritus of the past. Never was a sci-fi film so infected with the ruling national belief that young is beautiful. The lines in the old man's face are made to seem an offense against aesthetics. (7/5/76) (Loews Orpheum.)

The Lovers of Teruel (1962)—An elaborate ballet-drama of romantic tragedy. Ludmilla Tcherina dances the role of a doomed, demented girl, and then finds that life has cast her in the same role. More than a bit much, with dialogue such as "What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?" Directed by Raymond Rouleau. In French. (Elgin; July 13.)

Le Magnifique—With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jacqueline Bisset, directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Fine Arts.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Elgin; July 13.)

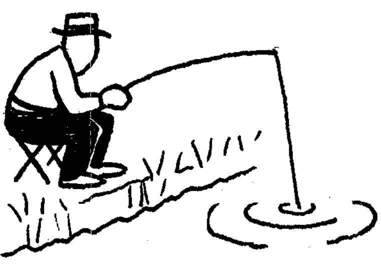
The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Plaza, and Paramount.)

The Man Who Skied Down Everest—An Oscar-winning Japanese documentary about the celebrated skier Miura, who toiled most of the way up Everest with a caravan of Sherpas and scientists, and then skied down part of it, at a hundred miles an hour. Six Sherpas died. There is a difference between an endeavor and a feat. (6/7/76) (D. W. Griffith.)

La Marseillaise (1938)—Renoir, no political fool, shows Louis XVI coming back from a hard day's pleasure at the hunt and asking about the taking of the Bastille. "Is it a revolt?" he asks. "No, Sire, it is a revolution," says a courtier with a less limp grasp of the moment. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 13.)

Midway—Henry Fonda, Charlton Heston, and Robert Mitchum in a noisy, flag-waving film, directed by Jack Smight, about a key Pacific maneuver of the Second World War. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

Les Misérables (1935)—"Uninspired" is too kind a word; this mild version of Victor Hugo's massive atrocity story, featuring Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as Inspector Javert, is bottom drawer. The director, Richard Boleslavski, can't seem to get things moving, and the outrages lack inspiration—even the sewers seem namby-pamby. The look of the actors, their makeup, their manner of speaking are all howlingly wrong. With John Beal, Rochelle Hudson, Frances Drake, Cedric Hardwicke, Florence Eldridge, Jessie Ralph, John Carradine, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Leonid Kinskey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 13.)



The Missouri Breaks—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. (5/31/76) (Playboy; through July 13.)

Mother, Jugs & Speed—A comedy-adventure about an ambulance company in Los Angeles. With Bill Cosby, Raquel Welch, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Peter Yates. (72nd Street East; starting July 14.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Art, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 10.)

My Darling Clementine (1946)—John Ford's poetic Western with Henry Fonda as Wyatt Earp, Walter Brennan as hateful Old Man Clanton, and Victor Mature coaxed into a surprisingly good performance as a mutinous doctor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 14.)

My Friends—With Ugo Tognazzi and Philippe Noiret, directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (68th St. Playhouse; starting July 11.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Gramercy; starting July 14.)

No Deposit No Return—From the Disney studios, with David Niven and Darren McGavin, directed by Norman Tokar. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 8.)

Now, Voyager (1942)—A campy modern tear-jerker variation on the Cinderella story: a psychiatrist (Claude Rains) enables the sexually repressed, neurotically dowdy Bostonian Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) to become an attractive, confident woman. The scenarist, Casey Robinson, adapted the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the genius of kitsch who also wrote "Stella Dallas;" both novels are about the glories of female self-sacrifice. A couple of the most quoted bits in film history come from this movie: Paul Henreid lighting two cigarettes and tenderly handing one to Davis, and her parting line to him: "Don't ask for the moon—we have the stars." The best scene may actually be Charlotte's brisk dismissal of her priggish suitor, played by John Loder. The score, by Max Steiner, aims right for the jugular; the director, Irving Rapper, is just barely competent, and the action plods along, yet this picture is all of a piece, and if it were better it might not work at all. This way, it's a vulgar classic. With Gladys Cooper, Bonita Granville, Lee

Patrick, Ilka Chase, Charles Drake, and Franklin Pangborn. (Regency; starting July 14.)

The Old Gun—With Philippe Noiret and Romy Schneider, directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Coronet.)

The Omen—Directed by Richard Donner, starring a very sonorous and vapid Gregory Peck, who tells his wife (well played by Lee Remick) that she is talking to the future Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The plot involves the replacing of Lee Remick's stillborn baby with an orphan who turns out to be the child of Satan. There are quite a number of silly scares about priests in the pay of the Devil, and animal skeletons under what are purported to be human gravestones in an Italian cemetery—not to speak of a number of variously horrid deaths. The cult of Satanism may be the "Jaws" of next year. (7/5/76) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

Once Is Not Enough (1975)—This adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's infatuated exposé of the scandalous goings on among celebrities wants so badly to be shocking and is actually so naïve that you begin to feel some affection for its silly sleaziness. Brenda Vaccaro is entertainingly spunky as a Helen Gurley Brownish editor, and David Janssen gives a surprisingly energetic performance as a Norman Mailer-like brawling writer. The others include George Hamilton and Kirk Douglas, and Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri, who have an excruciating lesbian scene. Guy Green directed, unevenly, from a too-sober script by Julius J. Epstein. (Cinema Studio; through July 13.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (12th St. Cinema; through July 13.)

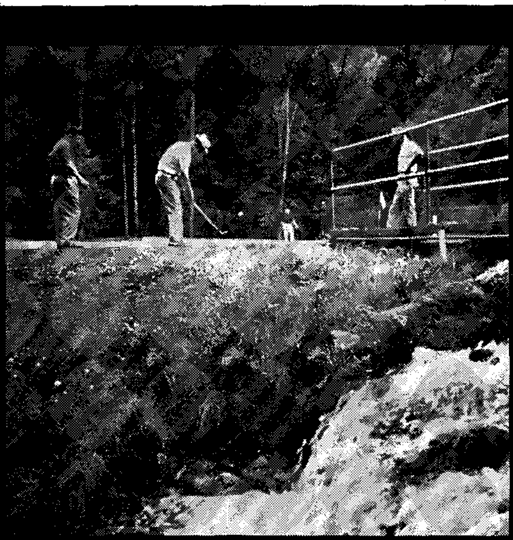
Pandora's Box (1929)—G. W. Pabst directing the flower-faced Louise Brooks, who does a famous Follies-girl walk across the stage in a theatre scene—all of four steps, but Pabst makes it enough. He always edited everything in his head before shooting. This is Louise Brooks's best-known film, apart from "Diary of a Lost Girl," also made with Pabst. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 12.)

A Piece of Pleasure—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous life together, apparently. Country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (6/21/76) (Quad Cinema, and Thalia; through July 13.)

Portrait of Jennie (1949)—At the start, a glorious con of a preface, designed to soften the audience for the fantasy to come, states, "Since the beginning, Man has looked into the awesome reaches of infinity. . . . Out of the shadows of knowledge, and out of a painting that hung on a museum wall comes our story, the truth of which lies not on our screen but in your heart." What follows is a story about a painter (Joseph Cotten) who spends his life in love with the spirit of a dead girl (Jennifer Jones). David O. Selznick's de-luxe exercise in mystical romanticism is taken from a Robert Nathan novel. William Dieterle directed, but Selznick poured on the gloppy grandeur—a Dimitri Tiomkin score based on themes from Debussy, an impressively large-scale skating scene, a hyperdramatic hurricane sequence—and though the story may not make much sense, the pyrotechnics, joined to the dumbfounding silliness, keep one watching. Cinematography by Joseph August; with Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Cecil Kellaway, David Wayne, Florence Bates, Henry Hull, and Felix Bressart. (Quad Cinema; starting July 14.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue (1975)—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 13.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey



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Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed from James Goldman's script; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Olympia; through July 13.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Columbia II, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Secrets of Women (1952)—Eva Dahlbeck, Anita Björk, and Maj-Britt Nilsson tell the stories of their marriages, in this cloyingly middle-class Ingmar Bergman comedy-melodrama. In Swedish. (New Yorker; July 9-10.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through July 13.)

The Senator Was Indiscreet (1947)—This satirical farce about political corruption is the only movie that George S. Kaufman directed. He doesn't show much talent for the medium: he gets his laughs by broad spoofing and overemphatic wisecracks that seem pitched to the last row in the balcony. The film is disappointingly short on wit, especially if one considers the people who worked on it (Nunnally Johnson was the producer, and Charles MacArthur was on the script), but it's still tolerable in a dumb, burlesque sort of way. William Powell flails about, trying to be funny in the tired slapstick role of a windbag senator running for President; the cast includes Ella Raines, Peter Lind Hayes, Hans Conreid, Allen Jenkins, Arleen Whelan, Ray Collins, and Norma Varden. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 15.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. (2/16/76) (In Italian, with subtitles, at the Quad Cinema, and, starting July 14, at the St. Marks Cinema, First Avenue Cinema, and Olympia. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Playboy; starting July 14.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (Gramercy; through July 13.)

Silent Movie—With Mel Brooks, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Sid Caesar; directed by Mr. Brooks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I, and Cinema II.)

A Small Town in Texas—With Timothy Bottoms and Susan George, directed by Jack Starrett. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 9.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac (1956)—Abe Burrows adapted and Richard Quine directed the George S. Kaufman-Howard Teichmann Broadway play about the little-old-lady stockholder in a giant corporation; though her holdings are minuscule, her questions about corporate salaries cause an uproar at the annual meeting, and pretty soon she has enough proxies to take over the business. In the movie, this eccentric stockholder becomes a woman of marriageable age, and Judy Holliday brings the role her familiar cartoon mixture of wide-eyed primordial simplicity and complacent urban abrasiveness. She's a funny woman, yet lacking in variety; she's wonderful in a sketch but a little monotonous in a starring role like this one. However, the fault here isn't primarily hers: it's in the formula Broadway comedy, with its predictable situations and sledgehammer laugh lines. With Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, and John Williams. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 15.)

Spies (1929)—Fritz Lang's stylish gothic story of master spies, rooms that fill up with water, and a loyal nurse who looks after a super-criminal in a wheelchair. One of Lang's best, of his best period. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 12.)

A Star Is Born (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. A later, box-office-failure version starred Judy Garland and James Mason, and a new one is threatened; there have also been countless rip-offs in movies and on TV, and more of those are also impending. The director here, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Hollywood and the perils of fame—how Vicki Lester becomes a great star, while her spoiled, bigheaded husband, Norman Maine, sinks via alcoholism and despair. (John Barrymore's actual experiences in a sanatorium were said to have been incorporated into the script.) The film is a peculiar sort of masochistic, self-congratulatory Hollywood orgy. Maybe it's a clue to the essential phoniness of the idea that the story has actually worked in reverse: in both the big versions so far, the top women stars who played the rising young stars were actually on their way down, while the men who played the sinking-into-oblivion Norman Maine both went on to fine careers. The cast here includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 11-13.)

State Fair (1933)—Will Rogers in a homey, good-natured comedy romance that was a huge popular success. He is the farmer who takes his big black-and-white hog, Blue Boy, to compete at the fair. (When the hog feels poorly, Rogers accuses him of shamming.) At the fair, the farmer's daughter, Janet Gaynor, meets a newspaperman, Lew Ayres, and the farmer's son, Norman Foster, encounters a trapeze performer, Sally Eilers; meanwhile the farmer's wife, Louise Dresser, wins prizes for her pickles, jams, and mincemeat. Frank Craven has a leading role, playing a storekeeper, and Victor Jory appears as a barker. The romance of Foster and Eilers is dismal, but the rest is highly satisfying. Henry King directed; based on Phil Stong's novel. Has been remade a couple of times, but this version is the best by far. It's folksy stuff, all right, but Will Rogers and Frank Craven knew how to satirize the characters they embodied, and Janet Gaynor knew how to sneak into the audience's heart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 11-13.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (St. Marks Cinema, First Avenue Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting July 14.)

Summer Interlude (1951)—This rapturous study of a ruined summer romance was Ingmar Bergman's first great breakthrough. Maj-Britt Nilsson plays the tired ballerina who has been emotionally dead since her adolescence. In Swedish. (New Yorker; July 9-10.)

Sunday in the Country—With Ernest Borgnine and Michael J. Pollard, directed by John Trent. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 9.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin

Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Gramercy; through July 13.)

The Tenant—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity. It seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This film is no piece of whimsey and shock, as Polanski's latest films have been; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile, photographed by Sven Nykvist, most famous as Bergman's cameraman, who gives the film the look of something by Dostoevski. "The Tenant" is a poetic nightmare about punishment imposed on an unguilty man who merely entertains great fear of guilt. (7/5/76) (Loews Tower East.)

That Night in Rio (1941)—Alice Faye could dance and she had a lush contralto voice (no lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses" in "On the Avenue"), but this low-camp musical is one of her co-starring jobs with Don Ameche, the cipher that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile—sings "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Like You Very Much." Irving Cummings directed. The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera;" those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier-Merle Oberon musical called "Folies-Bergère." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 14.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Ziegfeld.)

They Came from Within—With Paul Hampton, directed by David Cronenberg. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 8.)

Tunnelvision—With Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor, directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel. (Greenwich; starting July 14.)

The Ugly American (1963)—This attempt by Marlon Brando to deal with some of the peculiarities of American foreign policy in Asia is only marginally successful, and the director, George Englund, has zero style, but the film is entertaining anyway. The plot is about the mythical Asian country of Sarkhan, divided by factional disputes and torn between American aid and Communist influence. Clearly, Brando enjoys the joke of his playing a proper career statesman in a pin-striped suit, and sporting a neat little mustache. He's the new U.S. Ambassador to Sarkhan (concocted out of Thailand and Universal's back lot), whose premier is played by the extraordinarily handsome Kukrit Pramoj, who was later to become the Thai premier in fact. He was hired as the film's technical consultant, but Brando and Englund persuaded him to turn actor, and he saves the later part of the action, when Brando's role is dim. With Eiji Okada, Pat Hingle, Sandra Church, Jocelyn Brando, and Arthur Hill. The screenplay, by Stewart Stern, has fairly remote connections to its credited source, the novel by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 12.)

Véronique, ou l'Été de Mes 13 Ans—With Anne Teyssèdre, directed by Claudine Guilmain. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse; through July 10.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Elgin; July 10. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting July 14.)

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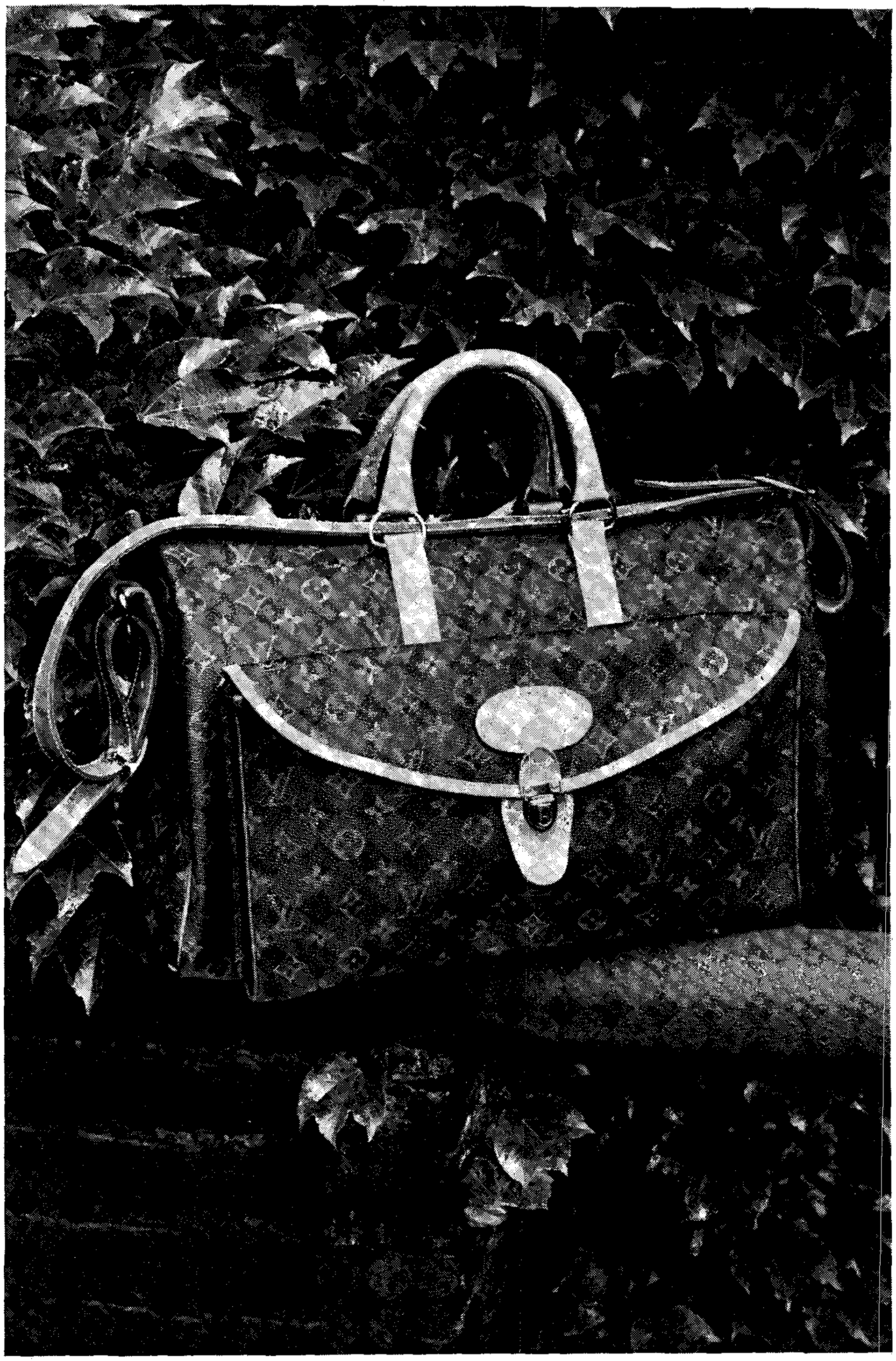

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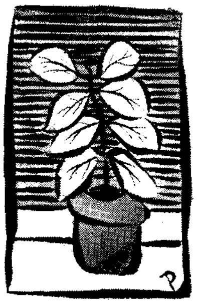
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Democratic Party's legendary disarray ("I am not a member of any organized political party. I'm a Democrat," Will Rogers said a couple of generations back) has long provided one of the most entertaining spectacles in our boisterous political system. This year, though, the Democrats not only are at peace with one another but are unified *and* organized. What is more, they are organized before they have officially chosen their nominee for the Presidency, and, wonder of all political wonders, they are organized behind an apparently conservative candidate whom nearly none of the Party leaders or their most influential allies wanted. All the bitterly disputatious factions that once expressed the demands and needs and ideals of the broadest political coalition in the nation are now numbly silent or, at most, meekly acquiescent. There has even been a sweet consensus on the shape of the structure that the Democrats have so frequently and so sourly wrangled over—the platform. In mid-June, the Democratic Platform Committee nervously tacked together planks on such ordinarily contentious issues as defense spending, foreign policy, national health insurance, homosexuality, marijuana, gun controls, amnesty or pardon for Vietnam-war deserters and draft evaders, abortion, and busing, and somehow constructed a platform that satisfied everyone. It was an unprecedented—a miraculous—performance. Labor leaders supported a health-insurance plan that fell far short of what they had demanded beforehand; delegates from states with large Catholic constituencies helped defeat a proposal to endorse a Constitutional amendment outlawing abortion; black leaders accepted a welfare program that was clearly inadequate to meet the needs of their people; enough delegates from Alabama, Mississippi, and Massachusetts abstained from voting on an anti-busing motion to deny it the necessary seconding votes; and Sam Brown, one of the more aggressive leaders of the antiwar movement in the late sixties and early seventies, won on his motion for a generous settlement of the amnesty-pardon dispute but then backed down and accepted a weaker proposal offered by Carter's spokesman at the deliberations—as Brown later explained, so that the Party could "take control of the Presidency."

Of course, the Democrats smell victory in November. And, of course, Jimmy Carter won the nomination with less obligation to the usual power blocs in his party than any other candidate in its history, and is not beholden to any of them—except that he cannot hope to win the Presidency without their support in the campaign. But none of this satisfactorily explains the Democrats' unique amity this year, for it has often happened that the closer they have been to taking over or keeping control of the White House, the more they have been inclined to tear each other to pieces. Now the bitter discord, the passionate debate, the grubby self-interest, the lofty hope, the rambunctious vulgarity—in sum, the robust vitality—of the Democratic Party are muted. It is unsettling—as if one were to go out into the back paddock to harness up an implacably independent old donkey, and find a placidly obedient mare waiting in its place. This uneasy feeling that the Democrats are behaving unnaturally is reinforced by the thoughts that are inevitably evoked by the site of their Convention—New York, New York, where members of the Party are at each other's throats over everything from the city's fiscal crisis to the state's representation in the United States Senate. And the feeling is doubly reinforced by thoughts about the last Democratic National Convention held here, in 1924, when the delegates screamed at each other for sixteen days, instead of screaming at each other for the anticipated four, and, after casting a hundred and three ballots, nominated a compromise candidate, John W. Davis, who lost the election by a landslide to Calvin Coolidge. While that sort of suicidal fracas has been too much even for Democrats ever since, they are going to have to do something soon to demonstrate that they are still actually Democrats. Otherwise, the voters are apt to mistake them for Republicans, and the Republicans, who are beating each other's brains out this year, for Democrats.



In the end, the Democratic Party's abnormal unity may prove to be its undoing. If matters go on this way and the Republicans have a brawling row at *their* Convention, in August—the kind of rousing display of political discord that so many voters seem to regard as the essential spirit of democracy—and if they end up with a deadlock between Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan (either of whom would be almost certain to lose in November), reject both in favor of a "new face" among the Party's many extremely capable and appealing moderate-to-liberal leaders, and adopt a broadly based moderate platform, then the exchange in political style and political policy between the two parties would be complete. And *then* there would be a Presidential race to stir the sluggish, disillusioned heart of America anew.

A FRIEND writes:

My ten-year-old daughter has just returned from a foreign country, where she lives for much of the year with that splendid lady, my former wife. As soon as she stepped off the plane, people began slapping red-white-and-blue Bicentennial stickers on her and she came under fire from three different platoons of Light Infantry, all in authentic period uniforms. She naturally inquired as to the meaning of all this, and the next day, when she'd unpacked and reacquainted herself with the neighborhood animal life, I tried to accommodate her. She is accustomed to adult conversations in which there are frequent generalizations such as "The Swedes are like this, but the Italians, on the other hand, are like that." Thus, she refers to her fellow-countrymen as "the Americans."

"The Bicentennial means that we have been a nation for two hundred years," I said.

"The Americans got loose from the evil English king," she said.

"Well, he wasn't so evil. Just not too bright. The point was that we got the feeling that the country should belong to the people who lived in it."

"What about the Indians?"

"You're right. I'm just telling you what happened."

"Tell me what's good about the Americans," she said.

"Well, we tried to design a government that would be better for the people than the old governments of Europe."

"Is it?"

"In some ways. There's still a lot wrong with it."

"Like what?"

"It doesn't take good enough care of the poor people, and it takes excessively good care of the rich people."

"Why is that?"

"It's mostly run by the rich people. You take a look at the Senate, the House of Representatives, the Supreme Court, and the candidates for President, and you won't find one genuine, one-hundred-per-cent, certified, raggedy poor person in the bunch. The wealth in this country is unevenly distributed."

"What's a sex scandal?" She'd been watching television.

"Oh, not so much. It's just something to keep the legislators busy, so they won't pass any especially dumb legislation." (I started to mention in this connection the notorious Mathias amendment, which would rob authors blind in regard to use of their work in public broadcasting, but decided not to burden her.)

"What else is *good* about the Americans?"

"They're helpful. In the beginning, a lot of people who were terrible bad off in their own countries came here to begin again. And they did well here. We were, by and large, hospitable."

"But what about the Indians?"

"I don't want to talk about the Indians," I said. "The Indians are all in the resort and casino business now and prospering, prospering. Except for the ones that are starving to death."

My daughter was trying to capture a moth in a Jefferson Market shopping bag.

"What else? What else is good about us?"

"We're sensible," I said. "We're sensible as an old shoe."

"If we're so sensible, how come we maintain the balance of terror?" (Her mother is an old-time ban-the-bomber and has spent many cold nights in sleeping bags at the gates of military installations in various parts of the world.)

"Very often we act on the basis of wrong information. We have this class of professional liars—" I pointed to the sizzling television screen, on which there was a political spot for Vlad the Impaler, and also to a magazine page that had an advertisement for a new type of dengue fever in an aerosol can. "The professional liars get paid to confuse people. If you're confused, you can't vote right and your worldly goods fall apart faster than necessary and you get persuaded to spend all your money on nuclear-powered catapults and micro-electronic mousetraps to plant on the ocean floor and—"

My daughter whipped the cigarette out of my hand and smashed it into an ashtray—a little campaign she instituted within moments of her arrival.

"What is the great task?" she asked.

"The great task," I said, "is to make the word 'American' mean what it meant in the beginning—new hope."

"That's going to be a bitch," she said.

I don't know where she gets such language, but I didn't disagree.

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Media and Law

OVER the past two years, the Ford Foundation has co-sponsored a series of weekend conferences under the heading "The Media and the Law," which have been organized largely by Fred W. Friendly, formerly the president of CBS News and now a professor of journalism at Columbia and an "adviser on communications" to the Foundation. When we stopped by his office at the Foundation to find out more about his project, Friendly—a tall man with a large head, receding gray hair, and dark-rimmed glasses—waved us to a chair. "In the past ten years, through the terrible upheaval of the Vietnam war and Watergate, the only parts of our system that have conducted themselves at all well have been the courts and the press," he said. "And yet there is now a death-grip confrontation between them that threatens to destroy the First Amendment's guarantee of a free press. That could end our freedom as citizens altogether. A few years ago, I realized that the press had a big chip on its shoulder. It wanted a confrontation on the free-press issue. It wanted to fight all the way to the Supreme Court *every* attempt by *any* court to limit its total freedom to do as it pleased. I found that journalists had come to feel that the First Amendment was a trade symbol belonging only to them, instead of being a right belonging to everyone. Judges, on the other hand, turned out to have a low—a *very* low—opinion of journalists in general, and regarded them as creatures out of 'The Front Page.' In fact, most of the judges I spoke to were convinced that the Pentagon Papers had been published solely to sell newspapers. Now, there's an example of a continuing confrontation. The Pentagon Papers case was a mixed victory and defeat for the press, because the Supreme Court allowed publication of the Papers to continue but then said that prior restraint of publication can be imposed under some circumstances. In the recent Nebraska murder case where a state court imposed a gag order on the press, the Supreme Court said the other day that the order was improper under the circumstances. So the Nebraska decision was a victory for the press in a way. But it isn't time for journalists to start dancing in the streets. Sitting judges who want to gag journalists can still experiment, and say *this* is not the kind of circumstances the Court meant. So we haven't seen the end of press-court confrontations over the issue, because it will continue to be determined on a case-by-case basis."

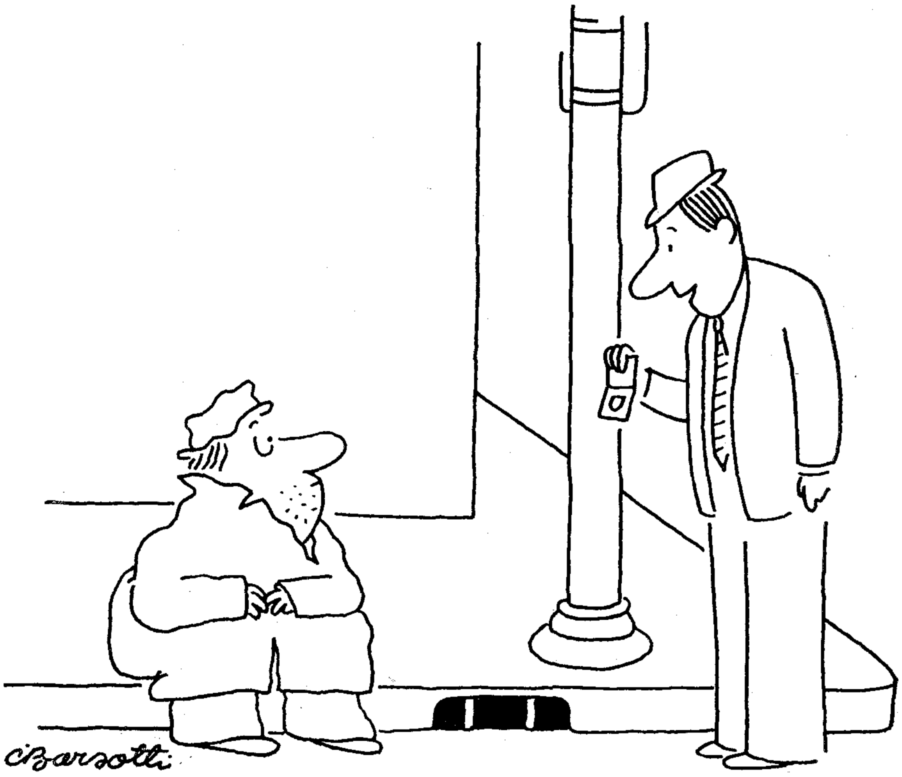
After discussing the general problem with various journalists and judges, Friendly went on, he persuaded the Foundation to underwrite a study of what might be done to lessen the hostility growing between the two groups, and the upshot, ultimately, was the conferences. At these, leading members of the press and of the courts get together around tables arranged in the shape of a U, and one of three law professors, each of whom presides over one of three two-and-a-half-hour sessions in the course of a weekend, roves around inside the U and presents them with hypothetical news stories containing issues of the sort that may end up in court, such as the competing claims of national security and the people's right to know what their government is up to; invasion of privacy; legitimate and illegitimate methods of collecting news; protection of confidential news sources; grand-jury secrecy and breaches of it by reporters; and court-imposed gag orders restricting news coverage of certain judicial proceedings. At each session, the professor in charge minutely and relentlessly questions representatives of the press on how they would handle such stories, and representatives of the judiciary on how they would deal with the legal issues that publication of the stories might bring before their courts. "These are the kinds of problems that create confrontations between the media and the law," Friendly said. "Our first conference, which we co-sponsored with the Boston *Globe*, in June, 1974, seemed to most of us to be a success. But afterward several of us got together informally to talk about having another conference elsewhere. That informal meeting was a disaster. One very prominent journalist suddenly said to one very prominent judge, 'You don't understand us. We don't want any accommodation with the judiciary. We want to fight this out in the trenches of history.' The judge looked at him and said, 'Have it your way. But don't forget who's going to umpire that fight.' It was open warfare—just the kind of confrontation the conference was supposed to help resolve. I thought the whole idea was dead."

The idea survived, though, and other conferences have since been held by the Foundation, in coöperation with the Washington *Post*, the country's leading book publishers, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Denver *Post*, the New York *Times*, and the Miami *Herald*, while half a dozen more are scheduled to take place over the next year. "It's proliferating," Friendly said. "That will be the mark of its success—if the media take it seriously." He went on to say that various news outfits and foundations in New England have independently held similar conferences. And the Chicago *Tribune* has held a one-day session with a hundred and seventy-five members of its editorial staff, and it expects to repeat the process in the future. "If we don't head the press and the courts off from their collision course, and the confrontation explodes, the bench will make bad decisions," Friendly continued. "Oliver Wendell Holmes said that 'hard cases make bad law.' Well, where journalism is involved, hard cases make terrible law. We have to put journalists in judges' shoes and judges in journalists' shoes, and show all of them that there are two or three or four sides to some of these issues. And we also have to find ways to keep these issues out of court. Basically, the First Amendment is a benign yearning—like 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Do you want to go to court over that? It's the spirit of the amendment that counts, and right now that spirit is in danger of having a nervous breakdown. So we have to keep the dialogue going."

Prepared

NEW YORK'S department stores, restaurants, hotels, museums, horse-drawn cabs, liquor stores, night clubs, Sanitation Department, taxi fleets, merchants, theatre owners, newspapers and magazines, police, Consumer Affairs Department, animal-rental studios, flag companies, and button companies, not to mention the Mayor's Office and former Governor Jimmy Carter of Georgia, are going all out to make the five thousand or so delegates and alternates to, and some eight hundred guests at, the Democratic National Convention *persona sorta grata* in New York when they gather at Madison Square Garden from Monday, July 12th, through Thursday, July 15th. Some New Yorkers are extending open arms, some are sitting on their hands, some haven't heard about the Convention at all, some plan to make the Democrats feel at home, some plan to make them forget their home towns for a week, some plan to be exhausted after a week that includes the Tall Ships, the Macy's-Disney computerized fireworks binge at the Statue of Liberty, and Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh's half-hour tour (including a short back-to-school children's fashion show) of four floors of Bloomingdale's, some insist on business as usual, some couldn't care less, some are angry, some are excited. The city's main contribution has been the Garden itself. The city rented it for the Democrats for a million nine hundred thousand dollars (the Garden at first wanted two and a half million) and has allocated a million four hundred thousand to add to it—and at the end of the Convention subtract from it—anchor booths, control rooms, hospitality suites, and other campaign apparatus. This construction work has been getting on the nerves of Mr. John Ioris, night manager of the Commuters' Liquor Stores, on Thirty-fourth, a block from M.S.G., who says, "I'm not gonna make up in five days for the two months the Garden is closed. The people they got in there now are workers. There's very tight security. Nobody's drinking at all. Normally during June and July there would be eight rock shows in the Garden."

Other liquor stores in the area are generally anticipatory. Bob Singer's Liquor Mart, 356 Seventh Avenue, figures it's going to be a party Convention in every sense of the word and has stocked a lot of donkey-shaped Ezra Brooks-whiskey decanters ($18.98 for a fifth of a-hundred-and-one-proof Kentucky straight bourbon). There's a flag on the side of the donkey, also a map of the United States with a star at New York. ("Never again," say the

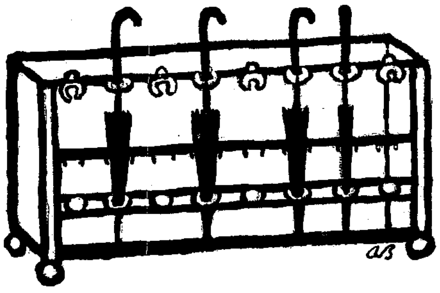


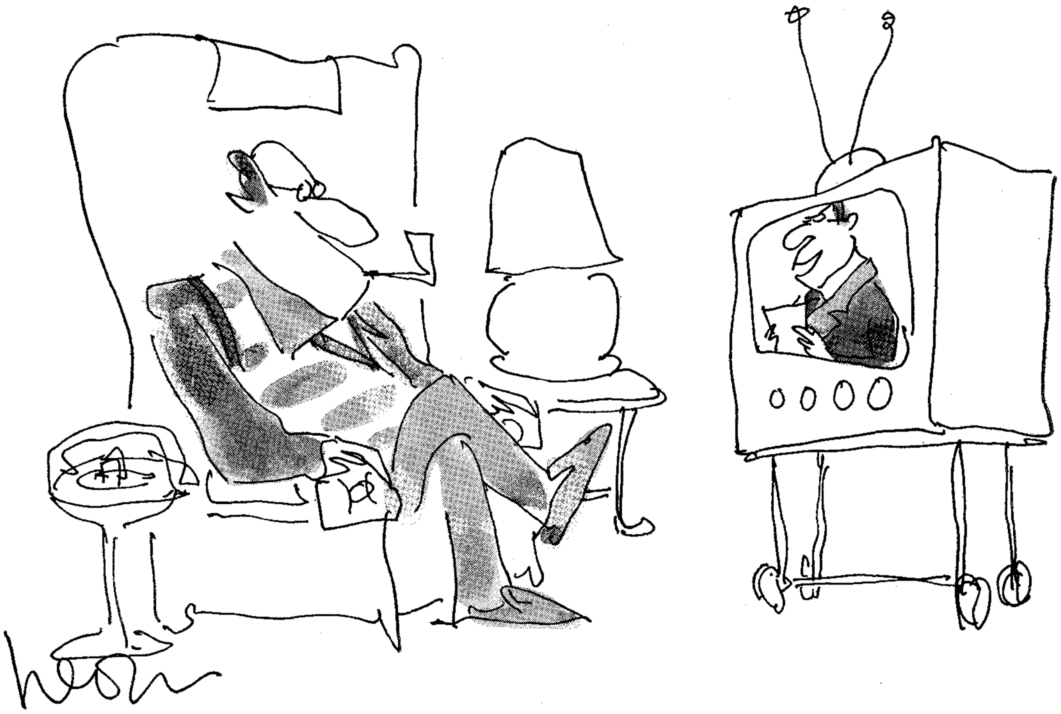
"I'm from the F.B.I. I've come to apologize."

Ezra Brooks people, "will the government allow the use of any flag on any decanter in the future.") The Herald Square Liquor Store, 35 West Thirty-fifth, is also laying in a lot of bourbon ("New York is not usually a bourbon town"), but three other stores—Cambridge Wine & Liquor, on Eighth Avenue; Garden Wine & Liquor, on Ninth; and Center Liquors & Wines, on Thirty-seventh Street—are making no special preparations.

The city has also put up ninety-five thousand bucks to assemble a fleet of a hundred and twenty buses to carry the delegates and alternates and their families from the airports to their hotels, and back again when the Convention is over, plus thirty buses to shuttle them to and from the Garden every day. These arrangements have upset the Metropolitan Taxi Cab Board of Trade, spokesman for the major taxi fleets, which own about half of the eleven thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven medallion cabs in town. Its public-relations director, Arthur Gore: "I will give you a tale of woe about a city that eats its young businesses. We went to the traffic commissioner with an idea to set up a taxi holding line like the ones we had on Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth in the theatre district that were so successful a while ago. The traffic commissioner said it was a good idea. Then we suddenly find out, which no one had told us before, about the shuttle buses. No use crying over spilt milk, so we said, 'Where could we set up a holding line, anyway?' The Police Department said, 'Well, not on Thirty-third, 'cause that's where the buses will be coming in, and not on Thirty-first, 'cause that's all the television crews, and not alongside the Garden on Seventh Avenue, 'cause we'll be along that, 'cause there are going to be some demonstrations—Yippies, women's liberation, gay liberation, Friends of the Earth, the Legal Aid Society, and right-to-life groups have all said they're going to show up.' They said, 'We could give you block-long holding lines on Seventh and Eighth across the *street* from the Garden.' We said, 'Terrific. Why not give us Broadway between Chambers and Duane?' They said, 'You're annoyed.' I said, 'I'm more than annoyed—I'm chagrined. The whole taxi industry is chagrined.'" Meanwhile, the Checker Garage Service, one of the larger taxi fleets in Manhattan (ninety cabs), says it is moving to "bring our cars into top shape." Checker continues, "Also, we bring eighteen to twenty men a day into the manager's office and tell them if they're not out there working they're going to give everyone around here a black eye. We tell them to be courteous and put their best foot forward. We tell them it's not a good time to take their vacations." Martin Silverstein, who is the general manager of Scull's Angels, a radio-dispatch-service fleet, hesitates to prognosticate: "Usually, after the Fourth is the slowest time of the year. This year, it's definitely going to be busy, but I don't know what will happen. It's just like anything else in New York—you wait for the catastrophe to happen, and then take care of it."

Gloria McGill, the co-owner with her husband of Chateau Stables, which operates fourteen horse-drawn carriages in Central Park, says the Chateau drivers' chapeaux for the Convention will be red-white-and-blue toppers. The carriages themselves will be decked in red-white-and-blue flowers and fringe. Certain other Convention plans also show a sort of Bicentennial overlap. Douglas Leigh, the man who controls most of the spectacular billboards in Times Square, has been working free as City Décor Chairman for the nonpartisan Citizens Committee for the Democratic National Convention, Inc. (popularly known as the Host Committee, because it is providing every delegation with at least one volunteer New Yorker host or hostess to shepherd, guide, and wine and/or dine its members), and has persuaded Charles Millard, president and chairman of the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of New York, to furnish flags of the fifty states for Fifth Avenue—which, à la Sixth Avenue, will be dubbed Avenue of the States. And William Schweickert, executive vice-president of the New York Bank for Savings, is furnishing revolution-era American flags for Park Avenue (Forty-sixth to Sixtieth), which will retain its historic name. (The flags will come from Annin & Company, which made its first campaign flag for Franklin Pierce in 1852.) Douglas Leigh is still hoping for r.-w.-and-b. stripes down the Avenue of the States—chances are fifty-fifty at this writing—and Harry Helmsley and Lawrence Wien, the owners of the Empire State Building, have already nationalized the night lighting on top of the building: red lights from the seventy-second floor through the eighty-first, white lights from the eighty-second through the eighty-seventh, blue lights from the eighty-eighth through the hundred-and-first—the dirigible mooring mast up top. The Bicentennial segue shows up again in the work that Lola Preiss, director of advertising and public relations at the New York Hilton, has been doing to spruce up that hotel, where the California, Michigan, North Carolina, Virgin Islands, and Wyoming delegations will lodge: the front lobby will display the flags of those states and that territory, grouped around blowups of ten nineteenth- and twentieth-century political cartoons, and the hotel will also use some of the decorations it mounted on Flag Day, like bugles, drums, and cannon over the front revolving door, and it's not about to get rid of the special menu card at the hotel's Old Bourbon Steak House—the one with the Declaration of Independence on the front cover, which offers (inside) an authentic Colonial cocktail, the Stone Fence (1½ oz. bourbon, ½ oz. Cointreau, fill highball glass with sweet cider). Only the Essex House can match Lola's industry: it's flying in the largest-circulation newspapers from their home states for the Texas, Nevada, and Utah delegations. Most other Convention hotels are falling back on the Host Committee, which will man a hospitality booth in each lobby. The hosts have also assembled eighty-one hundred Delegate Packets ("WELCOME to Our Home Town"), which are large cardboard attaché cases stuffed with things: a tiny vial of perfume from Diane Von Furstenberg; a *News* plastic shopping bag decorated with eight *News* front pages (seven Dem. victories and the 1924 nomination of John W. Davis at the old, old Madison Square Garden); a flyer from Lincoln Center that includes the instruction "Please Use Public Transportation Whenever Possible;" "Welcome Visiting Consumer," a pamphlet prepared by the Department of Consumer Affairs ("No Horsing Around . . . is allowed by horse-drawn cabs in Central Park"); a Personna Double II permanent, reusable razor, with twin blades on two sides—and these are just a few of the items that meet the eye. Lord & Taylor has produced a fifteen-minute video cassette about itself that will be shown on the in-house TV channel at the Essex House, the Waldorf, the City Squire Inn, and the Americana (Jimmy Carter's hotel)





"And now the news at eleven. To begin with, everything I said on the six-o'clock news was wrong."

four times during the hour between 8 and 9 A.M. on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday to give Conventioneers "the ease of having breakfast in your hotel room while visually shopping."

When not at the Garden or the Americana, Carter staff people have already started hanging out at Peter Aschkenasy's new United States Steakhouse, where La Fonda del Sol used to be, on the ground floor of the Time & Life Building, which just happens to be the only restaurant in the Northeast to offer peanut soup, hot and cold. Of the five four-star restaurants listed in John Canaday's 1976 edition of "The New York Times Guide to Dining Out in New York," one, Christ Cella, plans to open specially on three Saturdays in July, on the assumption that many visitors will be around both before and after the Convention; one, Parioli Romanissimo, is on vacation until August 10th; one, Maxwell's Plum, is devoting most of its free energy to renovating the Tavern-on-the-Green, which the Plum will reopen in early August; and two, La Caravelle and Le Cygne, have no special plans. Near the Garden, Edward Share, of Lou G. Siegel, 209 West Thirty-eighth, a fifty-one-year-old Garment Center hangout that cures all its own corned beef, says, "All our dishes are always special." He has put some bunting up. Al Cooper, of Al Cooper's Restaurant, 130 West Thirty-sixth, a favorite for many years with Garment Center and Wall Street higher-ups, will keep his kitchen open an extra two hours each Convention night, until midnight, and will open on the Saturday and Sunday before and after the Convention, and says he's eager for Democrats. And Joe Berger, the manager of Paddy's Clam House, that friendly, noisy old place on Thirty-fourth just north of the Garden, has put up flags, streamers, bunting, and balloons, although they all convey almost a rustic flavor, to his way of thinking; he may have a live donkey out front, if certain negotiations work out.

Gloria McGill's husband, Arthur—he'll be remembered as the co-owner of Chateau Stables—also co-owns Chateau Theatrical Animals. He reports "a million" calls for donkeys from restaurants (specifically, The Cattleman and the Steer Palace), from bars, and for TV commercials. The McGills keep two donkeys—Randy and Doodles—in town year-round and have four others on call at a farm near the city in anticipation of the demand. A hundred and fifty dollars a day, including handler, insurance, and transportation. The Dawn Animal Agency, 1545 Broadway, on the other hand, has received only one request for a donkey so far, and has worked out an explanation for the slack demand: "Democrats don't usually use donkeys the way Republicans use elephants, because donkeys are a less interesting animal and people are less likely to be drawn to a political rally by the idea that they might see a donkey."

And, oh, yes: the American Ballet Theatre has set two hundred and forty tickets aside for Conventioneers; all the theatres are putting aside a hundred seats each for five nights running, but every delegation's first choice is "A Chorus Line;" the Statler Hilton Men's Shop, across Seventh Avenue from the Garden, has put down a new parquet floor; the Jean Wearhouse (various spots around town) has four new T-shirts, "CARTER FOR PRESIDENT 1976," "FORD FOR PRESIDENT 1976," "REAGAN FOR PRESIDENT 1976," and " ? FOR PRESIDENT 1976;" Aaron Block, who sells handmade jewelry on the sidewalks—he normally works Fifty-third and Sixth weekdays, West Eighth Street Saturdays, and the Metropolitan Museum Sundays—plans to grab a spot near the Garden ("My prices never change. They range up to thirty-five dollars. Don't try to haggle with me"); all museums will be open normal hours; the Café Carlyle is extending Bobby Short's engagement through Convention Week; the Rainbow Grill is presenting, for ten days only, political satirist Mark Russell; Alex Parker's 1 Times Square has a fourteen-story-high sign that says "WELCOME BIG D;" the Stage Deli will give any delegate a free salami (this was arranged by Maggie Cadoux, one of the Carter people); special attention will be paid to the Convention by *Cue*, *The Real World*, and Andy Warhol's *Interview* ("Jerry Brown will be on the cover," says an *Interview* editor. "Andy tape-recorded one of his speeches and we'll run that verbatim. Everything else in the issue is sort of right-wing, one way or another. We have a piece about Spiro Agnew and his novel; another about the grand-niece of Mussolini who's a photographer and a leftist. We just thought we should do something about the Convention. This is it"); the Sanitation Department has been authorized to put sixty men on overtime on Sundays, at approximately a hundred and fifteen dollars per man per shift; the city expects twenty-five thousand people to come to town and hopes they'll spend twenty-five million; Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter will be throwing a picnic for five thousand people Sunday, July 11th, on Pier 88, at Forty-eighth and the Hudson River—fried chicken and beer.

MORE MATHEMATICAL PUZZLES & DIVERSIONS

1. ACME

Numbers have fascinated mathematicians for almost four thousand years. These entertaining symbols, with their astonishingly numerical properties, afford us many baffling impromptu parlor tricks. This one was called to my attention by Roman Norweb, of Princeton, Nev. It employs an ordinary narrow supermarket receipt, and never fails to elicit cries of disbelief when performed in company.

Hand an ordinary guest a supermarket receipt and ask him to tally the numerals in each vertical column of the tape, starting from the top right-hand column of digits and working down, and then "carrying" digits, much as one does in ordinary addition. Confoundingly, the probability is 1/2, or fifty per cent, that one or more digits in the guest's total will correspond to one or more of those printed in the bottom line on the tape.

The trick is ridiculously easy to understand once it is understood, and lays bare the very essence of the scientific method. It relies on what magicians call "chance." The greater the number of entries on the tape, the smaller the probability of a coincidence—with an absolute certainty of no coincidence, of course, when the tape involves items rung on the "Meat" key. (See Price and Pride, "One Hundred Mathematical Rackets," 1976.)

2. SEVEN BUGS

One of the classic mathematical fallacies was immortalized by William Wordsworth in his "On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic, 1802":

> Seven bugs each sought a mate
> From inside their own huddle;
> Yet none would woo another's date,
> So how were they to cuddle?
>
> "There's not much sense in grievin',"
> Said One, and gave a nod;
> "Let odd consort with even,
> And even pair with odd."
>
> So Six and Three went out to tea,
> And Five took Four to wife;
> One and Two kept company,
> And Seven took its life.

Addendum:

An ingenious resolution of this problem has been proposed by Werner Frye, of Whippo, N.M., who writes: "If each bug paired with a transfinite number, senseless tragedy might be averted."

3. THE MAZE OF VENUS

There is nothing mysterious about speech; it is merely a way of expressing thoughts without having to write them down. Yet the incredible verbal sequence known to logicians as the Maze of Venus quickly dispels the illusion that spoken language is a plausible means of communication. Here is the classical formulation of this sequence:

A: I don't think you want to see me more often.

B: That's not true.

A: Then you do want to see me more often.

B: I didn't say that. I just don't *not* want to see you more often.

Also known as the Paradox of Don Giovanni, this problem has long intrigued philosophers of science. The difficulties become clear if we let T represent the outer limits of A's tolerance, and $t^{\pm x}$ the measurable tenuousness of the relationship. Prof. Mary W. Noad's aggrieved discussion of T^{nth} (see *Science for Women*, May, 1975) suggests that the Maze of Venus will continue to resist logical analysis.

4. JERKAGONS

Jerkagons are paper polygons, made by folding rectangular NASA payroll checks. They have the delightful property of changing shape when their edges are jerked in a particular way. Jerkagons were discovered by Dr. Yves St. Laurent, the French astrophysicist. St. Laurent's jerkagon can be manipulated so that it reveals three different faces. (See "The Three Faces of Yves," *Journal of Stereoisomers and Paper Games*, Summer, 1966.) He has set forth the principles of jerkagation in a mathematical proof of exquisite elegance, printed on off-white crêpe de Chine.

You can make a jerkagon quite easily. Fold check as shown in *Fig. 1*.

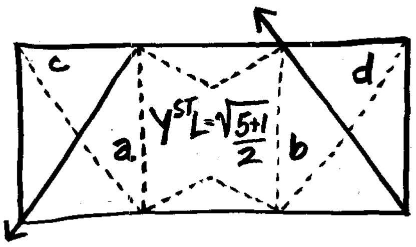


Figure 1

Now grasp your jerkagon by any two edges and give it a sharp jerk, of the kind absurdly simple to describe as sort of an imploded tremor. As if by magic, your jerkagon will assume one of three possible shapes. (See *Figs. 2-4.*)

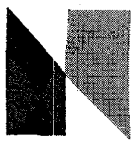


Figure 2

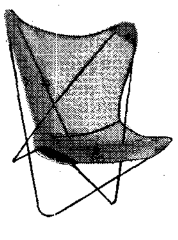


Figure 3

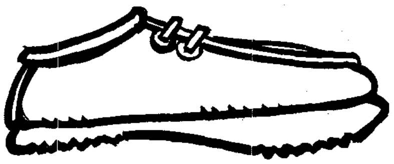


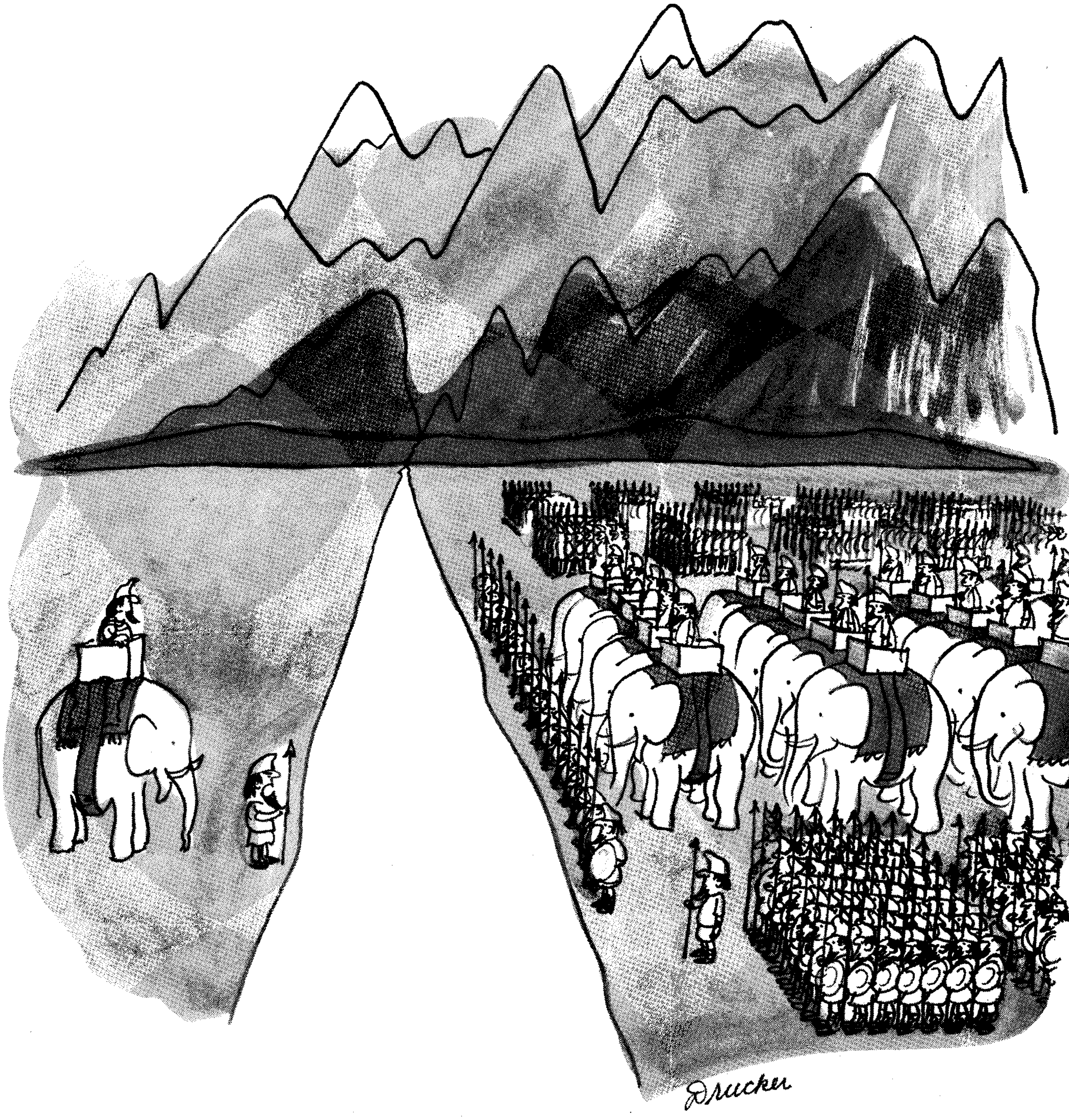
Figure 4

Addendum:

After my article about jerkagons appeared in the August, 1975, *Scientific Whimsician*, I received the following correspondence from Prof. Lance Mars, of Canaveral, N.H.:

"From way over here at another coördinate on this tiny hunk of stuff we call the Earth, I am prompted to report a curious incident which suggests that the properties of the jerkagon may be stunning and awesome beyond our wildest dreams. Early in October, I was driving South with my family, on my way to meet with a bunch of stuffy and unimaginative colleagues. While passing through an especially banal landscape in Georgia, I decided to use my very large brain to amuse my very small son. Pulling up beside what looked like a peanut thicket, I took from my wallet a cancelled check for $1505.76, folded it into a jerkagon, and told the boy how to manipulate it. He gave it a couple of dutiful tweaks and then flung it out of the window, into what looked like a peanut thicket, and demanded a doll.

"Within a matter of weeks, the national press had started to report the existence of someone named 'Jimmy Carter,' calling him 'an enigma' who had 'come out of nowhere.' Since physicists are in agreement that it is impossible for matter to 'come out of nowhere,' unless 'nowhere' is merely a word we use to mean a somewhere which we disapprove of, I do not hesitate to draw the controversial conclusion that 'Jimmy Carter' did indeed



"O.K., everybody! Let's get this show on the road!"

• •

come out of somewhere, and that the somewhere which he came out of was my jerkagon.

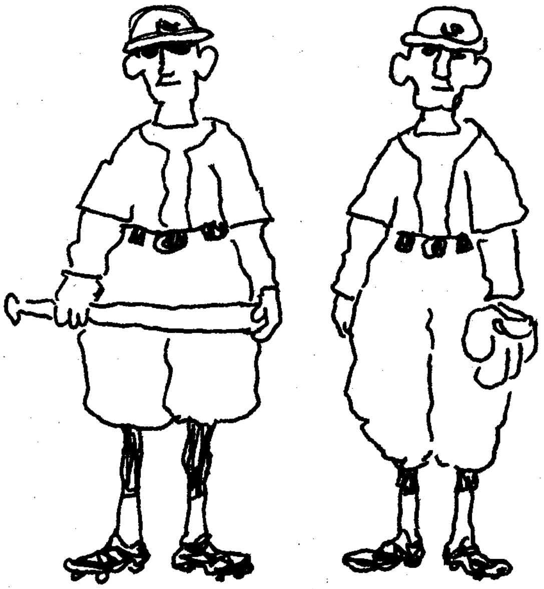
"I now choose to speculate freely. Does the jerkagon's time-space, awesome and far-out as we may now surmise it to be, teem with intelligent life? Does it teem with teeth? How many more 'Jimmy Carters' await nothing more than the twiddle of a child's fingers to be projected into our national political life? Is 'Jimmy Carter' an extraterrestrial, and if he is an extraterrestrial is he Constitutionally disqualified from holding elective office on this planet? If these boggling possibilities don't put things in perspective, what will?"

5. ORTHO

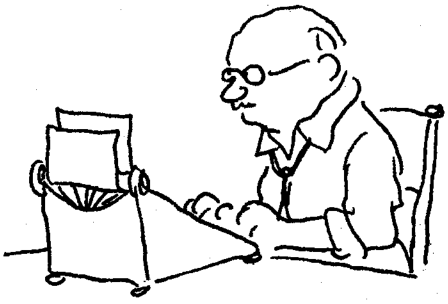
This diverting game, known to many a schoolgirl in its traditional pencil-and-paper form, is now available in a manufactured version, designed and marketed by the Dutch inventor Piet Heineken. Ortho makes use of a perforated plastic case containing twenty-one disc-shaped counters. Play begins on Day 1, when the player takes the first counter. Thereafter, any combination of moves is either "safe" or "unsafe" (as binary analysis will easily show). For example, in the common "1,2,3, 5" game, the player forgets to employ a counter on Day 4, thus changing a "safe" position to an "unsafe" one. Any "safe" position can be made "unsafe" by a wrong move. Since the game depends entirely upon the player's memory, "rational" strategies are impossible and there is no way to force a win.

The game's centuries-old popularity is attested to in many historical references. The Phoenicians called it the Maze of Venus, and it was familiar to the Anglo-Saxons as a pastime called Preggers. —VERONICA GENG

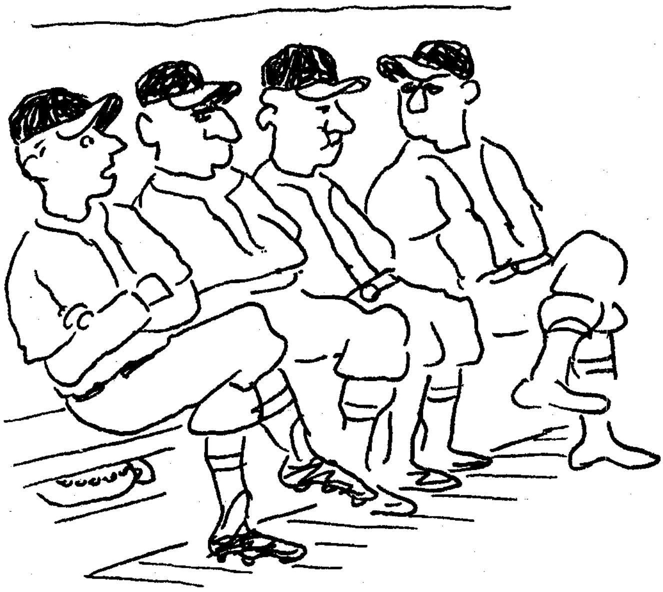
LITTLE-KNOWN MOMENTS IN THE HISTORY OF BASEBALL



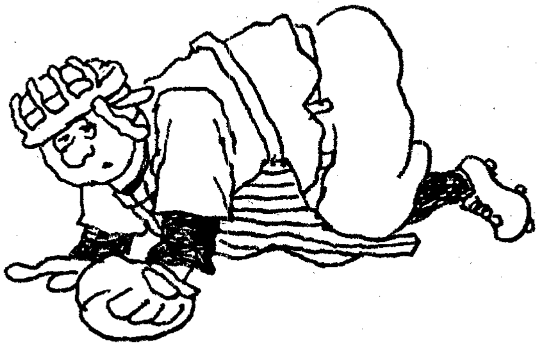
The McGreevey brothers, Eddie (batting average .184) and Nate (batting average .377), on the day Eddie decided to wear his pants longer.



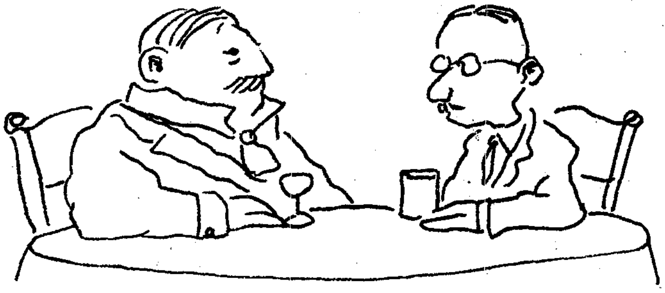
Sportswriter Bob Kessler, of the Moonachie *Plain Dealer*, as he typed the first column to use the word "increment."



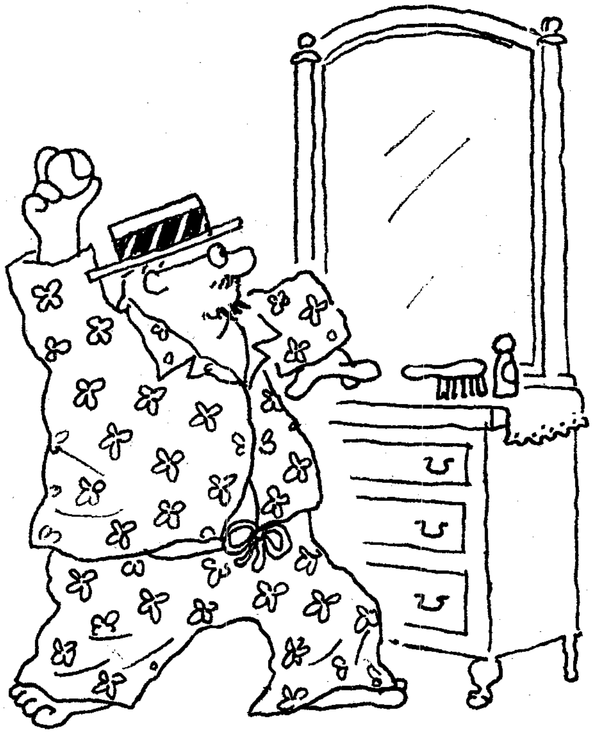
Journeyman outfielder Jackie Grimes interrupts a discussion about dames to ask if anybody knows anything about tax-exempt municipals.



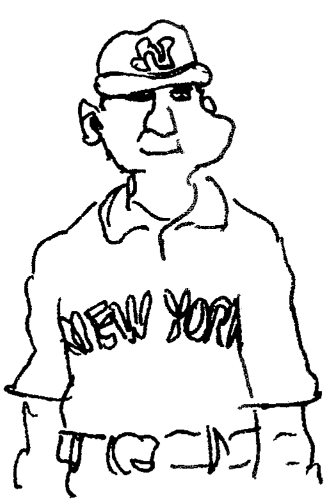
Shad Finneran, catcher for the Troy (N.Y.) Haymakers in the old National Association, having just been struck in the stomach by a spitball delivered by Howie Schalk, suddenly envisions "Shad's Place," the very first restaurant to be owned and operated by a retired athlete.



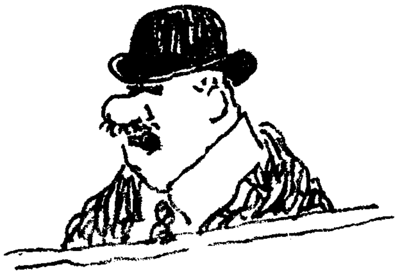
Owner Walter T. Moran at the moment he said, "Why don't we sell some sort of food at the park and make a few nickels on the side?"



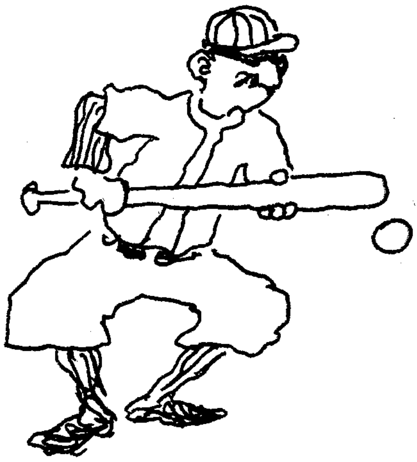
Mayor Fred F. Beall on the evening of the day when he made the suggestion that some dignitary be invited to throw out the first ball at the World Series. Walter Schmierer, president of the local Kiwanis Club, was asked, and accepted.



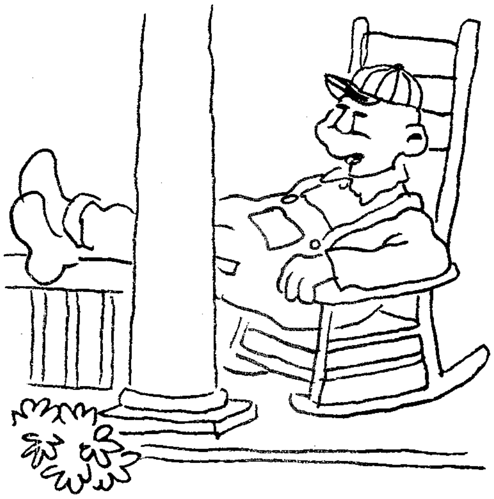
Willie Carr, who has always pretended to like the taste of chewing tobacco, becomes the first player to take the field with a wad of bubble gum in his cheek.



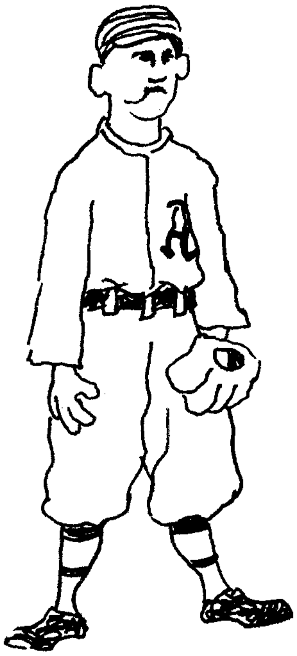
Jack J. Leach, who that morning bet his wife ten dollars that the Phillies would sweep their doubleheader against the Giants, shouts, for the first time anywhere, "Kill the umpire!"



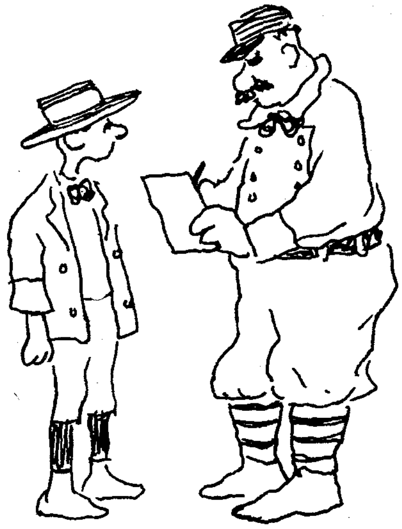
Exhausted after a big night on the town, Artie Schang invents the sacrifice bunt.



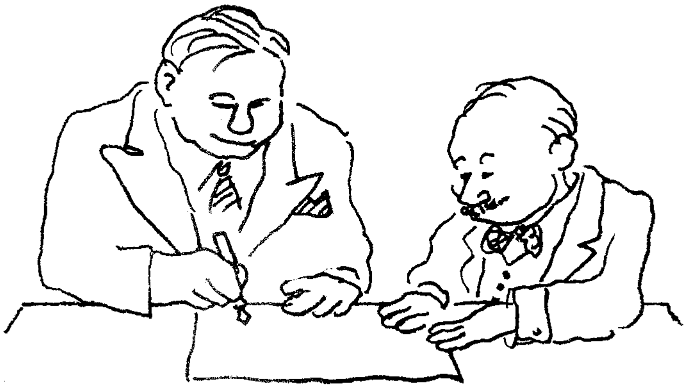
Ed Sobeleski, the first highly intelligent and articulate player who did not subsequently go into big business or broadcasting. He returned to his farm.



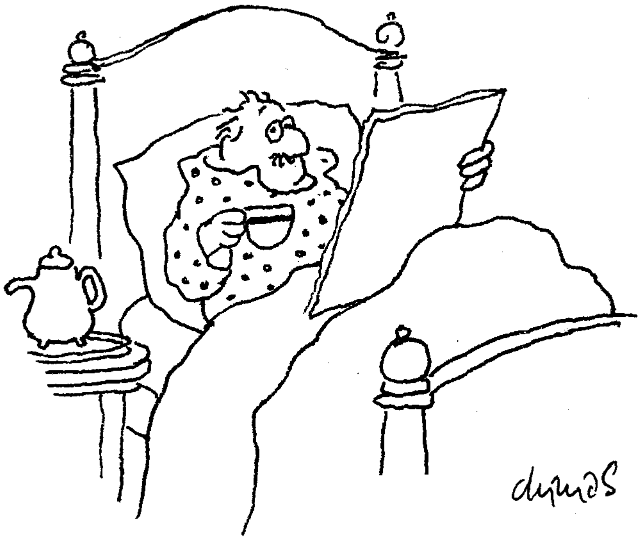
Ollie Nehf in the stance he developed which became standard for major-league photo sessions.



Jimmy Tipke gets the first baseball autograph from Ossie Strunk, who in turn collected fifteen cents.



Baseball's first contract with a no-drinking clause is signed by Wally Plank, as owner Otto Pfeister looks on approvingly. Plank, who did not touch a drop all year, popped up in sixty-three consecutive plate appearances in April, thus establishing an all-time National League record. He finished the season with the Elmsford (N.C.) Bumblebees.



Owner John Dinneen, whose team finished fourth that year, at the moment the thought occurred that teams finishing in second, third, and fourth place should get a share of the World Series receipts.

FOR REASONS OF HEALTH

AFTER my husband, Henry, had been gone for almost a year I decided to get a job. Not that I needed it; Henry left me comfortable, and I did feel guilty with unemployment on the rise, but I didn't know what else to do.

There are alternatives to a job, I know. I've tried them. For years I went to The New School—three, sometimes four times a week. It used to be the family joke: Henry's joke. "Well, what pearls did you learn today?" he would say as he flicked open his napkin at dinner. But once he was no longer there to talk to about the courses, I stopped going. It's like eating. When I am alone, I scarcely care what I eat.

I tried volunteer work in a hospital. That depressed me. Henry was a brave man when he was dying; you can't imagine how many moan and groan. No pride at all.

It was my friend Molly who suggested I volunteer at the local school. "Remedial reading or math drill—it's right up your alley, Alma," she said one day, so I walked over to the elementary school, the same elementary school Paul and Barbara had gone to. I stood at the fence of the large playground and watched the children. They were all so beautiful. I started to go to see the principal—not the same one my children had, of course, but a nice man I know by sight. I never got there; for some crazy reason I began to cry.

"You need something less personal," Molly said when I told her about it. We were meandering through the stores on a rainy afternoon. She had a thousand things to do, I knew, but she didn't want me to be alone. I was looking for a blouse for my daughter Barbara's birthday. A saleslady helped me find exactly what I had in mind. Seeing her smile and hearing the voices around me, I suddenly felt better. I dropped Molly off and went home to look through my closet. Then I called a man Henry had known in the management at the Eastchester branch of Lord & Taylor. I told him I would like to go to work at the store. He called me back to say I had an appointment with the Personnel Department the following week.

Wouldn't it be wonderful not to be home when Paul and Barbara called every morning! It had got to be such a chore for them, especially for Paul, who is a psychiatrist and busy enough with his patients' problems. On the phone he always sounds distracted.

"WHAT department would you like to work in, Mrs. Fulton?" Mr. Moran said. He was director of personnel, but if you saw him on the street you'd think he was still in high school.

"I don't know. It doesn't matter. Anywhere. . . ."

"Well, let's see." He ran his hand through his hair. "Toys?"

I shook my head. They're so expensive and kids don't play with them much anyway.

"Women's clothes?"

I could feel my face crumple.

"Now, Mrs. Fulton, don't get discouraged. We'll find something you feel right about. Something that requires good taste. You're obviously a woman who has good taste."

I tried to smile.

"I like your scarf. I really do," he said. He turned around and took a file out of a cabinet. His eyes scanned a long page. "How about housewares?"

I gathered my courage. "Is there . . . are there any openings in the Men's Department?" I asked.

He hesitated for a second. "That's it," he said, and he made a few notes on a pad. Although he said it would be a week before I heard officially by mail, I knew I had the job.

On my way out, I wandered through the Men's Department. I liked its dark-brown and blue walls. Soft lights shimmered on the glass cases. The atmosphere was soothing. I walked slowly through the department. I stopped in front of the Liberty-print ties and tried to recall Henry's suits (they still hung on his side of the walk-in closet). I left quickly.

Instead of going home, I took the next train to New York and stood in line for forty-five minutes to see "Shampoo." I hadn't been to a movie in the daytime since my kids were small. After the movie I found a Chinese restaurant I had read about in the *Times*. Chinese restaurants like this one are so noisy that you feel you belong to a big family. On the train home, I composed a letter to Craig Claiborne in my head, and for the next few days I went through my closets to find some decent spring and summer clothes. The summer would be a good time to start working—things are slower and it would give me a chance to get used to the routine. I had worked only once before. When I married Henry, I was a secretary to an executive in a small milk company.

"A SALESLADY?" Barbara said when I told her I'd got the job.

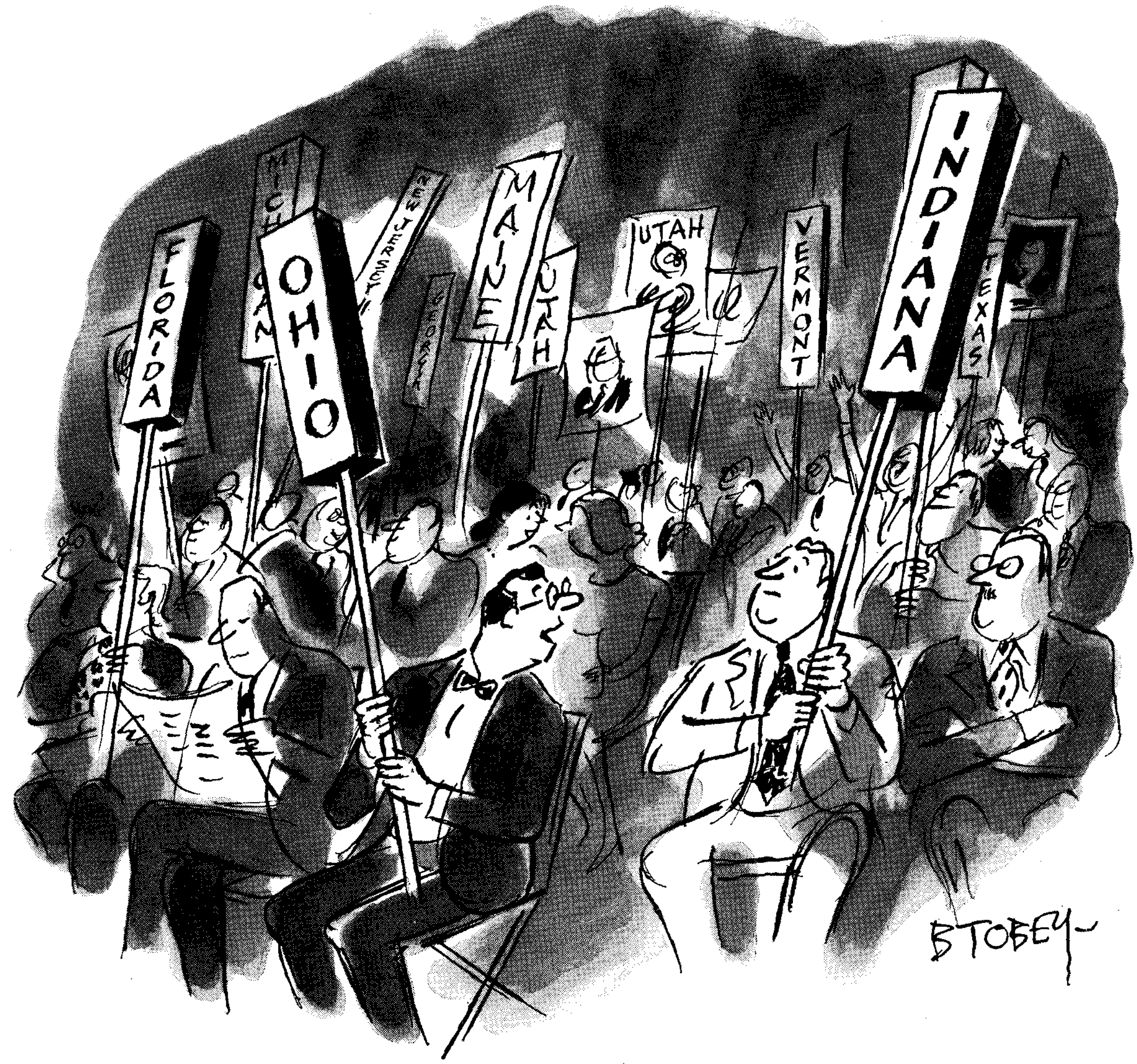
"What's wrong with a saleslady?"

A long pause. "How about more courses, Mother?"

"There's not much left that I want to take."

Barbara laughed a little nervously. Another pause. "Well," she said finally, "now I'll have to buy everyone's clothes at Lord & Taylor's."

Paul was worried. "How can you stand



"Do you happen to know a family named Sawyer that runs a little dime store in Valparaiso?"

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on your feet all day?" he said.

"Is it dangerous?"

"No, it's not dangerous. You have no history of varicosity or circulatory problems. But it's going to be damned uncomfortable!" That was how he sounded when I used to want to discuss Erikson or Jung with him—when I was going to The New School.

THREE weeks later, my feet still felt fine. I had learned to change my shoes every couple of hours and was wearing sandals with a little heel. No Space Shoes for me. I could tell that I was getting along all right from the way people looked at me. I don't like to make much of this but I'm known as a pretty woman for my age. If I have a flaw, it's that I'm vain. For almost a whole year after Henry passed away I didn't look in mirrors at all; now I was starting to see my reflection again.

The days went quickly because I played a continual game in my head. When a customer approached I asked myself, "Will she buy?" Then, "How much?" Then, "What?" Most of my customers were women. Some spent more than they could afford because they were not shopping for themselves. I liked them. A lot were young, well dressed, and a little rushed; others shopped leisurely behind strollers or carriages. Waiting on them, I thought about some of my courses: Is the Family Obsolete?; Redesigning Women's Roles; The Women's Movement: Autonomy as Necessity. "Theory isn't life," Henry used to say.

I tried to avoid the older customers. So many complained about their husbands: he likes cotton and there's only permanent press; he won't wear French cuffs, he'll only wear French cuffs; he wants to know why they don't make summer pajamas with strings instead of elastic. Once I started to go see Mr. Moran about changing departments, then decided to give it another day. The next morning was slow. After lunch a charming woman came in to buy clothes for her son, who was getting married. We had such a good time. "I remember doing this for my Paul almost twenty years ago," I told her.

ONE evening Barbara called. "Are you free for lunch tomorrow?" she said, and suggested we meet at the store's terrace restaurant. Her voice was cheerful. She was getting more rest now that the kids were at camp. I was so pleased, especially when she said that Marge, Paul's wife, would join us. It wasn't often I had both girls to myself.

I wore a new brown-and-white print I had bought in Better Dresses to work next morning. "Don't you look pretty, Alma!" people in the department said.

"Barbara's coming for lunch. With Marge." There was no need to explain. Everyone I worked with knew about my family.

At lunch, Marge looked tired. She should have sent her kids to camp, like Barbara. I had tried to persuade her that two teen-agers on her hands all summer was too much, but she and Paul were against it. Not because of the money, though. I was sure it wasn't that.

Whenever people passed our table, they smiled and I smiled a good deal myself. I was so happy to see Marge and Barbara both relaxing a little that at first I didn't notice the change in Barbara's voice over dessert.

"We didn't want to tell you until you felt stronger," she was saying.

I looked at Marge; she avoided my eyes.

"And he's having trouble walking," Barbara said.

I became afraid. "Who? What are you talking about?" I said.

"Paul," Barbara said. She reached

CHARM

Intelligence endures
The sea-shake of the heart,
Its flops and opening nights,
But the body's theatre alone
Eludes even its playwrights:
Too soon the script is done,
The curtain down. Applause.
Bravo! Encore! The lights . . .
And a rush to the doors.

Because the world's police
Have instinct on the books,
Innocence is nice
But not for long. Good looks
Turn bad, and time's as famous
For playing dirty tricks
As virtue is, whose price
Is beautifully to skate
On increasingly thin ice.

The beauties of the brain
And body are not charm—
Though charming they can be.
Charm is a sympathy
That sometimes draws a line
Under the unProfound
By an irony of tone,
And it is mostly missed
Once it is heard and gone.

Old bones know charm the best;
They see the trees for the wood,
The shades at their light task,
The magical latitude
That time cannot redress;
Their knowledge is their loss:
Under the worldly mask
They take off at their risk
They feel the pull of childhood.

Life adds up to not much.
Subtracted every day,
Another sparrow falls
Oblivious from its perch.
That truth lacks charm, it's true,
Directly looked at, but
There is that version which
Can sometimes sound the depths
With the lightest touch.

—Howard Moss

over and put her hand on mine. "Paul has multiple sclerosis. We found out shortly after Dad died." Her voice was quiet, controlled.

Marge seemed mute. Her lower lip trembled, but she didn't speak.

I knew how she felt. There was nothing to say. I simply nodded and drank the rest of my coffee and got out my wallet to take care of the tip.

THE girls wanted to take me home so I could rest, but I went back to work and pretended that nothing had happened. People still remarked, "What a pretty dress!" I still smiled and waited on my customers.

I saw the sweater during my three-o'clock break and knew I had to have it for Paul. It was in the stockroom. A yellow cashmere V-necked pullover—a true yellow, not flecked with dark specks the way light-colored cashmere used to be. Holding it was like holding the sun in your hands.

"They're just in from Scotland, Mrs. Fulton. Gorgeous, aren't they?" the buyer said. He is a young man and insists on calling me Mrs. The sweaters came in several colors, and he and I went out on the floor to choose a good spot to display them. We decided on my counter top. The yellow was the best. It would be perfect with Paul's dark hair and eyes.

There were two yellow sweaters in Paul's size. I watched carefully as people admired the display, even touched the fine wool, but it was too hot for buying cashmere sweaters.

About half an hour before closing time I looked at the sweater again. It was marked sixty dollars. With the personnel discount, closer to fifty. I could certainly afford that. I started to reach under the counter for my book; then I was opening the bag I keep my extra shoes in and stuffing the sweater into it. I looked around; no one was in sight.

I zipped the bag shut and walked with it toward the package room where they keep the lockers and time clock.

"Leaving early, Alma?" someone said. It was Noreen.

"Yes, I have a headache. Do you need me for anything?"

"No, go along. You've had a big day." Noreen has no children and is awed by people who do.

I told myself I would mark it in my book tomorrow. If anyone asked why I took it today I would say it seemed easiest, since I was going to Paul's for dinner. But even then I think I knew I wanted to steal that sweater. By the time I got to the car, I had dismissed the idea of paying for it.

The car was cool. I always park under some tall trees at the far end of the lot. I sat down in the front seat. I put my head back. My hands crept to the shoe bag and pulled out the sweater. They held the cashmere up to my face and stroked my cheeks and neck with it. I began to cry. But luckily the tears sat on top of the wool. Seeing them there, little drops of salt water on that new sweater, I came to my senses and wiped them off.

"A CASHMERE sweater in July?" Paul said. He looked amused. He was sitting with his legs up on the ottoman in his study. As he held the sweater up to him, I wondered how I could have been so unobservant. Last fall he had stopped playing tennis, said he was too busy. He and Marge had scarcely gone out all winter. "Records are better than concerts," he had told me. He looked older, tired. Three weeks ago he'd said he had a bum leg, and all last weekend he hadn't left his chair.

"The nights are cool," I said, apologizing not so much for the gift as for my stupidity.

"It's beautiful, Paul," Marge said.

Leave him be, I wanted to tell her. He has a right to be annoyed with such a dumb mother. Instead, I sat with my hands folded in my lap.

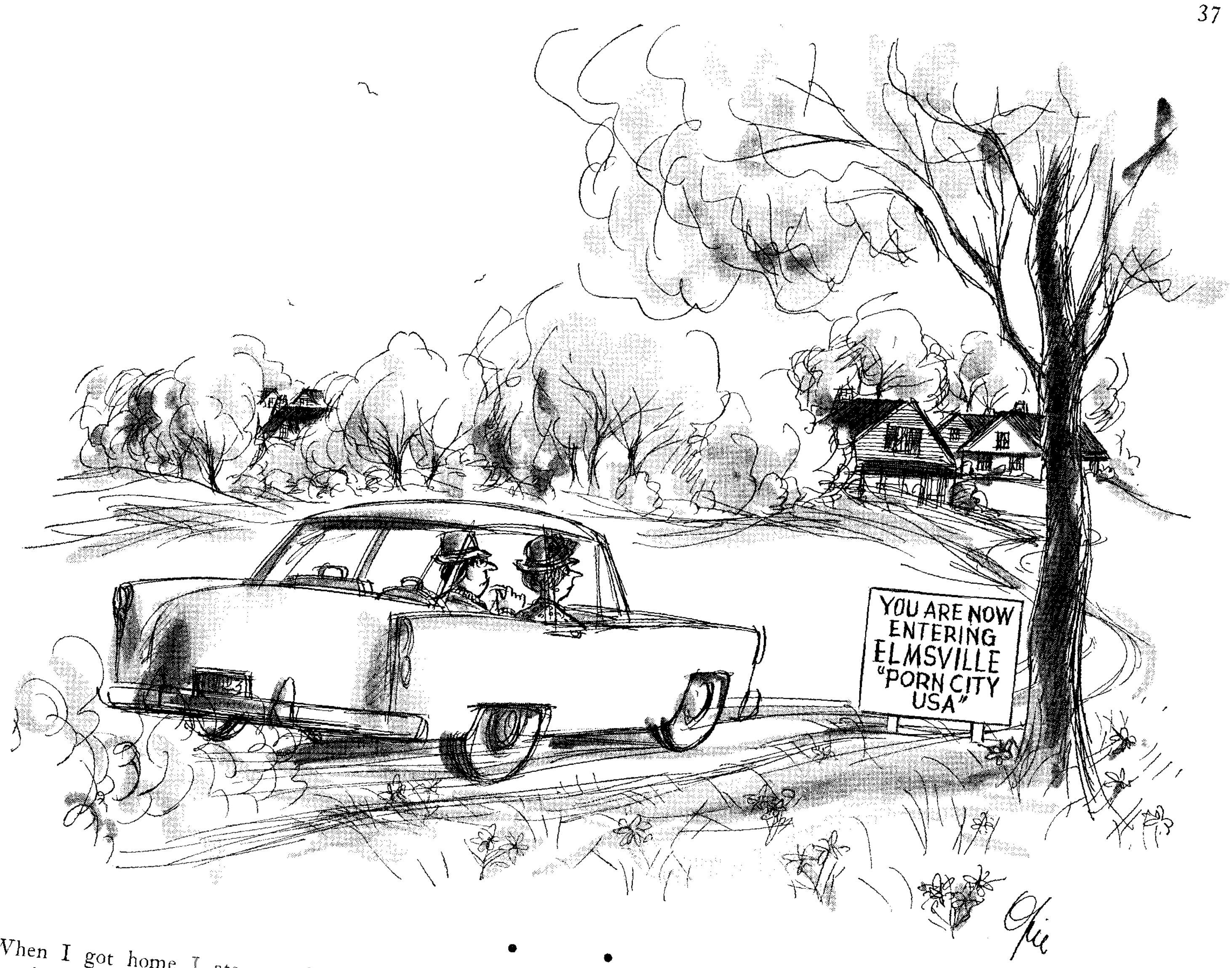
"Now, Mom, try not to get too upset," Paul said later. "Multiple sclerosis often progresses slowly." (He was making that up, I think; the article in the encyclopedia that I read when I stopped at home mentioned nothing about slow progression.)

When I was leaving, Paul reached out to take my hand. "And there are often plateaus, even remissions. I can still practice. What if I were a pediatrician?" Paul grinned at me. I wanted to hug him, but I was afraid of hurting him. I plucked a little at his arm.

"I really like the sweater, Mom," he said.

THE next day at work, they discovered the sweater was gone. I helped look for it. After two hours of searching, the buyer said, "I was foolish to put them out on a counter. It was my own fault." Quietly, we folded the sweaters and put them into a glass case. I felt completely detached from what was happening.

A week went by. At the store I was so busy I scarcely had time to think.



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When I got home I ate something, watched a little television, and went to bed early. The only people I spoke to besides the kids were Molly and my insurance broker. On Friday night I was invited to Paul's for dinner. Barbara and her husband, Bruce, were there. When it was time to eat, Paul tried to get up out of the easy chair alone. He began to sweat at the temples and Marge helped him stand. Once he was upright, he seemed fine, although he held on to Marge's arm for the first few steps. No one said anything. Barbara and Bruce turned to look at the show of Starfire phlox in the garden.

My daughter Barbara puzzled me. We had always been close. Now when she called and said, "How are you, Mother?" I wanted to answer, "I'm desperate," but she would never let me. She just chatted on and on about her kids and Bruce. She made me feel that discussing Paul or Marge would be betraying them.

By lunchtime on Monday morning, I had a new pair of men's pima-cotton pajamas in my shoe bag and a brown calf wallet. No one in the department knew about Paul. Molly knew before the kids told me, but I couldn't see hanging my troubles out on the line for my new friends. It's bad enough to be a widow. I showed the pajamas to Marge after work. "They were putting these on special purchase, so I picked up a pair for Paul," I said.

A few days later, when I took over the wallet, I could see that Marge was upset. "I don't like you to be spending all that money," she said firmly.

The strangest part was that I didn't feel guilty. It was as if some other woman had stolen the things and given them to me. That night I pulled out all the psychology textbooks I had bought over the years. I looked at my hands as they turned the pages. The veins were more prominent, a few of the knuckles had thickened, but otherwise they were the same. How could they have learned to steal? And so quickly?

BEFORE everyone knew it, it was Labor Day weekend, and I was going to a barbecue at Paul's. When I arrived at the house, Barbara's car was in the driveway. The children were back from camp. I could hear them laughing in the kitchen. The sun was low. A chilly breeze blew across the asters and marigolds along the front walk.

I carried a large bowl of potato salad I had made into the kitchen. Something glistened in the breakfast room. In the corner was a shiny wheelchair. It reminded me of the Bilt-Rite baby carriage we had bought when Paul was born. Much too expensive and well made for someone who planned to have only two children, but that was what people had then and when he saw how much I wanted it Henry had indulged me.

"He doesn't need it yet, but the doctor suggested we have it in the house," Marge said. She put her arm around me. I should have let her take me in her arms right then and there and I should have cried as I wanted to, but somehow I couldn't. Everyone else—Barbara, Bruce, Paul himself, even the kids—seemed so brave that I felt I had to be brave, too.

Still, at dinner I couldn't understand how they could be so cheerful. Everyone was talking and laughing. Barbara's kids were telling Vivie and Jeff, Paul's kids, about a big show they had put on at camp.

The next Saturday I went to the doctor, fully intending to tell him everything, but when I got there I lost my nerve. I said I had been bothered by chest pains, then talked a little about Paul—how calm he and Marge and the children were.

"M.S. victims often seem to be optimistic," he said. "Even euphoric. Some doctors think it goes with the disease. And you know, Alma, there are remissions. . . ." After I was dressed, he gave me a prescription for a tranquillizer. I had it filled, then threw the bottle out a few weeks later.

Paul was in the wheelchair for a good part of October. When he wheeled himself in to dinner, he would grab the edge of the table with one hand, put his arm around Marge or Vivie, and hoist himself into the dining-room chair. Each time, I stood quietly at my place and watched his legs dangle in that second before he sat.

During October I stole a ring for Marge, a dress for Vivie, and a canvas suitcase for Barbara's son, Steven. I simply picked up the suitcase and walked through the store with it.

"Going on a trip, Alma?" Noreen asked.

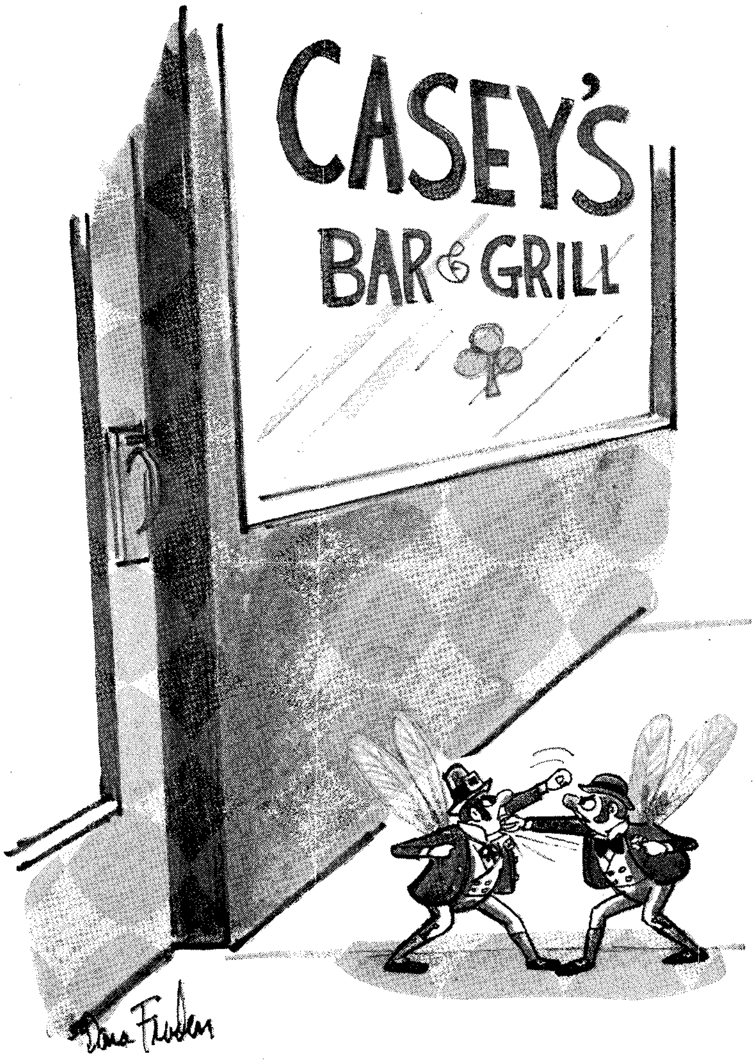
I smiled in reply.

In the middle of November there was a notice on the employees' bulletin board about shoplifting. From the wording it was clear that the employees were suspect. For three days I imagined that people were watching me. I was frightened to think I might lose my job. I wouldn't know what to do with myself.

I called Molly the third night, determined to confess. But when I heard that kind, reasonable voice I couldn't bring myself to say anything. I hung up. I took a piece of paper and wrote on it in black Magic Marker *You must stop stealing!*, then tore it into tiny pieces and flushed them down the toilet.

That seemed to help. But a few nights later I had a nightmare: I was lost and sliding on some smooth shiny metal surface in the middle of nowhere. Just as I was about to fall, someone caught me. Then I was locked in a shower stall in the rose-pink bathroom of my childhood. A harsh-voiced person handed me a couple of Ritz crackers over the top of the door.

The next morning, I put a few items I had stolen and not yet given away into a grocery bag. On my way to work, I dropped the bag in the Goodwill box in the village. When I got to the store, there was a message in my box to see Mr. Moran. I broke into a sweat, wondering what I could say when he accused me. But he smiled when I came in, and left his door open. "You're one of our best employees, Mrs. Fulton," he said. "I knew you would be when I interviewed you. And I thought you should know that we're giving you more than the customary raise and you will be promoted to assistant manager of the Men's Department, starting January." Luckily, his phone rang and I could escape without having to say more than "Thank you."



THE following Sunday Paul took me and his family out to eat. Miraculously, Paul didn't need the wheelchair now. The only indication of his illness was the cane he carried and the deeper lines around his eyes. We walked very slowly to the restaurant; Marge and the kids went ahead. Someone waved as we entered. "Too much tennis?" he called. Paul chuckled deep in his throat. Henry's laugh. I felt calm for the first time in months.

At the table, after we had ordered, Marge said, "What's new at the store, Mom?"

"There was a notice on the employees' bulletin board a few weeks ago about shoplifting," I said. "It's getting out of hand, and apparently employees do it, too."

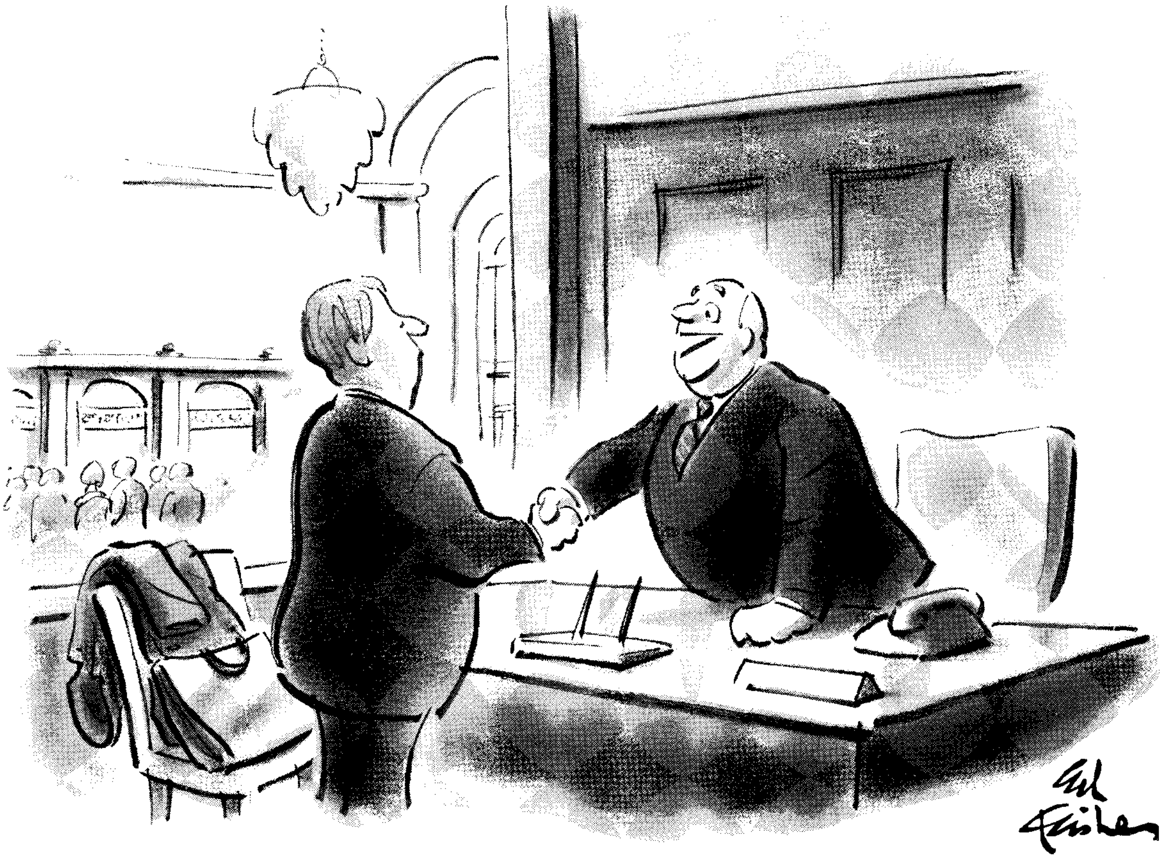
I expected them to be shocked, but Vivie nodded. "A lot of kids I know steal, but mostly from five-and-dimes. They say it's fun. One of them took so many things he had to put some back on the shelf. That's when the shopkeeper caught him."

"One teacher had so much gum stolen from her desk that she finally wrote on the board: 'Buy your own gum!' " Jeff added.

"Why would anyone steal gum?" Marge asked Paul. Then Marge looked at me. Her eyes were thoughtful, and for a moment I thought maybe she knew why I had mentioned the shoplifting. But when she spoke her voice sounded the way people sound when they're remembering. "I once knew a wonderful man who stole something," she said quietly. "His wife was in love with someone else—in this case, another woman—and one night when he was working late he took a huge Webster's New International Dictionary from his office. He lugged it downstairs to the lobby of the building and started to walk home. From midtown to his apartment in the East Sixties. He finally took a cab."

Our food came. As the waiter was placing it in front of us, I thought about that poor crazy man. Before I knew it, tears were dribbling down my cheeks.

"Here, Mom," Marge said, and she helped me to the ladies' room. She didn't ask me to explain, and I was grateful. I wouldn't have known what to say. Later, I told them about my raise and promotion.



"Thanks for coming in. It's such a relief to be able to deny someone a loan when there's no possibility of being charged with sex, race, age, or ethnic bias."

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DECEMBER. I bought all my Christmas presents early and didn't put a thing in my shoe bag all month. It snowed a lot before the holiday, so after Christmas dinner the children went out to play. Paul and I watched them from the sun room. Marge and Barbara and Bruce had insisted I relax while they cleaned up. I did my needlepoint and Paul read. The cane was propped against his chair. After a bit he asked me to put on some Beethoven quartets, and he closed his book and leaned back and listened. I thought of the first summer he was home from college, when he had played Beethoven's Ninth every single night. Though the wheelchair was not in sight, I knew it lurked in some corner of the house. Sure enough, by the end of January Paul was in it again.

When the merchandise for the mid-winter sales was put out, I knew it was hopeless. I could feel my hands starting to move toward the shoe bag.

I went to Mr. Moran. "I'd like to take a leave—for reasons of health," I said.

He looked distressed. "Mrs. Fulton, I can give you a month's vacation," he said. "Maybe even a little more—only two weeks paid, of course, the rest at your own expense. But we can't give you a leave unless you've been here a year."

I thought for a moment. Maybe six weeks would do it. Then I shook my head. "No, I'll need more time. My son is ill; he's a psychiatrist, but he's sick anyway. . . ." I gestured helplessly.

Mr. Moran walked me back to the department saying, "Don't worry, Mrs. Fulton. Whenever you want to come back, as long as I'm here you'll have a job. And you can start at the same salary as you have now, I'll make sure of that." He shook my hand very hard.

I left the store that afternoon. People from the department were puzzled. Noreen tried to insist on making a date for a farewell lunch. I said no. She called for weeks. "Please come see us," she urged. I was so pleased to hear from her but I could barely drive past the store; I was afraid I would pull into my parking spot and go to Mr. Moran and ask for my old job.

NOW I'm back at The New School. I take the train into the city three times a week for my courses: The Structure of Life; Hitler, Mao, and Kissinger: The Psychohistory of Leadership; Gestalt Theory and Technique. Barbara is relieved, and so is Paul, I guess. He didn't say much when I told him I was leaving the store. Only Marge was concerned.

"It's been so good for you. Maybe you can go back when you feel better. At least part-time," she said and kissed me.

The other people in my classes aren't terribly exciting, but once a week, on Wednesdays, all the widows go out for dinner. They think I lost my job. One said gently, "So many people have been let go, Alma." I couldn't tell her the truth, so I nodded. And Molly and my other old friends call more often now that I'm not working. Whenever we do things together, Molly tells me I'm managing very well.

I didn't know you could miss a place as much as I miss the store. The people. Feeling part of the world. Maybe someday I can go back. But I've already paid for this semester, and some of the reading is interesting. Besides, for now, I know I'm better off here.

—ROBERTA SILMAN

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"I think it will pass the House," said Rep. Mary Ann Tobin (D-Irvington). But if it does pass, the resolution will head toward a more uncertain and less friendly reception in the state Senate.

Lt. Gov. Thelma Stovall, one of only three women lieutenant governors in the nation, is the presiding officer of the Senate and has vowed to wage a strong fight to kiss the resolution in the upper chamber.—*Boston Evening Globe.*

That's friendly enough.

REFLECTIONS

A STRICTLY PERSONAL SYLLABUS—I

SECURITY is tight on flights to Israel in October, 1975: the bags are searched, the men are frisked, and the women have an electronic hoop passed over them, fore and aft. Then hand luggage is opened. No one is very patient. Visibility in the queue is poor because of the many Chassidim with their broad hats and beards and sidelocks and dangling fringes who have descended on Heathrow and are far too restless to wait in line but rush in and out, gesticulating, exclaiming. The corridors are jumping with them. Some two hundred Chassidim are flying to Israel to attend the circumcision of the firstborn son of their spiritual leader, the Belzer Rabbi. Entering the 747, my wife, Alexandra, and I are enfiladed by eyes that lie dark in hairy ambush. To me there is nothing foreign in these hats, sidelocks, and fringes. It is childhood revisited. At the age of six, I myself wore a tallith katan, or scapular, under my shirt, only mine was a scrap of green calico print, whereas theirs are white linen. God instructed Moses to speak to the children of Israel and to "bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments." So they are still wearing them some four thousand years later. We find our seats, two in a row of three, toward the rear of the aircraft. The third is occupied by a young Chassid, highly excited, who is staring at me.

"Do you speak Yiddish?" he says.

"Yes, certainly."

"I cannot be next to your wife. Please sit between us. Be so good," he says.

"Of course."

I take the middle seat, which I dislike, but I am not really put out. Curious, rather. Our Chassid is in his late twenties. He is pimply, his neck is thin, his blue eyes goggle, his underlip extrudes. He does not keep a civilized face. Thoughts and impulses other than civilized fill it—by no means inferior impulses and thoughts. And though he is not permitted to sit beside women unrelated to him or to look at them or to communicate with them in any manner (all of which probably saves him a great deal of trouble), he seems a goodhearted young man and he is visibly enjoying himself. All the Chassidim are vividly enjoying themselves, dodging through the aisles, visiting chattering standing impatiently in the long lavatory lines, amiable, busy as geese. They pay no attention to signs. Don't they understand English? The stewardesses are furious with them. I ask one of the hostesses when I may expect to receive a drink and she cries out in irritation, "Back to your seat!" She says this in so ringing a voice that I retreat. Not so the merry-minded Chassidim, exulting everywhere. The orders given by these young Gentile uniformed females are nothing to them. To them they are merely attendants, exotic *bediener*, all but bodiless.

Anticipating a difficulty, I ask the stewardess to serve me a kosher lunch. "I can't do that, we haven't enough for *them*," she says. "We weren't prepared." Her big British eyes are affronted and her bosom has risen with indignation. "We've got to go out of our way to Rome for more of their special meals."

Amused, my wife asks why I ordered the kosher lunch. "Because when they bring my chicken dinner this kid with the beard will be in a state," I explain.

And so he is. The British Airways chicken with the chill of death upon it lies before me. But after three hours of security exercises at Heathrow I am hungry. The young Chassid recoils when the tray is handed to me. He addresses me again in Yiddish. He says, "I must talk to you. You won't be offended?"

"No, I don't think so."

"You may want to give me a slap in the face."

"Why should I?"

"You *are* a Jew. You must be a Jew, we are speaking Yiddish. How can you eat—*that!*"

"It looks awful, doesn't it?"

"You mustn't touch it. My womenfolk packed kosher-beef sandwiches for me. Is your wife Jewish?"

Here I'm obliged to lie. Alexandra is Rumanian. But I can't give him too many shocks at once, and I say, "She has not had a Jewish upbringing."

"She doesn't speak Yiddish?"

"Not a word. But excuse me, I want my lunch."

"Will you eat some of my kosher food instead, as a favor?"

"With pleasure."

"Then I will give you a sandwich, but only on one condition. You must never—never—eat *trephena* food again."

"I can't promise you that. You're asking too much. And just for one sandwich."

"I have a duty toward you," he tells me. "Will you listen to a proposition?"

"Of course I will."

"So let us make a deal. I am prepared to pay you. If you will eat nothing but kosher food, for the rest of your life I will send you fifteen dollars a week."

"That's very generous," I say.

"Well, you are a Jew," he says. "I must try to save you."

"How do you earn your living?"

"In a Chassidic sweater factory in New Jersey. We are all Chassidim there. The boss is a Chassid. I came from Israel five years ago to be married in New Jersey. My rabbi is in Jerusalem."

"How is it that you don't know English?"

"What do I need English for? So, I am asking, will you take my fifteen dollars?"

"Kosher food is far more expensive than other kinds," I say. "Fifteen dollars isn't nearly enough."

"I can go as far as twenty-five."

"I can't accept such a sacrifice from you."

Shrugging, he gives up and I turn to the twice-disagreeable chicken and eat guiltily, my appetite spoiled. The young Chassid opens his prayer book. "He's so fervent," says my wife. "I wonder if he's praying for you." She smiles at my discomfiture.

As soon as the trays are removed, the Chassidim block the aisles with their *Minchah* service, rocking themselves and stretching their necks upward. The bond of common prayer is very strong. This is what has held the Jews together for thousands of years. "I like them," says my wife. "They're so lively, so childlike."

"You might find them a little hard to live with," I tell her. "You'd have to do everything their way, no options given."

"But they're cheerful, and they're

"Mind if I join you? You look like an unconcerned citizen."

• •

warm and natural. I love their costumes. Couldn't you get one of those beautiful hats?"

"I don't know whether they sell them to outsiders."

When the Chassid returns to his seat after prayers, I tell him that my wife, a woman of learning, will be lecturing at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

"What is she?"

"A mathematician."

He is puzzled. "What is that?" he asks.

I try to explain.

He says, "This I never heard of. What actually is it they do?"

I am astonished. I knew that he was an innocent but I would never have believed him to be ignorant of such a thing. "So you don't know what mathematicians are. Do you know what a physicist is? Do you recognize the name of Einstein?"

"Never. Who is he?"

This is too much for me. Silent, I give his case some thought. Busy-minded people, with their head-culture that touches all surfaces, have heard of Einstein. But do they know what they have heard? A majority do not. These Chassidim choose not to know. By and by I open a paperback and try to lose myself in mere politics. A dozen Chassidim in the lavatory queue stare down at us.

We land and spill out and go our separate ways. At the baggage carousel I see my youthful Chassid again and we take a final look at each other. In me he sees what deformities the modern age can produce in the seed of Abraham. In him I see a piece of history, an antiquity. It is rather as if Puritans in seventeenth-century dress and observing seventeenth-century customs were to be found still living in Boston or Plymouth. Israel, which receives us impartially, is accustomed to strange arrivals. But then Israel is something else again.

WE are staying in Jerusalem as guests of the Mishkenot Sha'ananim, the dwellings of serenity. Mayor Teddy Kollek, irrepressible organizer of wonderful events (some of them too rich for my blood), takes us to dinner with one of the Armenian archbishops in the Old City. On the rooftop patio of the opulent apartment are tubs of fragrant flowers. The moon is nearly full. Below is the church, portions of which go back to the fourth century. The Archbishop is, to use an old word, a portly man. His cassock, dark red, swells with the body. On his breast two ball-point pens are clipped between the buttons. He has a full youthful clever face; a black beard, small and tidy. The eyes are green. Present are Isaac Stern; Sascha Schneider, formerly of the Budapest String Quartet; Kollek's son, Amos; two Israeli couples whom I cannot identify; and the foreign-news editor of *Le Monde*, M. Michel Tatu. In the Archbishop's drawing room are golden icons. In illuminated cases are ancient objects. I can seldom get up much interest in such cases and objects. Middle-aged Armenians serve drinks and wait on us. They wear extremely loud shirts, blue-green sprigged with red berries, but they strike me as good fellows and are neat and nimble about the table. The conversation is quick and super-knowledgeable. In French, in English, in Hebrew, and occasionally in Russian. (Tatu, who lived for years in Moscow, chats in Russian with Stern and Schneider.) The Archbishop, who has himself cooked the eggplant and the leg of lamb, tells the company his recipes. He and Kollek discuss seasonings. Schneider recalls a great Armenian musician and teacher (his own teacher) named Dirian Alexanian, editor of Bach's Suites for Cello Unaccompanied and the most intolerant perfectionist—"Just as particular about music as other people are about seasonings. Alexanian said to Casals after a performance of some of the suites, 'You made three bad mistakes. Terrible.' Casals did not answer. He knew Alexanian was right."

Pale, with black hair in abundance, Tatu of *Le Monde* is one of those short men who have learned to hold their ground against big ones. He sits with the ease that disguises this sort of tension. His paper is not friendly to Israel. Two or three times I consider whether to mention to him a letter I sent *Le Monde* during the 1973 war about the position being taken by France. I want to ask him why it wasn't printed. But I succeed in suppressing this—a triumph over myself. Besides, Tatu does not have the look of a man whose life is easy and I don't see why I should spoil his Jerusalem dinner for him—in his diary it would probably be entered as "An enchanted evening in Le Proche Orient with an Armenian archbishop." I decide to let him enjoy himself. Seeking common ground with my wife (a laudable desire), he tells her that he too is Rumanian by origin. He can safely say this, for his family came to France in the seventeenth century. What is all-important is to be French, or to have been French for a good long time. And French he definitely is. But I can see that the Archbishop gives him bad marks for lighting up after the main course. This is *inculte*. People of real culture do not smoke at dinner tables. You never know whom you have asked to your palace.

The Archbishop is really very handsome, with his full cheeks, his long clear dark-green eyes, and the short strong beard. His church is venerable rich and beautiful. It contains the head of St. James the brother of John and many relics. The house of Annas, in which Jesus was questioned and struck, is within the compound. The church's manuscript collection is the largest outside Soviet Armenia. The antique tiles are gorgeous. But all these things are in some way external. We outsiders are not *stable* enough to appreciate them. We inherit our mode of appreciation from the Victorians, from a time of safety and leisure, when dinner guests knew better than to smoke after the main course, when Levantines were Levantines, and culture was still culture. But in these days of armored attacks on Yom Kippur, of Vietnams, Watergates, Mansons, Amins, terrorist massacres at Olympic Games, what are illuminated manuscripts, what are masterpieces of wrought iron, what are holy places?

DEAD OF NIGHT

The air is sultry
And a light rain falls

The oaks are glistening
On a wet pavement

At the end of spring
In the dead of night

And he phones to say
The baby is a boy

A beautiful baby
The delivery was easy

A son born
On the fourth of June

As a rain falls lightly
In the sultry air

At the end of spring
In the dead of night

And he seems happy in a way
You have never heard before

I better get off he laughs
Or I'll say stupid things

Then the weather changes
And the air turns cold

Snow is heavily drifting
On a white pavement

It is almost dawn
The oaks are bare

And you must not tell him
What you both know

That you are the son
Who has just been born

The delivery was bloody
She couldn't stop screaming

On another June
You will be gone

The air is sultry
And a light rain falls

At the end of spring
In the dead of night

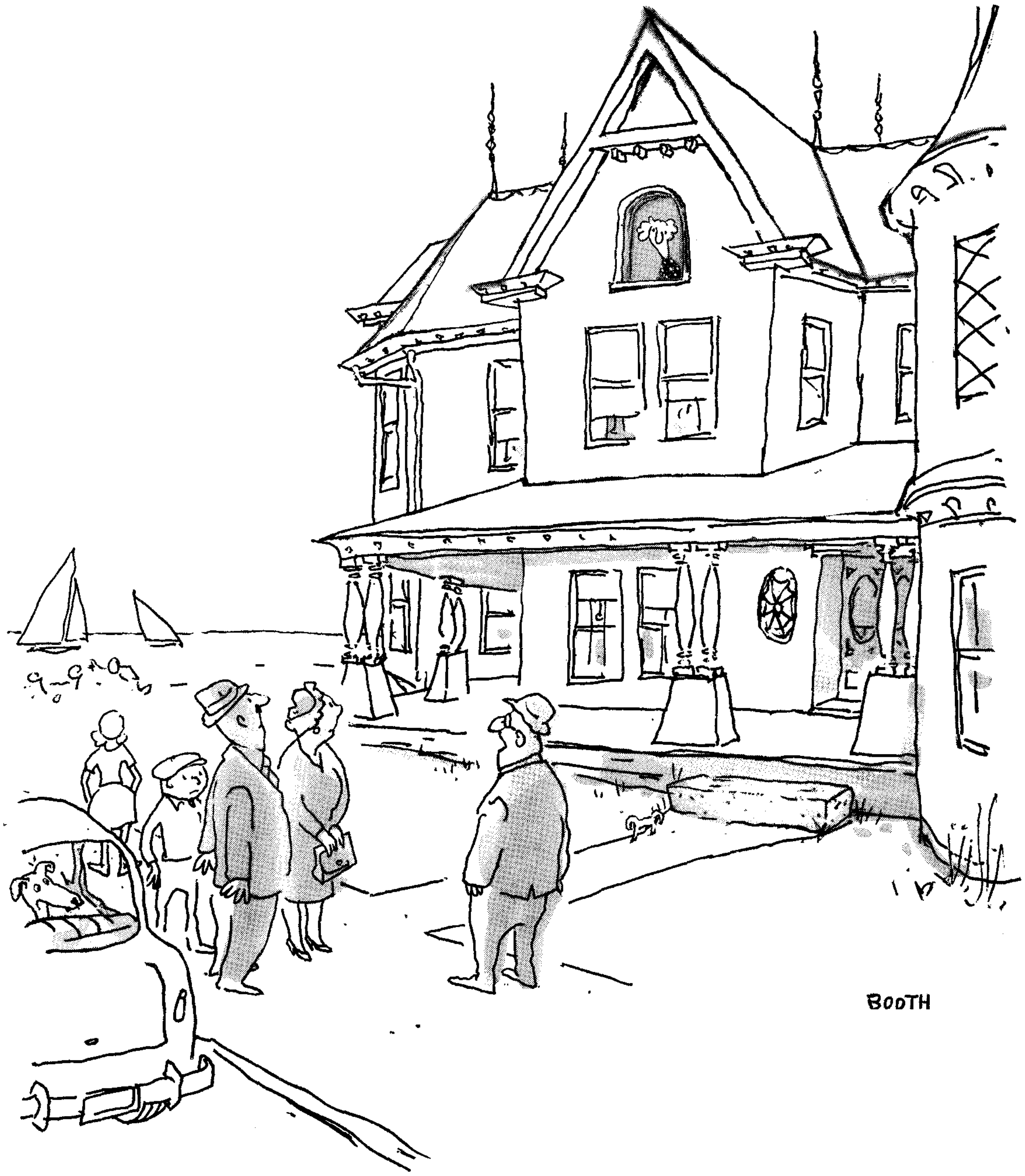
You have never been
Nor ever can be so close

—Robert Mazzocco

• •

We soon get around to contemporary matters. A call to the telephone; the Archbishop excuses himself in two languages and tells us when he comes back that he has been speaking to one of his Lebanese friends calling from Cyprus or from Greece. He sits down, saying that the influence of Yasir Arafat is evidently weakening and fading. Arafat was unable to complete the classic guerrilla pattern and bring the masses into the struggle. Then someone says that it can't be long now before the Russians write Arafat off. They have undoubtedly recognized their failure in the Arab world and may even be preparing to reopen diplomatic relations with Israel. Most of the dinner guests agree that Russia's internal difficulties are so grave it may have to draw away from Syria. Indeed, it may be forced to retreat from the Middle East and concentrate on its domestic problems. The American grain purchases may not be sufficient. To avoid collapse the Russians may be driven into a war with China. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has won the Middle Eastern struggle by drawing Egypt into the American camp. He is a genius. The Russians are in disarray, perhaps in retreat.

I have been hearing conversations like this one for half a century. I well remember what intelligent, informed people were saying in the last years of the Weimar Republic, what they told one another in the first days after Hindenburg had brought in Hitler. I recall table talk from the times of Léon Blum and Édouard Daladier. I remember what people said about the Italian adventure in Ethiopia and about the Spanish Civil War and the Battle of Britain. Such intelligent discussion hasn't *always* been wrong. What is wrong with it is that the intelligent discussants invariably impart their own intelligence to what they are discussing. Later, historical studies show that what actually happened was devoid of anything like such intelligence. It was absent from Flanders Field and from Versailles, absent when the Ruhr was taken, absent from Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam, absent from British policy at



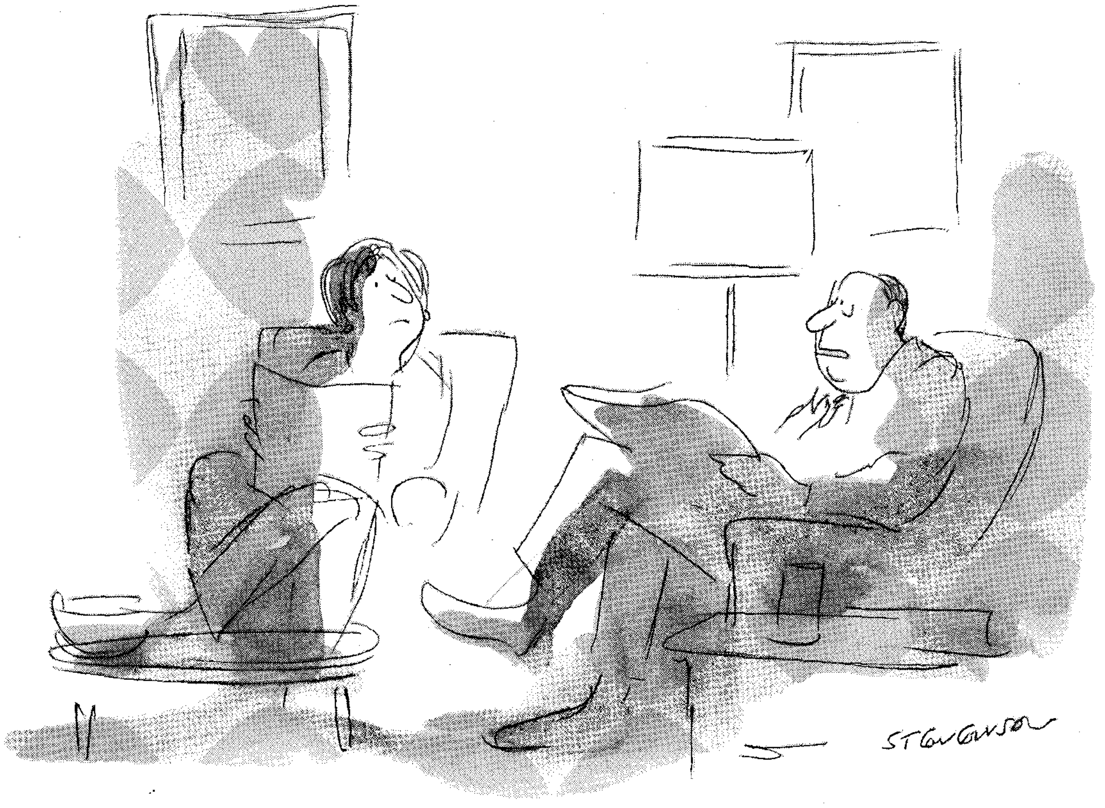
"It's sixteen hundred dollars for August, including gas, electricity, maintenance, beach sticker, and old Mrs. Pennington up in the attic."

the time of the Palestine Mandate, absent before, during, and after the Holocaust. History and politics are not at all like the notions developed by intelligent, informed people. Tolstoy made this clear in the opening pages of "War and Peace." In Anna Schérer's salon, the elegant guests are discussing the scandal of Napoleon and the Duc d'Enghien, and Prince Andrei says that after all there is a great difference between Napoleon the Emperor and Napoleon the private person. There are *raisons d'état* and there are private crimes. And the talk goes on. What is still being perpetuated in all civilized discussion is the ritual of civilized discussion itself.

Tatu agrees with the Archbishop about the Russians. So that, as they say in Chicago, is where the smart money is. The Vatican is the next topic and receives similar treatment. Some Armenian prelates have joined us for coffee and take part in the discussion. Someone observes that the Church is a worshipper of success and always follows the majorities. See what it is doing now in the Warsaw Pact countries, it is making deals with the Communists. Should Communism sweep Italy, would the Pope move to Jerusalem? Rather, says one of the prelates, he would stay in Rome and become Party Secretary. And there we are, Kissinger has entirely wrecked Russia's Middle East policy and the Pope is about to swap the Vatican for the Kremlin. Dessert is served.

In my letter to *Le Monde* I had said that there were in French tradition two attitudes toward the Jews: a revolutionary attitude which had resulted in their enfranchisement, and an anti-Semitic one. The intellectual leaders of the Enlightenment were decidedly anti-Semitic. I asked which of the two attitudes would prevail in twentieth-century France—the century of the Dreyfus affair and of the Vichy government. The position taken by the French Foreign Minister M. Michel Jobert in the October War was that the Palestinian Arabs had a natural and justified desire to "go home." I expressed, politely, the hope that the other attitude, the revolutionary one, would not be abandoned. I made sure that my letter would be delivered. Eugene Ionesco gave the editors one copy of it; another was handed to them by Manès Sperber, the novelist. The letter was never acknowledged. This is not conclusive proof that *Le Monde* has taken the side of the Arabs in their struggle with Israel, but it is a piece of evidence that puts the paper's impartiality in question.

WE step into the street and my friend David Shahar, a Hebrew novelist who lives in Jerusalem, whose chest is large, takes a deep breath and advises me to do the same. The air, the air itself, is thought-nourishing in Jerusalem, the Sages themselves said so. I am prepared to believe it. I know that it must have special properties. The delicacy of the light also affects me. I look downward toward the Dead Sea, over broken rocks and small houses with bulbous roofs. The color of these is that of the ground itself, and on this strange deadness the melting air presses with an almost human weight. Something intelligible, something metaphysical is communicated by these colors. The universe interprets itself before your eyes in the openness of the rock-jumbled valley ending in dead water. Elsewhere you die and disintegrate. Here you die and mingle. Shahar leads



"Who couldn't use a spokesman, a budget director, a chief of staff, and plenty of readily available outside experts?"

• •

me down from the Mishkenot Sha'ananim, which stands on a slope and faces Mt. Zion and the Old City, to the Gai-Hinnom (the Gehenna of tradition), where worshippers of Moloch once sacrificed their children. He leads me from the Gai-Hinnom up to an ancient Karaite burial ground, where you can see the mingling for yourself. It acts queerly on my nerves (through the feet, as it were), because I feel that a good part of this dust must be ground out of human bone. I don't know that Jerusalem is theologically older than other places but the dolomite and clay look hoarier than anything I ever saw. Gray and sunken, in the thoughts of Mr. Bloom in Joyce's "Ulysses." But there is nothing in the brilliant air and the massive white clouds hanging over the crumpled mountains that suggests exhaustion. This atmosphere makes the American commonplace "out of this world" true enough to give your soul a start.

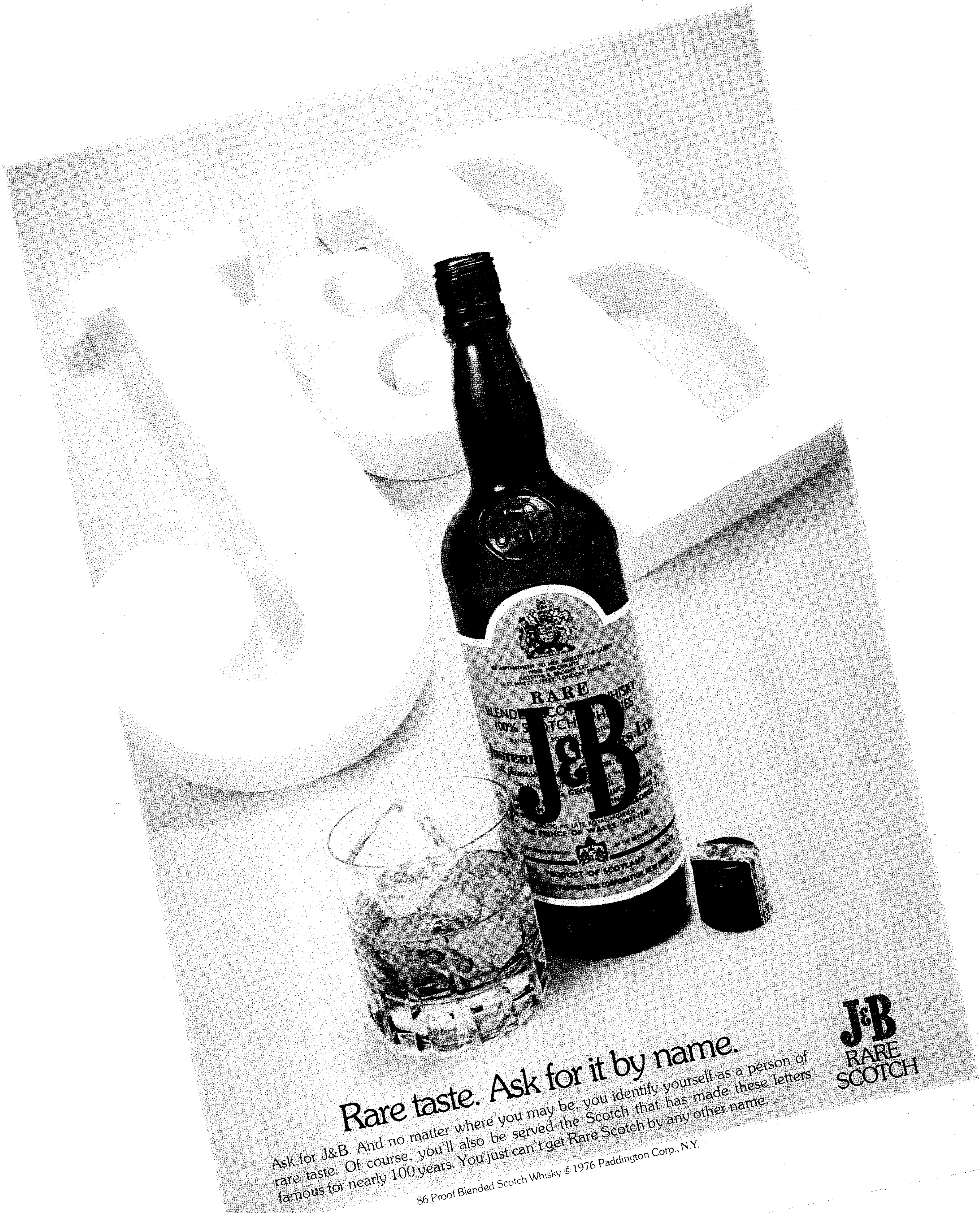
The municipality has turned the Gai-Hinnom into a park. The Wolfson Foundation of London has paid for the planting of gardens, and Arab kids are kicking a soccer ball in the green bottom of the valley. East Jerusalem toughies of fourteen are smoking cigarettes and stiffening their shoulders, practicing the dangerous-loiterer bit as we pass, Shahar lecturing. Shahar is bald, muscular, and his shirt is ornamented with nags, horseshoes, and bridles—a yellow print on dark blue. Amusing, since he's a writer and a thoughtful man—anything but a tout. So we look into ancient tombed caverns and the niches into which corpses once were laid. Now truck fenders are rusting there, the twentieth century adding its crumbling metal to the great Jerusalem dust mixture. You can be absolutely sure, says Shahar, that the Prophet Jeremiah passed this way. Right where we are standing.

I FIND in Elie Kedourie's "Arabic Political Memoirs" facts unknown to most about American diplomacy in the late forties. Certainly I didn't know them. In the Middle East and probably elsewhere, the U.S.A. relied heavily on management consultants and public-relations experts. The American firm of Booz, Allen & Hamilton lent one of its specialists, Miles Copeland by name, to the State Department, where he was in 1955 a member of a group called the Middle East Policy Planning Committee, the main purpose of which was, in his own words, "to work out ways of taking advantage of the friendship which was developing between ourselves and Nasser."

In 1947, Copeland had been sent to Damascus ("by whom is not stated," Kedourie says), "to make unofficial contact" with Syrian leaders and "to probe for means of persuading them, on their own, to liberalize the political system."

Spreading democracy over the world, the Americans first fought rigged elections in Syria, but the old corruption continued despite all their power and money could do. Frustrated, the Americans decided for the best of reasons, as always, to make a heavier move: "The American minister at Damascus decided to encourage a military coup d'état, so that Syria might enjoy democracy," Kedourie writes. This was not considered particularly bizarre; other American ambassadors and ministers in the Arab world were entirely in favor of "genuine" revolution to overthrow old landowners, rich crooks, and politicians. "What was wanted," Kedourie explains, "was an élite to underpin the rulers, themselves in turn supported and buttressed by a population which presumably understood, approved, and legitimated the aims of such an élite. Whoever knows the Middle East will agree that such a quest was the political equivalent of the search for the philosophical stone."

Failing in Syria, the Americans went to work in Egypt. Kermit Roosevelt, of the C.I.A., "met a number of officers who were involved in the conspiracy which led to the coup d'état of 22 July, 1952." The Americans wanted the new regime to make the populace literate, to create "a large and stable middle class . . . a sufficient identification of local ideals and values, so that truly indigenous democratic institutions could grow up." Gliding into a new political realm, the Americans arranged for loans to the Egyptian government. They believed that genuine democracy was now on its way. James Eichelberger, a State Department political scientist who had been an account executive for J. Walter Thompson, one of the world's largest advertising and public-relations firms, "was sent to Cairo where he talked with Nasser and his confidants and produced a series of papers identifying the new government's problems and recommending policies to deal with them." One of these papers, written by Eichelberger himself, was translated into Arabic, "comment-



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RARE
SCOTCH

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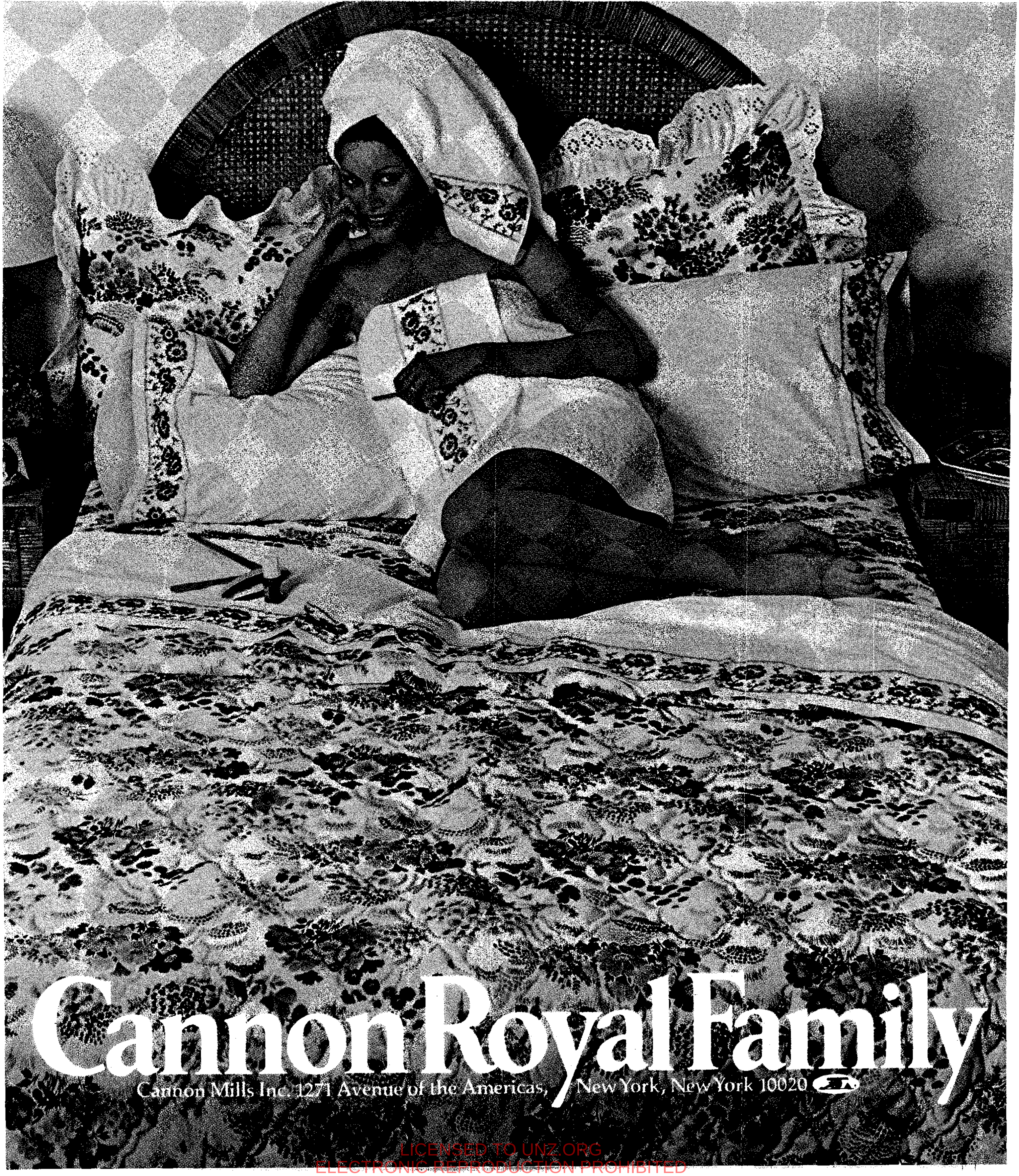
flower bed & bath collection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"Do you ever have days when you wish you had a saxophone?"

• •

ed upon by members of Nasser's staff, translated back into English for Eichelberger's benefit." This document, called "Power Problems of a Revolutionary Government," went back and forth, according to Mr. Copeland, "between English and Arabic until a final version was produced. The final paper was passed off to the outside world as the work of Zakaria Mohieddin, Nasser's most thoughtful (in Western eyes), reasonable deputy, and accepted at face value by intelligence analysts of the State Department, the C.I.A. and, presumably, similar agencies of other governments."

Who would have thought that a former American account executive could write, "The police should be 'politicized,' and should become, to whatever extent necessary, a partisan paramilitary arm of the revolutionary government"? This is Leninism, neat, with neither ice nor bitters. Or, "The nerve center of the whole security system of a revolutionary state (or of any state) lies in a secret body, the identity and very existence of which can be safely known only to the head of the revolutionary government and to the fewest possible number of the other key leaders." It was Jefferson who said that "the tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants." We must now believe that the same romantic conviction has been alive somewhere in the offices of J. Walter Thompson. The U.S.A. is, after all, the *prime* revolutionary country. Or was Mr. Eichelberger simply an executive with a client to please and a job to do—a pure professional? Or is there in the world by now a natural understanding of revolution, of mass organization, cadres, police rule, and secret executive bodies? This is a shocking suspicion. Of course the paper written by Mr. Eichelberger and his Egyptian collaborators states that the purpose of the Nasser seizure of power was "to solve the pressing social and political problems which made the revolution necessary."

To solve problems, to help, to befriend, to increase freedom. To strengthen America's position, and at the same time to do good; to advance the cause of universal equality; to be the illusionless tough guy on a world scale; to be a mover and shaker, a shaper of destiny—or perhaps surrendering to fantasies of omnipotence, of being the nation-making American plenipotentiary, at work behind the scenes and playing confidently even with Bolshevik fire.

And what problems were solved? Nasser solved no problems. Mr. Kedourie doubts whether he needed "to call on the resources of American political science for such lessons in tyranny. What does remain most puzzling," he says, "is why it was thought that the imparting of such lessons could advance the interests of the United States, or even contribute to the welfare of the Egyptian people."

The most intriguing question is this: Whence the passion for social theory among these high functionaries of the advertising world? How did executive types ever learn of such things?

READING "The Sound and the Fury" last night, I came upon words in Quentin Compson's thought that belonged to E. E. Cummings and the thirties, not to the year 1910. "Land of the kike home of the wop," says Compson to himself when he buys a bun for a small Italian girl. This I would have read without flinching in Chicago but in Jerusalem I flinched and put the book down. Returning to it next day, I found Faulkner guilty of no offense. It's possible that people at the turn of the century were saying "land of the kike" and that Faulkner didn't borrow it from Cummings. I had been telling Shahar when we were walking in the Gai-Hinnom that I hadn't liked it when David Ben-Gurion on his visits to the U.S. would call upon American Jews to give up their illusions about goyish democracy and emigrate full speed to Israel. As if America's two-hundred-year record of liberal democracy signified nothing. If Israel were governed as Egypt is, or Syria, would I have come here at all?

But then, to its more severe leftist critics, some of them Jews, Israel is not the "democratic exception" it is said to be. The New Left sees it as a reactionary little place. Its detractors tell you how it abuses its Arab population and, to a lesser extent, Jewish immigrants from North Africa and the Orient. It is occasionally denounced by some Israelis as corrupt, "Levantine," theocratic. Gossip traces the worst of the Israeli financial swindles to the most observant of Orthodox Jews. I am often told that the old Ashkenazi leaders were unimaginative, that the new Yitzhak Rabin group lacks stature, that Ben-Gurion was a terrible old guy but a true leader, that the younger generation is hostile to North African and Asian Jews. The North African and Oriental immigrants are blamed for bringing a baksheesh mentality to Israel; the intellectuals are blamed for letting the quality of life (a deplorable phrase) deteriorate. I had hoped that six thousand miles from home I would hear no more about the quality of life. And then there is the Palestinian ques-

"I guess our love affair was just too hot not to cool down."

tion, the biggest and most persistent of Israel's headaches: "We came here to build a just society. And what happened immediately?"

I speak of this to Shahar. He says to me, "Where there is no paradox there is no life."

IN Jakov Lind's interesting brief book on Israel, "The Trip to Jerusalem," Ben-Gurion is quoted as saying, "The Jews know hardly anything of a hell that might await them. Their hell is a personal dissatisfaction with themselves if they are mediocre." Jews do, it is well known, make inordinate demands upon themselves and upon one another. Upon the world, too. I occasionally wonder whether that is why the world is so uncomfortable with them. At times I suspect that the world would be glad to see the last of its Christianity, and that it is the persistency of the Jews that prevents it. I say this remembering that Jacques Maritain once characterized European anti-Semitism of the twentieth century as an attempt to get rid of the moral burden of Christianity. And what is it that has led the Jews to place themselves, after the greatest disaster of their history, in a danger zone? A Jewish professor at Harvard recently said to me, "Wouldn't it be the most horrible of ironies if the Jews had collected themselves conveniently in one country for a second Holocaust?" This is a thought that sometimes crosses Jewish minds. It is accompanied by the further reflection (partly proud, mostly bitter) that we Jews seem to have a genius for finding the heart of the crisis.

THE Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its tombs. A narrow road, and on the slopes acres and acres of stone. Caves, graves, litter, fallen rocks, and in tiny schoolrooms Arab boys singing their lessons. Even in November the place is uncomfortably warm. The Jordanians built a road over Jewish graves. The municipality of Jerusalem is planning to build a new road and will tear the Jordanian one up. The Herodian relics are all that relics should be—columns distorted, well worked over by time, Absalom's tomb with its bulbous roof and odd funnel tapering out of it. The armies of the dead in all directions, interminable. A fine thing to obsess yourself with—burial and lamentation and lying about under the walls of Jerusalem waiting for the Messiah's trumpet to sound. A few Arab hens are scratching up dust and pecking. Not a breakfast egg comes to the table that isn't death-speckled. Parties of American girls come down the slope in their dungarees, with sweaters tied by their sleeves about the waist. Above, to the left, a Moslem cemetery. The great Golden Gate that will open when the Redeemer appears stands sealed. Above, to the left, the Garden of Gethsemane. As its name indicates, it was an olive grove. Now pines, cypresses, and eucalyptus trees grow there below the domes of the Russian Orthodox church. Opposite it there are olives still, which Arabs are harvesting with long poles. They hit the branches, they thresh the leaves with their sticks, and the food rains down.

As we go up into the Via Dolorosa, we hear an exciting jingle. Arab boys are racing their donkeys down the hill. You look for sleighs and frost when you hear this jingle-belling. Instead, there are boys stern and joyous, galloping hell-bent on their donkeys toward the Lions' Gate.

"Rode from Ramlah to Lydda," Herman Melville wrote in his travel journal of 1857. ". . . A mounted escort of some 30 men, all armed. Fine riding. Musket-shooting. Curvetting & caracoling of the horsemen. Outriders. Horsemen riding to one side, scorning the perils." And a few days later, on the barrenness of Judea, "whitish mildew pervading whole tracts of landscape—bleached—leprosy—encrustation of curses—old cheese—bones of rocks,—crunched, knawed, & mumbled—mere refuse & rubbish of creation—like that laying outside of Jaffa Gate—all Judea seems to have been accumulations of this rubbish. . . . *No moss as in other ruins—no grace of decay—no ivy—the unleavened nakedness of desolation*—whitish ashes—lime-kilns. . . . *Village of Lepers*—houses facing the wall—Zion. Their park, a dung-heap.—They sit by the gates asking alms,—then whine—avoidance of them & horror. . . . *Wandering among the tombs*—till I began

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to think myself one of the possessed with devils."

ANWAR SADAT's American visit. You have to discuss this with Israelis before they will consent to talk about anything else. An indignant librarian, a middle-aged woman whose face is so hot it is almost fragrant with indignation, demands of me in a super-distinguished all but Oxonian accent, "*How* do you account for it!"

I shrug. This is what I would say if I did answer her: "Americans love to open their hearts to foreign visitors. These visitors are sometimes treated as if they were the heroes of an Arabian Nights' tale. We'll show them how good we all are and well-meaning and generous and open-minded and even-handed. We will be full of emotion and the visitors will be correspondingly full of emotion, and after they have been wined and fêted and dined and toasted and televised and paraded and clapped and the supplying of loans and atomic plants and military hardware has been discussed they will love us." I trust that they will give us better love than they are getting from us, for ours is a very low-quality upward-seeping vegetable-sap sort of love as short-lived as it is spontaneous. An old Mormon missionary in Nauvoo once gripped my knee hard as we sat side by side, and he put his arm about me and called me "Brother." We'd only met ten minutes before. He took me to his good bosom. His eyes began to mist. I was a prospect, an exotic prospect in old tennis shoes and a sweatshirt. His heart opened to me. It opened like a cuckoo clock. But it did not give me the time of day.

"But don't Americans know that Sadat was a Nazi?" the librarian says.

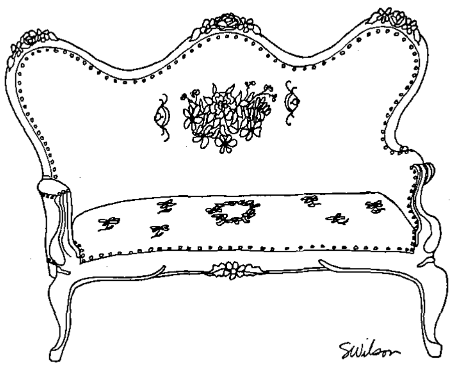
Well, yes, well-informed people do have this information in their files. The New York *Times* is sure to have it, but the *Times* as I see it is a government within a government. It has a state department of its own, and its high councils have probably decided that it would be impolitic at this moment to call attention to Sadat's admiration for Hitler.

I tell the lady that I have sent a copy of a eulogy of Hitler written by Sadat in 1953 to Mr. Sydney Gruson, of the *Times*, and also to Katharine Graham, of the Washington *Post*.

"Will they print it?" she asked.

"Difficult to guess," I tell her. "The *Times* ought to be stronger in politics than it is in literature, but who knows. It must do financial news, of course, and politics well enough. If it covered ballgames as badly as it reviews books, the fans would storm it like the Bastille. Book readers evidently haven't got the passionate intensity of sports fans."

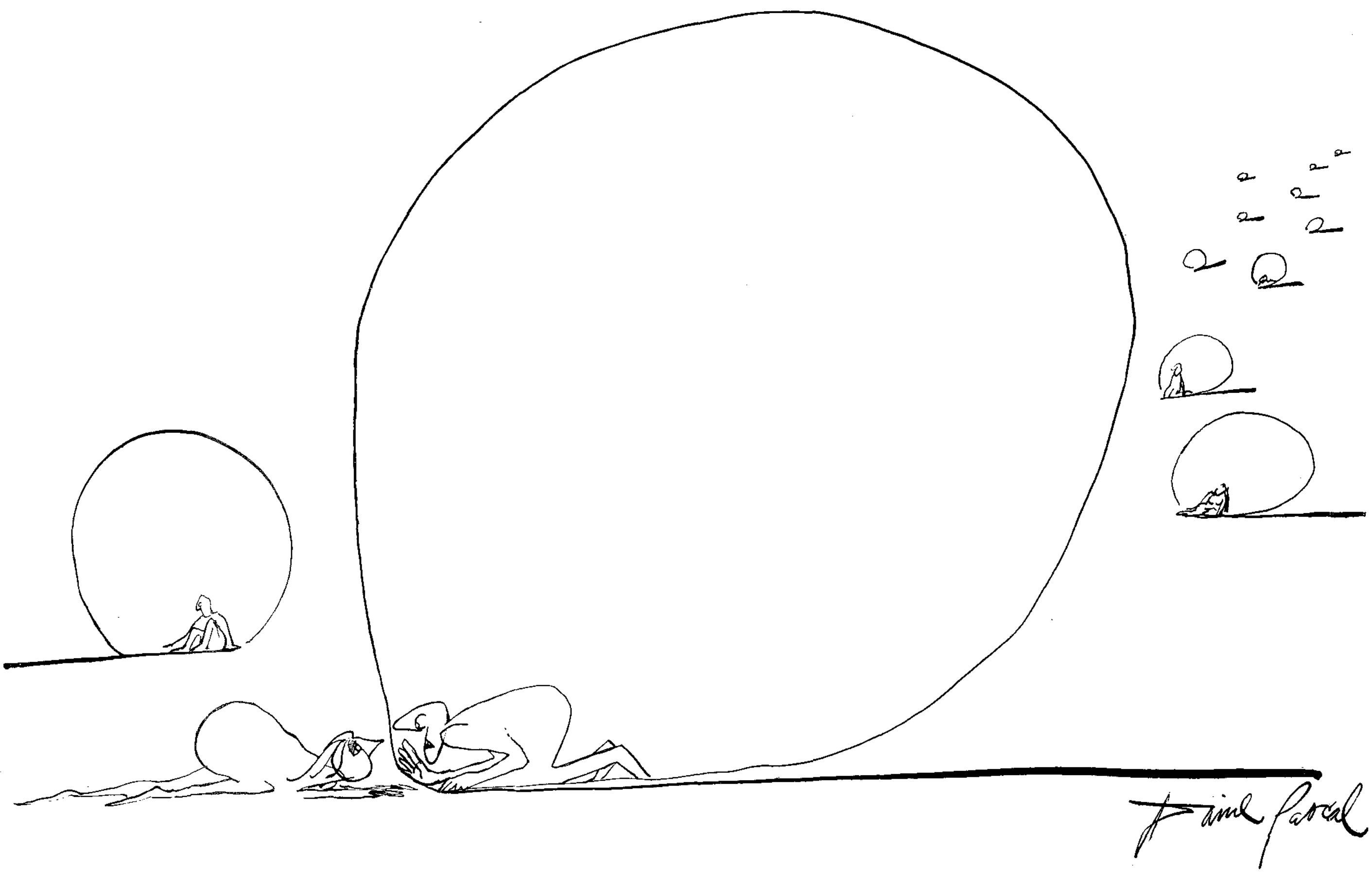
What disturbs is whether Americans understand the world at all, whether they are a match for the Russians—the Sadats are in themselves comparatively unimportant. To dissident Russian writers like Lev Navrozov, the Americans can never be a match for the Russians. He quotes from Dostoevski's "The House of the Dead" a conversation between the writer and a brutal murderer, one of those criminals who fascinate him. I haven't the book handy, so I paraphrase. "Why are you so kind to me?" Dostoevski asks. And the murderer, speaking to one of the geniuses of the nineteenth century, answers, "Because you are so simple that one cannot help feeling sorry for you." Even when he robbed Dostoevski, he pitied him as one might "a little cherub-like child." Navrozov, exceedingly intelligent but, to a Westerner, curiously deformed (how could an independent intellectual in the Soviet Union escape deformity?), sees us, the Americans, as children at whom the Stalins smile through their mustachios. Perhaps there is a certain Vautrin-worshipping romanticism in this. Dostoevski, no mean judge of such matters, thought there was much to be said for the murderer's point of view. Navrozov extends the position. Liberal democracy is as brief as a bubble. Now and then history treats us to an interval of freedom and civilization and we make much of it. We forget, he seems to think, that as a species we are generally close to the "state of nature," as Thomas Hobbes described it—"a nasty, brutish, pitiless state in which men are too fearful of death to give much thought to freedom." If Hobbes is too nifty an authority, let us think of the social views of Jimmy Hoffa. Or of the Godfather. Or of Lenin, as Navrozov accurately characterizes him. And this is what America, bubbling with political illusions, is up against. So, at least, Navrozov thinks. Perhaps Solzhenitsyn agrees with him in part. Apparently Russians are all inclined to see us in this way. My own cousin, Nota Gordon, two years out of the Soviet Union, says to me, "You are no match for them. You do not understand with whom you are dealing."



Nota held the rank of captain in the Russian Army and fought the Germans until 1945. He was three times seriously wounded. He has the family look—the brown eyes, arched brows, dark coloring, and white hair. He has, besides, the gold crowns of Russian dental art. Criminals released from prison during the war served in his company. Nota has no swagger but he is war-hardened. There was no food sent to the front lines. You ate frozen potatoes, you foraged, and you stole. You could depend on your criminal soldiers to bring in provisions. "I myself had absolute authority to kill anyone in my command. At my discretion. No explanations necessary," says Nota. We are first cousins but he is Russian, I am an American, and in his Russian eyes an American is amiable, good-natured, attractive perhaps, but undeveloped, helpless: all that Dostoevski was to his fellow-convict the murderer.

Nevertheless, I see that in a book called "Things to Come" two Americans who think themselves anything but undeveloped and helpless, Herman Kahn and B. Bruce-Briggs, are not impressed by Russian achievements. "Most striking is the disappointing performance of Soviet foreign and domestic policy since the late 1950's," they wrote in 1972. "In the foreign policy field the Soviets have had an almost uninterrupted series of defeats and disappointments. They have failed to extend their influence in Europe. . . . Their attempts to ingratiate themselves with India and other neutralist nations have gained them little. . . . For fifteen years the Soviet Union has been supporting the Arabs against Israel in the Middle East and all they have to show for it is the humiliation of their protégés and the capture and destruction of their equipment by Israel. The Arabs have shown no inclination toward Communist ideology and their oil continues to flow to the West. (The only other choice for the Arabs is to leave their oil in the ground.)"

I copy this out for my own entertainment—a specimen of illusionless American political analysis. These views—no substitute for common sense—are based upon careful hard staff work at the Hudson Institute, the think tank in a suburb outside New York City. The Messrs. Kahn and Bruce-Briggs say in a prefatory note that their book is "basically an organi-



"I'm sorry. My responsibility doesn't go beyond this bubble."

• •

zational product. All of the staff at Hudson have contributed in some way to this work, as have the thousands of people with whom we have discussed these issues at meetings, seminars, and briefings at the Institute and other locations around the world."

MY friend John Auerbach comes up from Caesarea to see me. A kibbutznik seaman, he has just returned from a voyage. Sdot Yam, his kibbutz, owns cargo ships, which it leases to the Zim Lines. I have known him for only a few years but he has become a dear friend. I had been warned that as I grew older the difficulty of forming new friendships would be great. On the contrary, I find it much easier now at sixty to draw near to people. John looks too much the writer—slight in person, delicate—to be a chief engineer. He does, however, hold an engineer's ticket and can do complicated emergency repairs in mid-ocean. Boyish, bearded (the beard is short and copper-brown), nervous, a bit high, thinner than when I saw him last, he carries a cardboard valise containing books and booze and pajamas and a house present. He is delighted to be here, and he is suffering—the one activates the other. He is grieving for his son, a helicopter pilot who was killed not quite two years ago. We embrace and then we go out-of-doors with a bottle to have a drink and get some sun. Even on a sunny morning the stone buildings of Jerusalem chill your hands and feet. Stepping out, I feel a bit numb, like a wasp in autumn. We sit on a stone wall over the garden and drink aquavit. He wants to talk. He loves books passionately, he wants to discuss American literature, to hear marvellous things from me. But I can see that the big current of his suffering has begun to run heavily. *He* has returned from a voyage, *he* is out in the sun shining from the hills of Moab, *he* is drinking aquavit with a dear friend, looking over at Mt. Zion. But his son is *dead.*

At sixteen John escaped from the Warsaw ghetto, leaving behind his parents and his sister. They were killed. Everyone was killed. John somehow obtained Polish seaman's papers, and for several years he worked in the engine rooms of German freighters. When the war ended he came to Israel via Cyprus, joined Kibbutz Sdot Yam, married, and had two children. His first wife died of cancer about ten years ago and he has married again. He says, "I ask myself in what ways my life has not been typical. For a Jew from Eastern Europe it has been completely typical—war, death of mother, death of father, death of sister, four years in disguise among the Germans, death of wife, death of son. Thirty years of hard work, planting and harvesting in the kibbutz. Nothing exceptional."

John sails infrequently now. He doesn't like the new huge tankers. Super-mechanized, ultra-efficient, they give the crew no time in foreign ports. The cargo on the voyage from which he has just returned was Dead Sea potash. They were to bring home Italian steel. North of Naples they had bad weather and engine trouble, but they reached their harbor and anchored near two Japanese ships. On the pilot's advice they were moved farther into port by two tugs. Within five hours John had repaired the engines, but the port officials claimed that the ship was incapacitated and demanded that the captain post a twenty-thousand-dollar bond against expenses that might be run up by his "crippled ship." True, the ship had had to be moved into its berth by the tugs but it had been crippled only briefly. Well, this matter was in dispute. The ship lay unloaded and demurrage fees mounted—in brief, a holdup by local racketeers. The same everywhere, now. Everybody has some con going, says John, who loves American slang. The home office in Haifa was trying to get protection from the insurance company. There were long days in port with nothing to do. The town was covered in potash dust. Waiters and bartenders wiped dishes and glasses continually. Brushing at dust was the commonest gesture in town. A community of about twenty thousand people had traffic jams worthy of Rome, cars as a matter of course rushing into the reserved bus lanes, screwing everything up and honking madly. It all came to a panting standstill morning and evening without fail. To get away from the traffic snarl you could climb a nearby mountain and come down to a deserted beach, similar to the beach at Sdot Yam. John and his dog, Mississippi, went there every day. The German tourists had gone home, the bathing cabins were nailed shut. It was lovely, the small waves coming in steadily. In little pangs, said John.

Part of the American Sixth Fleet was anchored nearby. The aircraft carrier John F. Kennedy, with its helicopters, reminded John of his son. He passed the time with young American sailors. On shore leave they wear civilian clothing now. This probably makes them less rowdy. One of the boys was from Oklahoma, near Tulsa. He had heard of Israel, but only just, and he was not especially interested. *John, was delighted by this. A clean* young soul, he said. Such ignorance was refreshing. The young sailor knew nothing about holocausts or tanks in the desert or terrorist bombs.

Back at sea, John had to stand double watches in the engine room because he was shorthanded. Off duty, he read in his cabin and chatted with his confidante, Mississippi. The crew said he was drinking himself silly in his quarters. When the ship passed Stromboli at night, there was lava flowing from the volcano and the sailors wouldn't leave the television set to look at this natural phenomenon. But an owl from the island, disturbed by the sparks, flew out to the ship and was discovered next day on a mast. One of the young sailors carried it down. Then an engine man from the Balkans said, "In our village we nailed owls to the church door when we caught them." They shut the owl in the paint locker while they debated what to do with it, and in the night John set it free. The bird scratched his arm rather badly. "Go back to Stromboli, you dumb bastard," he said. So it flew off and the ship continued on its foul way. It's the water pumped into the tanks for ballast and then pumped out again *that pollutes the seas, says John.*

BEFORE I left Chicago, the art critic Harold Rosenberg said to me, "Going to Jerusalem? And wondering whether people will talk freely? You've got to be kidding, they'll talk your head off." He spoke as a Jew to a Jew about Jewish powers of speech. In flight, if the door of your plane comes open you are sucked into space. Here in Jerusalem, when you shut your apartment door behind you you fall into a gale of conversation—exposition, argument, harangue, analysis, theory, expostulation, threat, and prophecy. From diplomats, you hear cagey explanations; from responsible persons, cautious and grudging statements rephrasing and amending your own questions; from parents and children, deadly divisions; from friends who let themselves go, passionate speeches, raging denunciation of Western Europe, of Russia, of America. I listen carefully, closely, more closely than I've ever listened in my life, utterly attentive, but I often feel that I have dropped into a shoreless sea.

The subject of all this talk is, ultimately, survival—the survival of the decent society created in Israel within a few decades. At first this is hard to grasp because the setting is so civilized. You are in a city like many another—well, not quite, for Jerusalem is the only ancient city I've ever seen whose antiquities are not on display as relics but are in daily use. Still, the city is a modern city with modern utilities. You shop in supermarkets, you say good morning to friends on the telephone, you hear symphony orchestras on the radio. But suddenly the music stops and a terrorist bomb is reported. A new explosion outside a coffee shop on the Jaffa Road: six young people killed and thirty-eight more wounded. Pained, you put down your civilized drink. Uneasy, you go out to your civilized dinner. Bombs are exploding everywhere. Dynamite has just been thrown in London; the difference is that when a bomb goes off in a West End restaurant the fundamental right of England to exist is not in dispute.

Yet here you sit at dinner with charming people in a dining room like any other. You know that your hostess has lost a son; that her sister lost children in the 1973 war; that in this Jerusalem street, coolly sweet with night flowers and dark green under the lamps, many other families have lost children. And on the Jaffa Road, because of another bomb, six adolescents—two on a break from night school—stopping at a coffee shop to eat buns, have just died. But in the domestic ceremony of passed dishes and filled glasses thoughts of a destructive enemy are hard to grasp. What you do know is that there is one fact of Jewish life unchanged by the creation of a Jewish state: you cannot take your right to live for granted. Others can; you cannot. This is not to say that everyone else is living pleasantly and well under a decent regime. No, it means only that the Jews, because they are Jews, have never been able to take the right to live as a natural right.

To be sure, many Israelis refuse to admit that this historic uneasiness has not been eliminated. They seem to think of themselves as a fixed power, immovable. Their point has been made. They are a nation among nations and will always remain so. You must tear your mind away from this conviction, as you must tear it from "civilized" appearances, in order to reach reality. The search for relief from the uneasiness is what is real in Israel. Nationalism has no comparable reality. To say, as George Steiner says in *The Listener*, that Zionism was created by Jewish nationalists who drew their inspiration from Bismarck and followed a Prussian model can't be right. The Jews did not become nationalistic because they drew strength from their worship of anything resembling Germanic *Blut und Eisen* but because they alone, amongst the peoples of the earth, had not established a natural right to exist unquestioned in the lands of their birth. This right is still clearly not granted them, not even in the liberal West.

At the same time Jews are called upon (by Mr. Steiner) and call upon themselves to be more just and more moral than others.

MR. D——, of the Foreign Ministry, is wearing a suit. Israelis seldom dress up. Even more exceptional is Mr. D——'s necktie, for in Israel gentlemen favor the Whitmanesque—or Ben-Gurionesque—open collar. I have been told that Winston Churchill gravely disapproved of Ben-Gurion's informality of dress, but I cannot vouch for this. Mr. D——, however, is a proper diplomat who grew up under the British Mandate. Although he fought against it, he loves England and is happier in London or Oxford than anywhere else in the world except Israel. He gives me a brief rundown of the diplomatic

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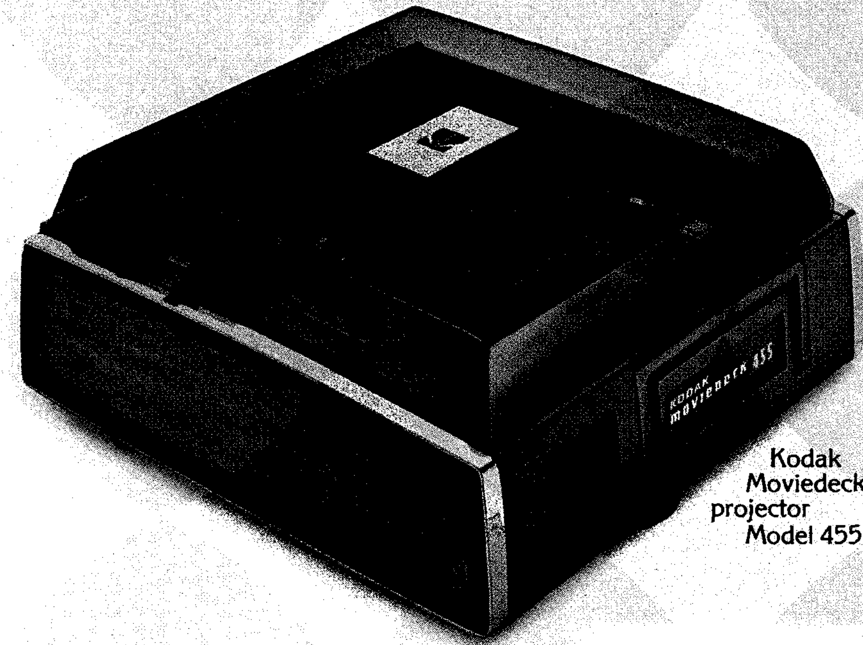

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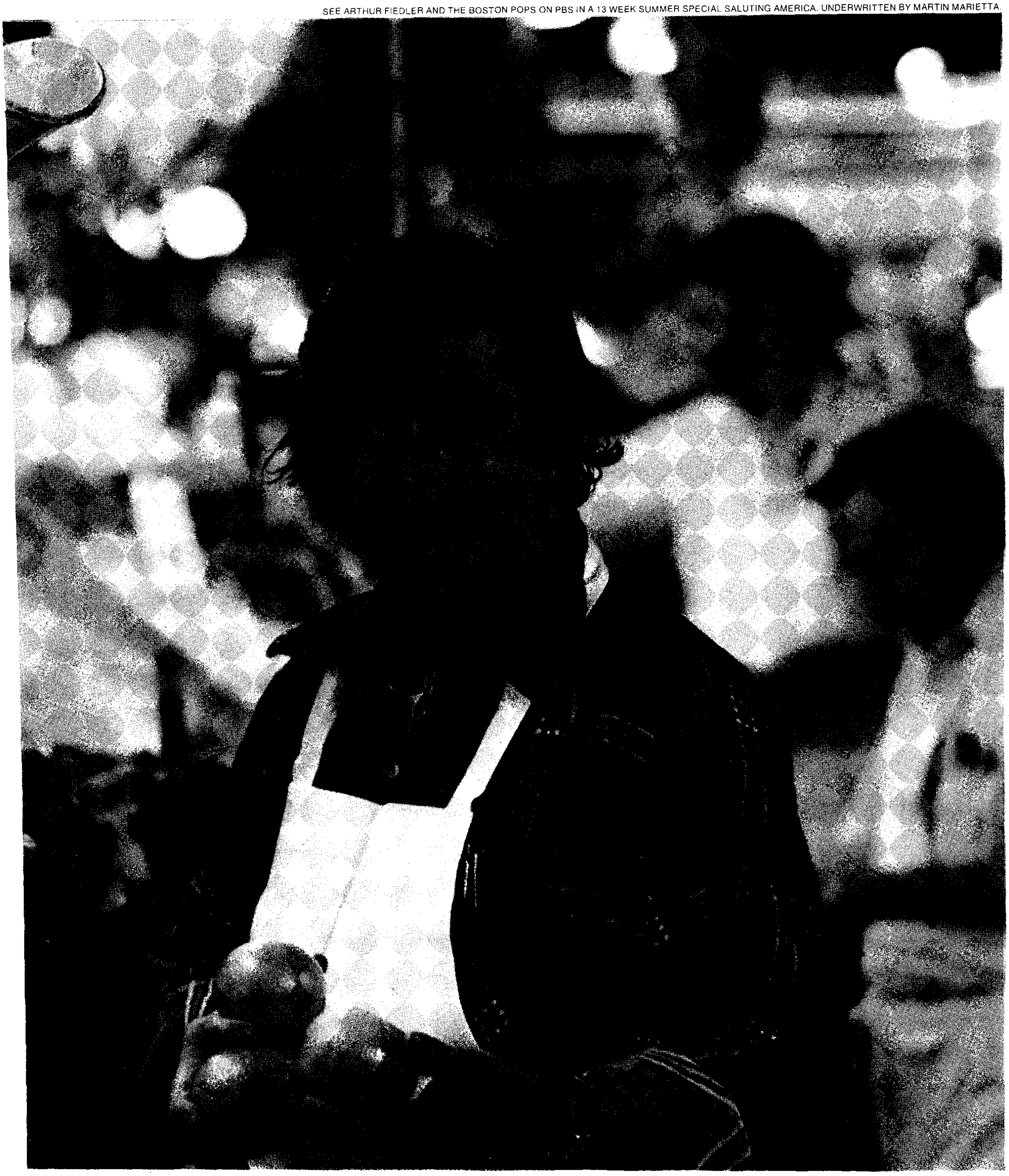

father, Sam, who learned how to do it from his father, who learned how to do it from his father. And that was in Cefalu, Italy, on the northern coast of Sicily, around 1800.

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posts he has held. He doesn't actually say that he hates Sweden—I say it for him. He intimates that in Stockholm everyone was very correct, faultless, but perhaps also heartless. France? Well, what can one do about the French, they are so wonderful, they are so disagreeable. France is an open society for those who are willing to become French. Americans? A strange and mixed lot. Decent people but crude and lacking finish—not to be compared with the best products of English culture. We are drinking tea, English tea with milk in it. On every archway of my flat there is a mezuzah. Through the lattice windows we see Mt. Zion and the Moslem parapets. Late-afternoon light on the stones only increases their stoniness. Yellow and gray, they have achieved their final color; the sun can do no more with them.

I try Mr. D—— with one of my questions. He has worked in Washington. Do Americans know what is going on in the world? Admittedly, he replies, the Americans are well informed, their information-gathering apparatus is formidable. But to be well informed, I persist, is not the same as understanding what goes on. My correct visitor grants me this. Does he agree with the Armenian Archbishop and with M. Tatu, of *Le Monde*, that Kissinger has outwitted the Russians by getting Egypt to accept the Sinai agreement? Mr. D—— does not think that Mr. Kissinger has foiled Russia in the Middle East. The inevitable speculation follows: What *is* Kissinger? The Israelis are profoundly and bitterly intrigued by him. How *did* he get his power, anyway? We go over the usual points. Without a real base, he has the wizard exotic aura of the clever Jew, the *Jud Süss*, the financial manager or business agent of small German princedoms. He has a bold hand, he is cagey, he is a Jet Setter, a glamour-lover, and a publicity expert. He seems to understand that since television has created an entertainment culture in the U.S.A., you must join the entertainment world if you have no other power base, becoming something of a star. Kissinger has done this brilliantly. Perhaps it is after all his dramatic talent that accounts for everything. His good friend Danny Kaye can be serious as well as comic, and Kissinger can be playful. In diplomacy he is too roughly playful. Israel's present ambassador has been dominated by the overmastering Kissinger. I have been told that he got Mr. Simcha Dinitz to lobby for a Sinai agreement. It was infra dig for an ambassador to haunt the corridors of the

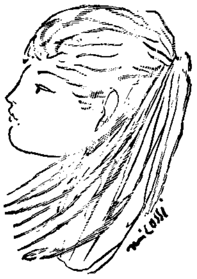
Senate office buildings, to solicit votes in congressional offices. Israel is poorly represented in Washington. For Israel, the Washington job is the most important of all diplomatic assignments and yet inadequate people are continually sent over. But then Israel is poorly governed now. The founding generation has no adequate successors.

Does Mr. D—— think that the Russians, disappointed in their efforts in the Arab world, might like to resume diplomatic relations with Israel? That is up to the Russians, says Mr. D——. "If we approach them they will take it for a sign of weakness. They will come to us if and when it seems profitable to them to reëstablish such relations. To open their embassy in Ramat-Gan would bring them certain advantages. They could more easily gather information. As it is, they must depend upon their agents. Possibly they will get the Poles to come back and do the job for them."

Dr. Kissinger, in Geneva, arranged private talks between Andrei Gromyko and the Israelis. This was in December, 1973. Gromyko, though he seems publicly surly and inflexible, knows how to reverse himself. The forbidding Gromyko addressed Foreign Minister Abba Eban with sweetness, as an old colleague should. How many wonderful occasions they had shared. They had quarrelled, yes, and their disputes had at times been murderous, but on the human level—and Mr. Gromyko is after all human—there are private sentimental attachments.

I have been told often by people who should know (again a few days ago by a young American woman who had just received her Ph.D. in Russian literature) that Russian, the language itself, is one of the strongholds of the human heart. It has what social scientists would call "charismatic depths." A commonplace Russian conversation will contain most affectionate expressions. And even if you condemn people to death you are obliged by the genius of the language to frame the death sentence in loving words. There would seem to be a struggle between light and darkness within the mother tongue, and perhaps Russian history is in part a rebellion against these loving expressions by which "realistic" people feel themselves betrayed. They speak loving words and they may feel that a mind stirred by love is dangerous. The danger mobilizes your defenses, and then you murder because your soul has been moved. But a Gromyko can feel secure enough behind the mountain range of corpses to speak sweetly in private to the representative of a tiny country with whom he is having an intimate cup of tea. He told Eban that Russia has never been Israel's enemy. Israel was born with the blessings of the Soviet Union. That is true enough. But what of the billions in Russian military aid supplied to Syria, and what of the SAM missiles, the arming of Palestinian terrorists, the denunciations in the Soviet press and in the U.N.? Ah well, it is true we are against the territorial expansion of Israel. And we cannot accept aggression, occupation, and the rest of it. But we are not really unfriendly toward Israel. From first to last our attitude has been consistent.

Hearing of such a conversation, you get the feeling that Israel is something like an insecure tooth on which the Russians don't choose to use the pincers. They will work it back and forth and when it is sufficiently loose they will take it out with their fingers.



The intelligent Mr. D—— is well-bred and speaks decently, exaggerates nothing, and is devoid of pretensions. What Mr. D—— says, and he says it quietly, is that for him it is bliss to be in England.

Last week, the novelist Amos Oz observed to me that Israel contains more different visions of Heaven than any outsider can imagine. Everyone who came over brought his own dream of Paradise with him. On Oz's own kibbutz, people work hard until 2 P.M. Then they wash and rest and dress, and after lunch, many of them being Russian in origin, they read serious books and listen to music; they spend their afternoons and evenings gravely discussing Marxism. Their greatest pleasure is to talk in the old way about revolution and Socialism and the future of mankind. The German Jews here often rest in a *Kultur* paradise, reading Homerus and Platon and Goethe, and listening to Mozart.

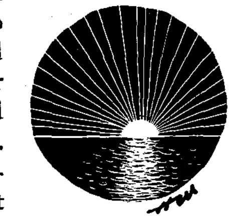
THE journal of Andrei Sinyavsky, whose pseudonym is Abram Tertz, has not yet been published in English. I have the French edition. I translate: ". . . no longer men but great sweeps. Spaces, fields, not characters," he says, speaking of his fellow-prisoners. "Human frontiers blur where they touch the infinite. Beyond biography. Man, each man, eludes biography. When you try to support your weight on 'personal characteristics' you sink up to the waist. Personality is a ditch covered lightly by a growth of psychological traits, temperaments, habits, ways of doing things. I have no sooner taken a step toward an approaching stranger than I find that I have fallen into a hole." And, "We have come into the world in order to understand certain things. Only a few things, very few, but exceedingly important. . . . Art is a meeting place. Of the author and the object of his love, of spirit and matter, of truth and fantasy, of the line traced by a pencil, the contour of a body, of one word with another. These meetings are rare, unexpected. 'Is that you?' 'Is it you?' Recognizing each other, both parties are seized by a frenzy, and clasp hands. In these gestures of surprise and joy we see art."

The exhaustive report of Amnesty International, an unofficial group concerned with prisoners' rights, has been released in London to Reuters, U.P.I., A.P. It deals with prisoners of conscience and political dissidents in Russia who suffer so desperately in the camps that they inflict fantastic injuries on themselves. "Hunger, excessive work, and other privations, including medical neglect, have led some prisoners to commit suicide." They feign escape in order to be shot by their guards. They practice "collective self-mutilation." Evidence has been taken from Eduard Kuznetsov, among others: "I have seen convicts swallow huge numbers of nails and quantities of barbed wire. I have seen them swallow mercury thermometers . . . chess pieces, dominoes, needles, ground glass, spoons, knives, and many other similar objects. I have seen convicts sew up their mouths and eyes with thread or wire, sew buttons to their bodies or nail their testicles to a bed, swallow a nail bent like a hook and then attach this hook by way of a thread so that the door cannot be opened without pulling the 'fish' inside out. I have seen convicts cut open the skin on their arms and legs and peel it off as if it were a stocking or cut out lumps of flesh from their stomachs or their legs, roast them and eat them, or let blood drip from a slit vein into a tureen." But enough!

The report states, "There are at least 10,000 political and religious prisoners in the U.S.S.R. today." Held under conditions that "violate international standards for the treatment of prisoners."

How much of this is known in the free countries of the West? The information is to be found in the daily papers. We are informed about everything. We know nothing.

GUNS are a common sight in Jerusalem at any time. In every quarter of the city, as in every community in Israel, there are armed civilian patrols that include students. Daily, before schools open in the morning, they are examined by parents for bombs. Arab students were asked to participate on the campus of the Hebrew University but refused. In my opinion it was a mistake to ask that they be part of such patrols. They are trying to avoid a charge of "collaboration." The status of the Israeli Arabs is ambiguous anyway. They do and do not enjoy equal rights. They cause great uneasiness. More than once I have been told that the Palestine Liberation Organization would like to provoke riots in the Old City, and the authorities fear that explosions like the one the other night in which six adolescents were killed may provoke them. These would be politically disastrous, since the Arabs have demonstrated their control of the U.N. General Assembly and could easily put through punitive resolutions. The P.L.O. is said to have circulated in the U.N. photographs of the youthful victims with the claim that they had been "executed." Fatah terrorists in the Golan last Thursday shot three young men. They came over the Syrian border with guns and hatchets, intending to cut off the heads of their victims—this according to the deposition of a terrorist captured earlier. Terrorist violence always threatens and often occurs. One has to learn to live with the rumors. I heard the other day that another bomb had been found and dismantled in Jerusalem. My friend Joseph Ben-David, professor of sociology at the Hebrew University, assured me that there had been no bomb, but that same day the dismantling of a new bomb was reported in the papers. And, toward midnight, party guests excuse themselves to go on patrol duty.



We are having tea and cake with Shula and David Shahar and the poet Dennis Silk, and I report a conversation I had with Mahmud Abu Zuluf, the editor of *El Kuds*, the largest Arab newspaper in Jerusalem. The moderate Abu Zuluf is hated by the leftists. His life and the lives of his children have been threatened. His automobile was once blown up, but he continues to follow the line of conciliation and peace. His office is furnished like the waiting room of a parking lot—seats covered in dark plastic, a desk on which people sit as well as write, a pleasant relaxed dustiness here, a place where no one fusses over trifles. There is one work of art in the office, facing the editor: the picture of a pretty kitty, with the huge eyes of a creature too young to be so amorous. The editor is stout and large—a very large, unmenacing, and even dreamy round-faced man, wearing what the English call a lounging suit. He has on gaudy socks, and his feet are enormous. He doesn't so much shake your hand as gather it into his own. I'm prepared for a most pleasant snow job. Who am I that he should tell me what he actually thinks? He presses a button—like any person who is anyone in Jerusalem, he can ring for an attendant. Coffee is ordered.

It is David Farhi who brought me to *El Kuds*. Farhi, an Arabist, held the post of Adviser on Arab Affairs to the West Bank Command and is a friend of Mayor Kollek's. Quickly drinking down his coffee, he excuses himself; he wants me to have an uninhibited chat with Abu Zuluf. So the editor and I sip supersweet stuff from the tiny cups and while composing machines clatter in the rooms beyond he tells me—his mood is somewhere between boredom and passion—that the Jews must give ground in East Jerusalem, they must divide authority with the Arabs. They are too reluctant to accept realities, too slow. The longer they wait the worse things will be. The Arabs are continually gaining strength while Israel becomes weaker. Between cloudiness and intensity, sometimes vague, sometimes opinionated, Abu Zuluf taps hard on the desk top with the flat of his hand and says, "More war, more men lost, more dependency upon your country. While the Arab nations become richer, more modern, more influential. No, Israel must come forward quickly with peace plans and initiate negotiations, show a willingness to negotiate." There are no peaceful moments in Jerusalem, not for those who are making inquiries. You lean back with a cup of coffee to luxuriate in the Oriental conversation of an intelligent man. Immediately you are involved in a tormenting discussion.

Now at tea I tell the Shahars what Abu Zuluf said. I do not like to speak lightly about these matters to them, knowing what they have personally suffered. There are few families in Israel that have not lost sons in the wars. One does not make casual political conversation here. In the next room at this moment, the Shahars' sixteen-year-old son is doing his homework. When he finishes with physics he will practice his Schumann on the piano. Soon he will be old enough for military service. And last week Mr. William E. Colby, of the C.I.A., testified before a congressional committee that in the next war victory might cost Israel nine thousand dead and thirty-six thousand wounded men. Such a victory would signify defeat. The hospitals are still busy with the casualties of the last war. A seventh victim of the Jaffa Road blast, a girl of fifteen, has just died. And U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim has come to Jerusalem to discuss the Syrian-border question. Mr. Waldheim is not widely admired in Israel. People say that he simply doesn't seem to know what he is talking about. And I am as tactful as possible describing my talk with Abu Zuluf. The Shahars are being polite to me and say little at first. Dennis Silk lowers his eyes. He is one of those bulky men clad in sensitivity. Like me, he's going bald. His hair grows in long and random tufts. His nose is nobly hooked, and slender. He senses the coming storm and he is flushing.

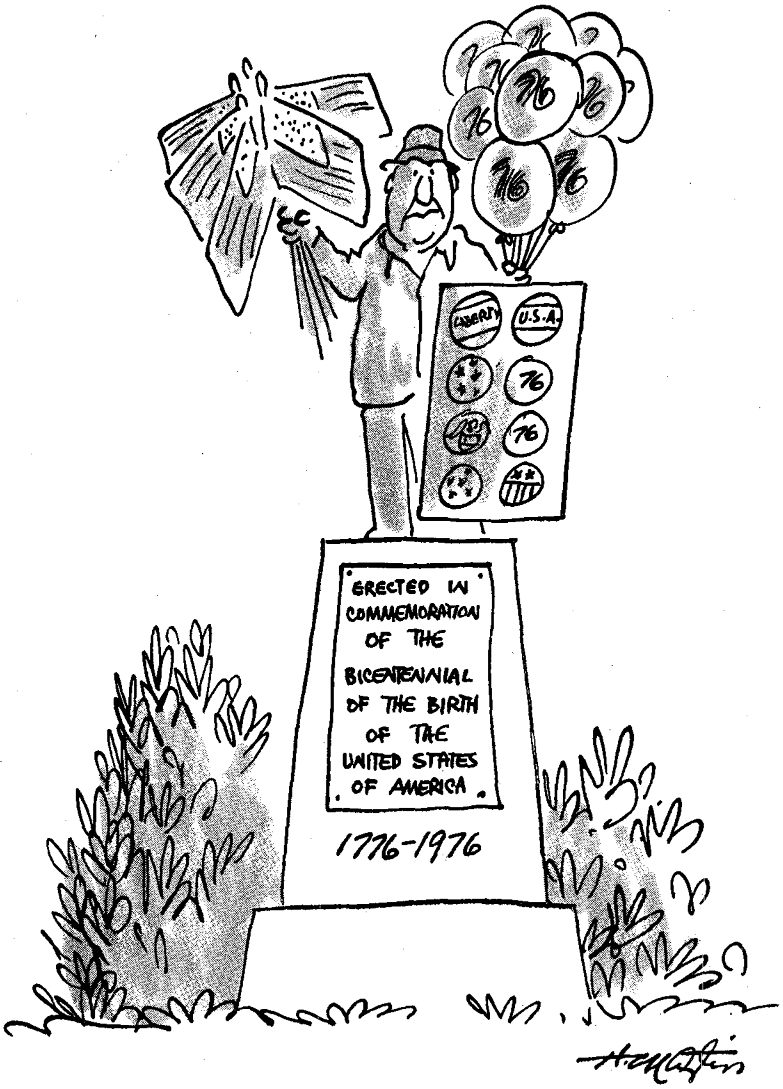
When Shahar begins his reply, he is at first mild. He does not agree with Abu Zuluf, he says. The Jews have not been inflexible and negative. Concessions are continually offered. They are rejected. The original U.N. partition plan of 1947 was turned down because the Arabs could not tolerate any Jewish state, not even a minuscule one. If a state was what they wanted, they might have had it years ago. They rejected it. And they invaded the country from all sides, hoping to drive the Jews out and take the wealth they had created. This country had been a desert, a land of wandering populations and small stony farms and villages. The Zionists under the Mandate made such economic progress that they attracted Arabs from other areas. This was why the Arab population grew so large. In Jerusalem, Jews had outnumbered Arabs and Christians for a very long time. Before they were driven out of the Old City in the late forties they were a majority. But this was how the world settled Middle Eastern business: Jordan, or Transjordan, was arbitrarily created by the British—yes, by Winston Churchill himself, probably with a pencil, between drinks. "Here, we will give this stuff to those Hashemites." So now you had a "legitimate" nation

"Mr. Briscoe will now update us on his Department of Corporate Shenanigans."

there. The Egyptians had the slenderest of claims on Sinai during the forties. I know that some of what Shahar is saying is not true, but I say nothing. After the First World War, when Britain wanted Sinai part of the Palestine Mandate and France disagreed, it was allotted to Egypt, which had not asked for it. On what was their present claim based, Shahar asks. All these countries, suddenly so proud, nationalistic, and demanding, had been mere bits and pieces of the Ottoman Empire. The Saudis, the dollar-proud defenders of Jerusalem, have little historical connection with the city. "Six generations of my family were born in Jerusalem," says Shahar, growing hot. Shahar is a novelist, and a good one. He loves French literature. Proust he adores. We often chat in French, and a word of that beloved language describes him well. He is *costaud*—sturdy; he has a big frame, broad shoulders, a muscular throat, big veins. The veins are swelling now. I am beginning to irritate him with my American evenhandedness, my objectivity at his expense. It is so easy for outsiders to say that there are two sides to the question. What a terrible expression! I am beginning to detest it. "They don't want our peace proposals. They don't want concessions, they want us destroyed!" Shahar shouts and slams the table. "You don't know them. The West doesn't know them. They will not let us live. We must fight for our lives. It costs the world nothing to discuss, discuss, discuss. And the French are whores and will sell them all the weapons they want, and the British too. And who knows about the Americans! And when the Arabs at last have their way, perhaps the French and the British will be nice and send ships to evacuate our women and children." Now Shahar has named the seldom named dread: he has invoked the nightmare of annihilation. This is what Israel lives with. Although people will not often speak of it, it is always there. I look at Silk's big exquisite face. It is turned downward and he is gazing at the table. As for me I say no more. Can I tell Shahar that the "conscience of the West" will never permit Israel to be destroyed? I can say no such thing. Such grand statements are no longer made; all our hyperbole is nowadays reserved for silence. We know that anything can happen. For the first time in history, the human species as a whole has gone into politics. Everyone is in the act, and there is no telling what may come of it.

AT the Knesset—the Israeli Parliament—security measures are very strict. They stop your taxi at the gate and you get out and enter a small office where six or seven soldiers stand about in their berets, machine guns on the floor. They are talking about the movies and Frank Sinatra's coming visit. You state the object of your visit at the desk. You have come to have lunch with Mr. Abba Eban, now a member of the Knesset. Your passport is checked and a phone call is put through to Mr. Eban's office. An old religious Jew in black, bearded, approaches with Talmudic-looking octavo volumes under his insufficient arms. He is cheerful, with good teeth, his nose is rich in capillaries, and he states the object of his visit good-naturedly and at length. Behind him a young couple, demonstrative lovers, stroke each other's heads while waiting for their passes to be issued. The official back of the desk asks to see one of the Talmudic-looking volumes, brings his fingers to his brow, and immerses himself in a dense text. A learned conversation ensues. I wait. Finally, I am directed to enter a curtained booth, where a soldier searches me for weapons, feels the lining of my raincoat (it is pouring today), looks into my hat, has me mount a small platform and feels my legs, pockets, and sides. He opens my fountain pen and examines it. Then he grunts and nods me out of the door toward the great open square before the Parliament Building. The Knesset is grandiose. A country of three and a half million should have something more compact and modest, but the founders are not famous for their good taste. Teddy Kollek has told me that after 1967 Ben-Gurion was all for tearing down the walls of the Old City. "Let it all be open. Make one city, no walls," he argued. "No sense of beauty," said Kollek.

At the information desk the attendants are stern, but the ladies who take your coat gossip amongst themselves. One is knitting a circular object in bright-pink wool. I explain that I have come to lunch, and I am directed down the stairs. There are two dining halls, one for meat-eaters—the ancient dietary segregation. Mr. Eban is waiting. He is reading several newspapers simultaneously—papers under his arms and papers in his fingers. His big eyes further magnified by big tinted lenses seem to flood the small Hebrew print with eye power. His glasses are black-rimmed rectangles, and he bears himself with plump ambassadorial dignity. He and I go to a table in the meat-eaters' hall and order boiled chicken and Wiener schnitzel, respectively. A bottle of Schweppes Bitter Lemon is bumped down on the table and we pour it and sip. Mr. Eban has not yet found what he was looking for in the newspapers and pulls them from under his arms like a man preparing to send semaphore signals. I try to assist him with small talk while he flutters through *Ha'aretz.* At last the meal is served. My perturbed spirit sighs and I pick up a spoon. Mr. Eban is shy but also super-confident—gloomy but not rudely gloomy. He does and does not wish to be where he is. His thoughts go about the world like a satellite. His is a type with which I am completely familiar. The soup plates are removed and the chicken efficiently set before Mr. Eban. It is Jewish chicken, boiled in its skin, sitting upon waves of mashed potatoes and surrounded by shores of rice and brown gravy. My schnitzel is not made of veal but of some other animal tissue, difficult to cut. So I eat my rice and sip the Schweppes. Hungry Mr. Eban is full under the chin. His voice is Oxonian, his views are highly organized. He is not a listener. But I have come to hear what he has to say.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He says that relations between Israel and the U.S.A. have never been better. Israel is receiving more aid from America in this period than in all the years since it was founded. The American role in the war of 1973 has been widely misunderstood. Kissinger did not race off to Moscow out of weakness or because the Russians threatened to intervene. True, he needn't have made it look as though he was answering an imperious summons. Perhaps his speed seemed servile, but what he did was right. America already had the upper hand, and what was necessary at the time was to acknowledge Russia's power in the Middle East and to make the Soviet Union a party to the cease-fire. To push on to Cairo would have meant the loss of another thousand Israelis and might have caused Russia to intervene. What Russia requires is recognition of its great power—deference. It must be invited to sanction all arrangements, it must be consulted. Kissinger had already won his victory.

Then détente is not a meaningless term?

Not at all, if you define it carefully.

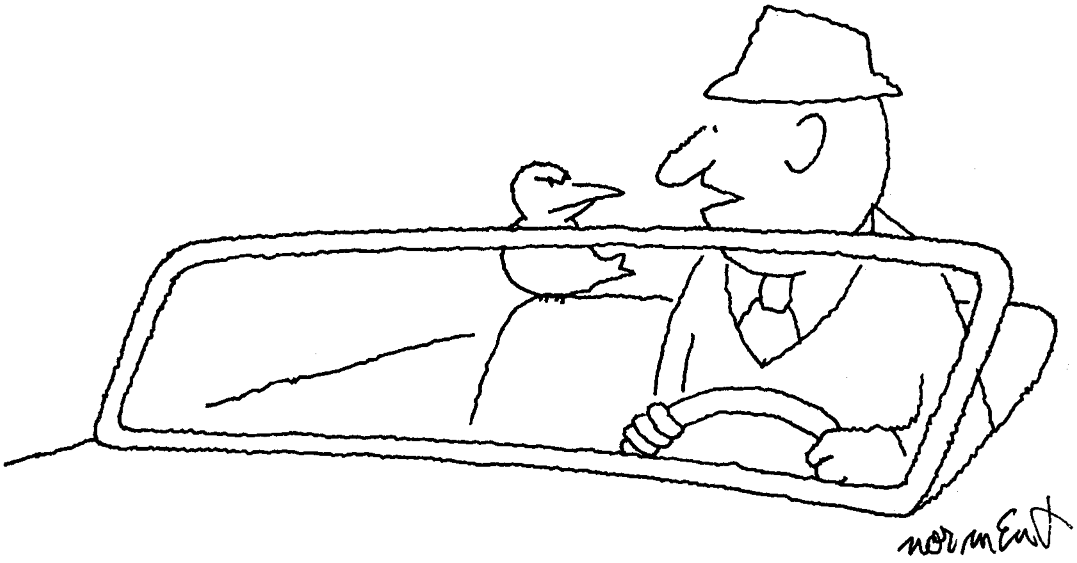
And what if it is defined as Solzhenitsyn defined it in his address to the A.F.L.-C.I.O.?

You cannot expect Russian dissidents to describe Russia impartially.

Mr. Eban does not take the severest view possible of the Soviet Union. He does not see it as the worst society in history or as a demonic empire seeking to extend its power, dedicated to the destruction of capitalist democracy. He takes a more balanced view. The Soviet Union may be a wicked superpower but it can be understood, encompassed, and managed. It is not an inhumanly solid and brutal thing. It also blunders, hesitates; its human weaknesses are reassuring. Only see what Mohamed Heikal's book "The Road to Ramadan" reveals about Russia's leaders. Heikal says that before taking a minor decision they endlessly circulated a memorandum among half a dozen people. Three signatures on a document were needed before an order could be given. What the Russians want is to hold what they already have and to keep the other superpower off balance. In 1973, they did not urge Syria and Egypt to attack Israel but took a cautious position. They don't want the destruction of Israel—only its withdrawal to the 1967 borders.

The report I had heard of Eban's private conversation with Gromyko was accurate.

As for the P.L.O., in Eban's view it is an embarrassment to the Russians, and Arafat presents them with many difficulties. The P.L.O.'s intervention in Lebanon is not a famous success. The Russians have been disappointed in Egypt. Perhaps they would like Sadat removed. By a coup d'état? Mr. Eban is too diplomatic to answer bluntly. He peels the stippled skin from his drumstick. I smell the steam of boiled fowl, I see the meat, and I attempt the schnitzel again. Institutional food in Israel can be got down if you shut your eyes and think of other things. What comes to mind, unfortunately, is what I saw two days ago in the Old City while strolling with John Auerbach. Young rams were being loaded into a truck for slaughter. They tried to run away. They were grabbed by Arab workmen, picked up by the fleece, and thrown writhing into the truck



"Well, if you don't like the way I drive, you can always get out and fly."

while everyone shouted curses. Off to the side were the fresh hides of animals just butchered. When will we stop this slaughter and turn to greens and nuts and fruits? It is not a bad question to ask when you hear a highly civilized man discoursing on politics.

Has Mr. Eban ever heard Dr. Kissinger's personal explanation of the policy of détente?

Dr. Kissinger has never sat still long enough to describe this fully to Mr. Eban. People are forever approaching with messages and Dr. Kissinger is always jumping up.

And now the rain has increased; winter is upon us. Have I transportation? There are no taxis to be had for love or money. With all his newspapers, Mr. Eban rises to his feet and offers to drop me off. His car is waiting. We leave the Knesset by the members' exit. Some of the members are full-bearded and wear skullcaps. As we drive to the Jaffa Road Eban and I discuss American politicians. It is apparently true that President Ford only recently learned that the American Embassy was not in the capital of Israel but in Tel Aviv. Eban is reluctant to criticize the President, but he admits that he is no Lyndon Johnson. "*There* was a clever man," says Eban with admiration. I had heard that Johnson once received Eban with the words "Mr. Ambassador, Ah'm sittin' here scratchin' my ass and thinkin' about Is-ra-el." Mr. Eban confirms the truth of this but explains that Johnson spoke in a most friendly manner. Familiarity without contempt. Eban asks me what I think of the Democratic candidates—of Henry Jackson, for instance. Well, I've twice shaken hands with Senator Jackson and I know no more about him than you can learn by shaking a politician's hand. And what of Hubert Humphrey? Senator Humphrey is a better man than most. President Johnson put him in a very bad position. It is a pity that Humphrey was not brave enough to resist. It is true that he is garrulous. Groucho Marx said of him, "I don't know what sort of President he'd make. He talks and talks and talks. He'd make a helluva wife." My theory is that Humphrey learns by talking and that the process is in part educational. A man in public life is far too busy to read much except newspapers and drafts of bills; but Humphrey picks up a good many intelligent opinions and by debate, repetition, embellishment, and editing he may create something after all. He knows the right thing when he sees it, or when he says it. His record in the Senate is impressive.

The rain has stopped. I get out of Eban's car and thank him and say goodbye. The Jaffa Road, its shops shut since midday for the siesta, is sodden and bleak. I pass the little coffee shop outside which the bomb exploded a few days ago. It is burnt out. A young cabdriver last night told Alexandra and me that he had been about to enter it with one of his friends when another of his pals called to him. "He had something to tell me so I went over to him and just then the bomb went off and my friend was there. So now my friend is dead," said the cabby. His voice, still adolescent, was cracking. "And this is how we live, Mister! O.K.? We live this way."

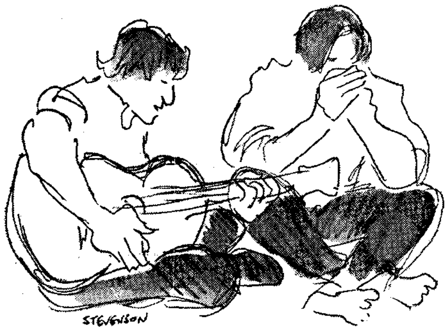
EBAN'S attitude toward Russia is shared by many. I heard it recently at the Beth Belgia, one of the Hebrew University buildings, from Professor Shlomo Avineri, who is a historian and political scientist. In fuller form, the position is something like this: After the Second World War, it was widely believed that capitalism had taken a new lease on life. But this was an illusion. The postwar prosperity of capitalism was based on cheap energy and low-priced raw materials from backward countries. The price of these has now risen, and the last free ride of Western capitalism is over—over for all except, perhaps, America. Other Western countries must now prepare to live on a more austere standard. In Eastern Europe, on the other hand, life has immensely improved. The lower classes are beginning to eat well and dress comfortably and to live in warm apartments. It is principally the old middle class that is unhappy—the professionals, the intellectuals. And across the face of Europe we will see a gradual evening out of privileges and a redistribution of the good things of life. The Western centers of old Europe are growing dimmer, but hungry Bulgaria, Rumania, Poland are brightening up. This, rather than expanding Red imperialism and the subjugation of Europe by Russia, is what we should be considering. If I understand him, Professor Avineri is saying that an independent sort of Communism is developing among Russia's satellites and that Western Communism is becoming more democratic, less obedient to Moscow. In any case, the world is being transformed, and neither superpower is what so many of us had always assumed it to be.

This is the sort of thing one hears in Paris or Milan rather than Jerusalem. Such a vision of the future evidently grows out of assumptions about the decline of American prestige and influence. It takes for granted that in fighting the extension of Communism in Southeast Asia the U.S. made the greatest mistake in its history. A desire to accept a new view of Communism is one of the results of the Vietnam disaster and of America's internal political disorder. Besides, Israel's utter dependency upon the United States leads Israeli intellectuals to hunt for signs of hope in the Communist world. Besides, it rends people's hearts to give up their Marxism. I often wonder why it should be so. Knowing something about life in Communist countries, I disagree completely. In my judgment this is a frivolous analysis—heartless, too, if you think how little personal liberty people have in Eastern Europe. One has no business to give away the rights of others. But I look again at Professor Avineri and see that he is an engaging fellow, far from heartless. I conclude that he is only trying out these views. Tomorrow, in another mood, he may take an entirely different line.

David Farhi says that Sadat, on his American visit, proclaimed his Arab loyalties and set himself up as a super-Arab in order to be free from suspicion. The Arab world has accused him of softening. Having made the gestures of solidarity, he is free to detach himself and to deal with internal Egyptian problems—overpopulation, economic stagnation, disease. Professor Michael Brecher, of the Hebrew University, an Israeli of Canadian origin, wonderfully talkative and minutely informed, agrees with Farhi and adds that Sadat's regime is in danger. The Russians are vexed with him. Egyptian university students, a number of whom were junior officers in the war of 1973, are critical and dissatisfied. Egypt's propagandistic revision of the events of the war do not take them in. They know how poorly they were led and how quickly Israel recovered from the defeats of the first days. If the Russians are organizing a coup d'état, they have an angry student population trained in warfare to recruit from.

Behind exchanges like this stand images of torpid towns on the Nile and of undernourished people, ill with bilharzia. The world to be coped with is a world in which what has always been has become intolerable. The Egypt of my picture is the Egypt of Edward Lane, the Arabic scholar, and other observers and travellers. It extends over the entire region—the Sudan and Ethiopia. It has now been decreed that ages of inertia are at an end, this must be changed, and that the change must begin at once. No one can say just what the new imperative will produce. In old age, Tolstoy said to A. B. Goldenveizer, who often played Chopin for him, "Perhaps it is because I am unwell, but at moments today I am simply driven to despair by everything that is going on in the world: the new form of oath, the revolting proclamation about enlisting university students in the Army, the Dreyfus affair, the situation in Serbia, the horrors of the diseases and deaths in the Auerbach quicksilver works. . . . I can't make out how mankind can go on living like this, with the sight of all this horror round them."

Are we wrong to think that our horrors today are much greater? This morning's paper reports that nine men were found dead in an Argentine ditch, blindfolded and shot through the head; that South Moluccans seized a Dutch train and murdered some of the passengers. Scores of people are killed in the streets of Beirut every day; terrorists take hostages in London and explode bombs in Belfast. As an American, I can decide on any given day whether or not I wish to think of these abominations. I need not consider them. I can simply refuse to open the morning paper. In Israel, one has no such choice. There the violent total is added up every day. And nothing can be omitted. The Jerusalemite hooked by world politics cannot forget Ford and China, Reagan and California; he is obliged to know that Harold Wilson has just asserted in a speech that England is still a force to be reckoned with. He cannot afford to overlook the latest changes in the strategy of the French Communist Party nor the crises in Portugal and Angola; he must remember the mental character of the Moslem world, the Jews of the Diaspora. He must, in fact, bear in mind four thousand years of Jewish history. No other people is required to perform such labors. In Israel, Jews are involved in an incredible balancing act. The world has been thrown into their arms. Underfoot someone has strewn marbles. Another way of putting it: no people has to work so hard on so many levels as this one. In less than thirty years the Israelis have produced a modern country—doorknobs and hinges, plumbing fixtures, electrical supplies, symphony orchestras, airplanes, teacups. It is both a garrison state and a cultivated society, both Spartan and Athenian. It tries to do everything, to understand everything, to make provision for everything. All resources, all faculties are strained. Unremitting thought about the world situation parallels the defense effort. These people are actively, individually involved in universal history. I don't see how they can bear it.



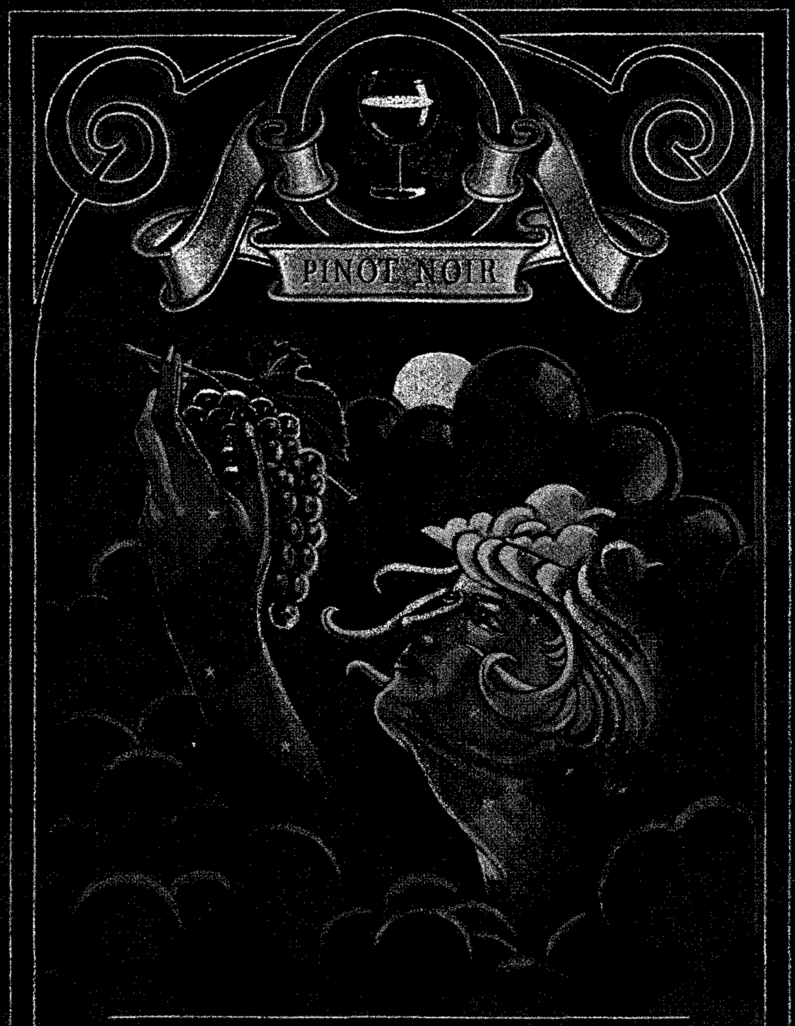
A WALK with Sholem Kahn, on the faculty of the Hebrew University, in the Old City. He takes me through the Greek section of the Christian quarter and we visit the small Franciscan bookshop. The old clerk is a Christian Arab who served more than fifty years ago in the Turkish Army and likes to talk about the barbarous old days. In the windows, Franciscan translations of medieval Italian travel narratives. "And how is Father Hoade?" asks Kahn, inquiring about the translator of these works.

"Oh, he went to Rome and died three years ago."

"Ah, did he. What a pity. Awfully nice fellow," says Kahn, himself awfully nice. And after all, this is how it happens. You are born in Ireland, put on a habit, translate medieval Italian travel narratives in Jerusalem, go to Rome, and die.

Kahn insists on showing me some ancient baths at the lower end of the Old City and we ask our way through endless lanes, where kids sing, scream, ride donkeys, kick rubber balls, fall from wagons, and build small fires in buckets to warm their fingers, for the weather is cold. A freezing east wind blows above the arches of the covered streets. The ancient stone is very cold. The sun does not often get into these streets. A gang of black Sudanese boys scream frantic advice at a driver backing his truck into a narrow lane, scraping the Arabic inscription of a plugged fountain, the gift of some eleventh-century sultan, I imagine. Kahn asks again for his Turkish baths. A candy seller, cutting up one of his large flat sticky cakes, a kind of honeyed millstone, appears indignant. His business is to sell cakes, not to give directions. We get into an arcade where a money changer in a turtleneck tells us to retrace our steps and turn left. He offers to pay me two pounds on the dollar over the official rate. I take the trouble to tell him how virtuous I feel about this sort of thing and he cannot conceal his opinion, which is that I am very stupid. True. If I were *thinking*, I wouldn't say such things to a man whose trade is money. But there you are—the fellow with the dollars is frequently foolish. That—and here my thoughts also touch the case of poor Father Hoade, who went to Rome and died there—is life. We make our way out of the arcade and inquire of a stout, unshaven storekeeper in Arab headdress and busted shoes who deals in chipped green glassware. He lights up at our question. Yes, of course, *he* knows. Engaging us in conversation, he offers us coffee. Next he submits to our admiring inspection a crumpled snapshot in color of his son who is studying medicine in Chicago. I tell him that I am from Chicago. The father is enchanted. The photograph, smudged by loving thumbprints, passes from hand to hand. So now we are bound together in friendship. The small dead end where we stand has the customary fallout of orange peel and excrement, eggshells and bottle tops.

Almost embracing us with his guiding arms, the shopkeeper escorts us to the Hamam. And here is the place itself at the corner, down a salmon-colored plaster passage that bulges asymmetrically. If this is Ladies' Day, we will have to turn back. Respectful of ladies' modesty, our friend opens the door cautiously and holds up a hand in warning. He inquires, shouting into hollow spaces, and then waves us forward. We enter a vast, domed, circular room that is perhaps a thousand years old—one thousand four hundred, our guide insists. For reasons of self-respect I am obliged to cut him down by a few centuries. But who can care for long about the dates. The little idiocy of skeptical revision passes off. I find myself to my joy in an ancient beautiful hot sour-smelling domed chamber. Divans made up with clouts and rags are ranged against the walls for the relaxing clients. Tattered towels hang drying on lines overhead. These lines crisscross up, up, up into dim galleries. An Arab woman, very old, is resting on a divan. One of her short legs is extended. She makes a gesture of Oriental courtesy. In this towel-bannered chamber, people rest from the fatigues of bathing. We go through several steaming rooms, now empty. Our Arab friend says, "You spend a whole night here, you will be a very different man." I can well believe it. An attendant is scrubbing the floors with a stiff brush. He must be the husband of the ancient odalisque. He is stout, low, bandy-legged, and round-backed. He is so bent that if his deep-brown eyes, the eyes of a walrus, are to meet yours he must look upward. The white stubble and his color—the high color of a man of heat and vapor—are agreeable. "This is not the place I had in



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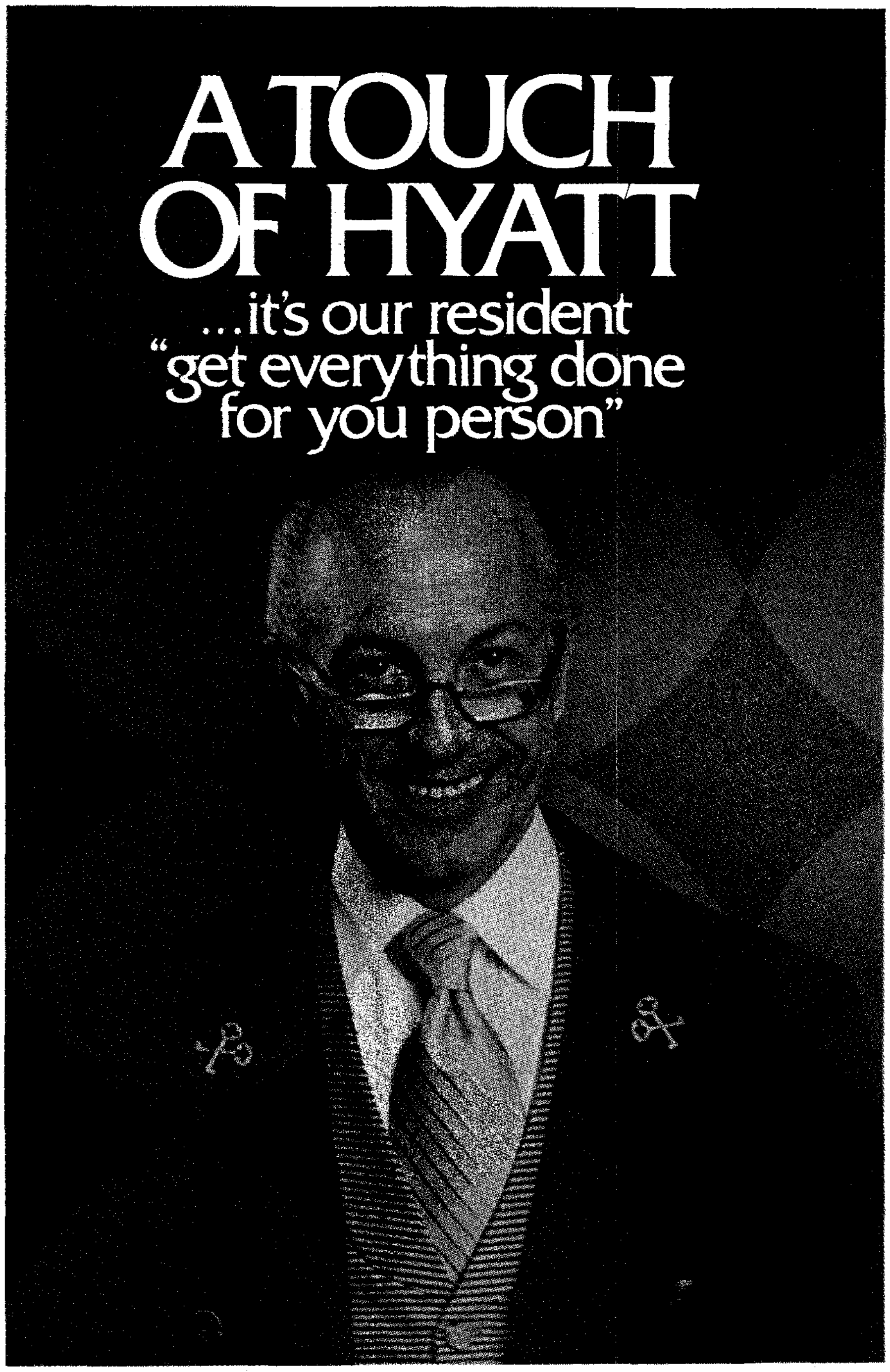
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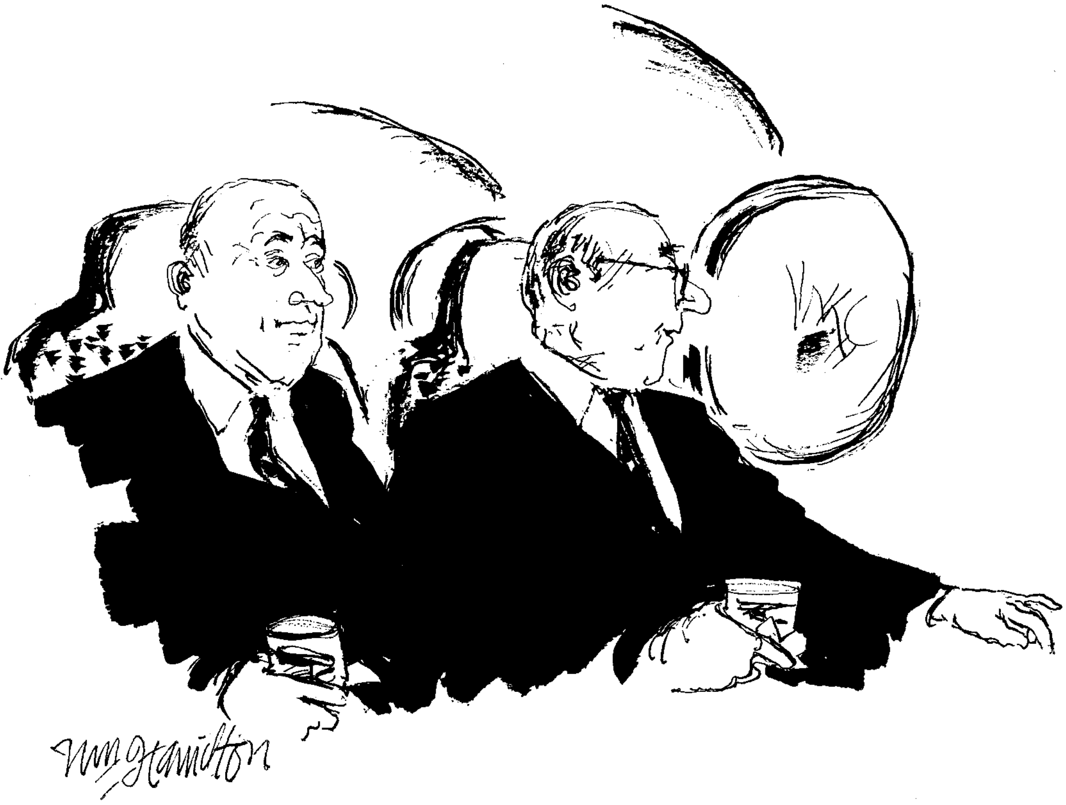
mind. The one I wanted to show you is much older," says Kahn. But I rejoice greatly in this one and ask for nothing better. As we leave, the old woman is conversing with one of her friends, an immense woman and deliciously fat, who has seated herself on the very edge of the sofa. On the cold cobblestones we say goodbye, thanking the shopkeeper with the busted shoes. He goes back to his dark-green glassware. "I suppose we must give up on the still older bath," says Kahn. He compensates himself by telling me about Max Nordau, author of the well-known "Degeneration."

WENT walking with Dennis Silk. I had been reading his poems and marionette plays. They had stirred me, and I was in an agreeable state, keen to see the sights. We entered the Old City by the Damascus Gate and went ambling down the vaulted alleyways. I find the dirt of the bazaar delicious. I am pleased when I see donkeys backing out of bedrooms or bedroom-workshop-kitchens, or bakeries or basket-weaving establishments. In the alleys, tailors work away on the foot pedals of old Singer sewing machines. I rather like the tourist trash here dangling on strings in the doorways: necklaces, souvenirs, clay lamps, belts, sheepskins, and empty hassocks (you take them home and stuff them yourself), fleece-lined slippers, bush-ranger hats, lumps of butcher's meat, antique brassware, and battered pieces of everything laid out on the ground—a scavenger's heaven. And Arabs with kaffiyehs tied with braided cord sucking at their narghiles in corners. Dennis takes me to a gambling establishment in a coffeehouse, where people are slapping down big playing cards and shooting pocket billiards. The felt is patched with Band-Aids and there is no cue ball—the three shoots the nine, and the five bangs the fourteen. The players are young, dark, slender, and unsmiling. We go to a body-building establishment near the Via Dolorosa. I call it a body-building establishment, for it can hardly be described as a gymnasium, and yet bodies are being built. The walls are not exactly walls but rather hollows, bulges within a larger structure. The space is occupied by an immense collection of unclassifiable objects. In the entry there is an office which is also a concierge's lodge. From here a broad old man in a beret directs a multitude of activities. Small Arab boys are wiggling the knobs of a mechanical soccer game. Ranks of metal players kick at a steel ball, hardly more than a pellet. In a small alcove beside this, under an electric bulb a raw chicken lies beheaded and waits for dinner, its skin covered with a deathly moisture. Next, a room for athletes. The walls are covered with photographs of strong men in leotards and leopard skins. Some stand alone, exhibiting their shoulders, thighs, and arms. Some are surrounded by admiring families. It is not exactly clear to me how with such biceps you can embrace your dear ones. Barbells, dumbbells, and chest developers with springs take up most of the space. Two adolescent boys are nailing leather soles to the floor to give a footing to the weight lifters. They take a serious and highly professional attitude toward their work. In the last room of all, young men are working with the barbells. The barbells rest upon two supports near the top of the table. The young men lie on their backs and work their way upward into the lifting position. These weight lifters, fully clothed and wearing sweaters, perform the press exercise with desperate earnestness. I recall a muscle-building book called "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So," with group photographs of champions of the eighteen-nineties. The same look of solemnity and dedication. In this tiny room the young men take turns and lift until they can lift no more.



"How little we really own, Tom, when you consider all there is to own."

From this packing-case gymnasium we go to visit a settlement that adjoins the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Ascending a broken stone staircase, you come down a few steps to a sunken floor beside the dome, where you see tall people standing beside low dwellings. In the December damp a black man in black garments approaches. He is a member of the tiny Ethiopian sect that lives in these cabins and has certain traditional rights in the Holy Sepulchre below. It is now evening and wet; wandering about, we find a narrow staircase and go down. Dennis explains that about a hundred and ten years ago the Coptic rivals of this sect managed to change the locks of the doors that gave direct access to the church courtyard, so that for more than a century these black men have had to take the long way around. It was not until after the Six-Day War that the Ethiopians had the locks changed and their doors were restored to them. They have two small chapels with holy pictures—fairly primitive—and bands of crimson, green, and yellow painted on the walls, portraits of patriarchs with white beards and staring eyes. From the shadows, priests in round black hats materialize. Centuries ago they took hold here and cling somehow to the side of this sacred place.

COMEDIES in which cries are torn from the heart—"Così Fan Tutte," "The Marriage of Figaro," Sterne's "Sentimental Journey"—I am drawn to these, always, and to the Stendhals and Rossinis who carried Mozart and Sterne into the nineteenth century. From this comes my affection for Samuel Butler—for the Butler at any rate who told in "The Way of All Flesh" how three sisters played cards to decide which of them was to marry the Reverend Pontifex. Perhaps Jung was right in saying that the psyche of each of us was rooted in an earlier age. I sometimes think that my own sense of fun is nearer 1776 than 1976.

From the *International Herald Tribune*, a twentieth-century note: Poor Thornton Wilder would have shuddered at his obituary. "Expressing the attitude of thousands of readers, Mrs. Lyndon Johnson said that he had succeeded in making 'the commonplaces of living yield the gaiety, the wonder and the vault of the human adventure.' "

What the hell is this vault?

These Southern ladies sure know how to perfume a phrase.

CERTAIN oddities about Israel: Because people think so hard here, and so much, and because of the length and the depth of their history, this sliver of a country sometimes seems quite large. Some dimension of mind seems to extend into space.

To live again in Jerusalem—that is almost like the restoration of the Temple. But no one is at ease in Zion. No one can be. The world crisis is added to the crisis of the state, and both are added to the problems of domestic life. It is increasingly difficult to earn adequate wages, since from the first Israel adopted the living standards of the West. Taxes are steep and still rising, the Israeli pound is dropping. The government has begun to impose austerity measures. We meet people who work at two jobs and even this moonlighting is insufficient. The Israelis complain but they will accept the austerity measures. They know that they must; they are at bottom commonsensical. Yet everyone looks much shabbier and more harassed than in 1970.

In almost every apartment house the neighbors tell you of a war widow who is trying to bring up her children. The

There's a hotel in Chicago where the chef never sleeps.

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treatment of young widows and of parents who have lost their sons is, I am told, a new psychiatric specialty. Israel is pressed, it is a suffering country. People feel the pressures of enemies as perhaps the psalmists felt them, and sometimes seem ready to cry out, "Break their teeth, O God, in their mouth." Still, almost everyone is reasonable and tolerant, and rancor against the Arabs is rare. These are not weak, melting people. Only one sometimes hears on a mild day, by the sea or in the orchards, or when the mountains of Moab draw near in clear light, the wry Yiddish saying "One could live, but they simply won't let you." On this speck of land—an infinitesimal fraction of the surrounding territories—a troubled people has come to rest, but rest is impossible. They often ask themselves why anti-Semitism should be so mysteriously pervasive. Even the Chinese, who know little of Jews, are Israel's enemies. Jews, yes, have a multitude of faults, but they have not given up on the old virtues. (Are there new ones? If so, what are they?) But at this uneasy hour the civilized world seems tired of its civilization, and tired also of the Jews. It wants to hear no more about survival. But there are the Jews, again at the edge of annihilation and as insistent as ever, demanding to know what the conscience of the world intends to do. I understand that Golda Meir, after the October War, put the question to her Socialist colleagues of Western Europe: Were they serious about Socialism? If they were indeed serious, how could they abandon the only Socialist democracy in the Middle East? And the "civilized world," or the twentieth-century ruins of that world to which so many Jews gave their admiration and devotion between, say, 1789 and 1933 (the date of Hitler's coming to power), has grown sick of the ideals Israel asks it to respect. These ideals were knocked to the ground by Fascist Italy, by Russia, and by Germany. The Holocaust may even be seen as a deliberate lesson or project in philosophical redefinition: "You religious and enlightened people, you Christians, Jews, and Humanists, you believers in freedom, dignity, and enlightenment—you think that you know what a human being is. We will show you what he is, and what you are. Look at our camps and crematoria and see if you can bring your hearts to care about these millions."

And it is obvious that the humanistic civilized moral imagination is inadequate. Confronted with such a "metaphysical" demonstration, it despairs and declines from despair into lethargy and sleep.

JAY BUSHINSKY, of the Chicago *Daily News*, is stable and solid; he has a round, sensible, attractive face. As we sit chatting in the lobby of the new Hilton Hotel, he tells me that he was allowed some time ago by the Israeli authorities to cover a military operation. A minute island in the Red Sea was raided, the Egyptian garrison taken by surprise. Bushinsky saw a sentry who had been cut down by machine-gun fire. "He was a young boy," said Bushinsky. "Shot in the leg. Flesh hanging in tatters. Bleeding to death. I said to the commanding officer, 'Can't we do something for him?' and he said, 'First things first,' so we went on. And he was right. I never saw the kid again. It stays with me."

Bushinsky and I had met on the Golan Heights in 1967 when I was *Newsday's* correspondent. When he reminded me of this I told him that David Halberstam, a real correspondent, had made fun of my dispatches, saying that I ran up large Telex bills to describe to Long Island readers the look of a battlefield. In self-defense I asked Halberstam for his definition of professional journalism. "When an Egyptian general and his entire army were captured," said Halberstam, "and a newspaperman asked him why not a shot had been fired, he answered that firing a shot would have given away his position." And *that*, in Halberstam's view, was one of the most brilliant stories filed in the 1967 war.

The point of view is, uncontestably, professional. I wondered, however, whether there weren't other legitimate viewpoints, and I raised the matter with Bushinsky. I learned that he, a seasoned newspaperman, was vulnerable, too. He couldn't get out of his mind the memory of an Egyptian boy's mangled leg.

I had never seen a battlefield before 1967 and at first didn't understand what I was looking at. Riding through the Sinai Desert, I thought it odd that so many canvas or burlap sacks should have fallen from passing trucks. I soon realized that these bursting brown sacks were corpses. Then I smelled them. Then I saw vultures feeding, and dogs or jackals. Then suddenly there was an Egyptian trench with many corpses leaning on parapets and putrefying, bare limbs baking in the sun like meat and a stink like rotting cardboard. The corpses first swelled, ballooned, then burst their uniform seams. They trickled away; eyes liquefied, ran from the sockets; and the skull quickly came through the face.

Some readers, I thought, might wish to know what the aftermath of battle is like.

Y——, an Israeli novelist, tells me how, in 1948, when he was only seventeen, he lay all day feigning death among the dead in a field near Jerusalem. The Jordanians had trapped his company and wiped it out. They were dug in on the hillsides and fired on anyone who looked alive. The vultures came, said Y——, and began to feed. They began with the eyes always. Y—— lay there and the birds did not touch him but fluttered near and he heard them, the soft ripping sound that they made. He lay there until dark.

Y—— is married to a tall American woman whose face is small and wonderfully beautiful. She is very thin and her movements are very slow. When she rises from her seat her unfolding seems endless—she has more joints than a carpenter's rule. Her speech is slow, she falters. She looks and sounds a bit otherworldly, a strange American nursery child. She and Y—— live in a poor Arab quarter. They take in sick children, old cripples, hurt animals. Nola Auerbach, John's wife, went to visit her one day and found that she had put an ailing donkey in her bed and was tending it. At times her eccentricities make her seem a bit crazy, but on examination she proves to be not crazy but good. We've come to believe that passionate intensity is all on the side of wickedness. Mrs. Y—— looks a bit like Virginia Woolf. Also like an autistic child I knew in Paris in 1948.

Y—— is convinced that Israel has sinned too much, that it has become too corrupt, and that it has lost its moral capital and has nothing to fight with.

ON a kibbutz:

Lucky is Nola's dog. John's dog is Mississippi. But John loves Lucky too, and Nola dotes on Mississippi. And then there are the children, one daughter in the Army. The younger child still sleeps in the kibbutz dormitory. Lucky is a woolly brown dog, old and nervous. His master was killed in the Golan. When there is a sonic boom over the kibbutz, the dog rushes out, growling. He seems to remember the falling bombs. He is too feeble to bark, too old to run, his teeth are bad, his eyes under the brown fringe are dull, and he is clotted under the tail. Mississippi is a big, long-legged, short-haired, brown-and-white, clever, lively, affectionate, and greedy animal. She is a "child dog"—sits in your lap, puts a paw on your arm when you reach for a tidbit to get it for herself. Since she weighs fifty pounds or more she is not welcome in my lap, but she sits on John and Nola and on the guests—those who permit it. She is winsome but also flatulent. She eats too many sweets but is good company, a wonderful listener and conversationalist; she growls and snuffles when you speak directly to her. She "sings" along with the record-player. The Auerbachs are proud of this musical yelping.

In the morning we hear the news in Hebrew and then again on BBC. We eat an Israeli breakfast of fried eggs, sliced cheese, cucumbers, olives, green onions, tomatoes, and little salt fish. Bread is toasted on the coal-oil heater. The dogs have learned the trick of the door and bang in and out. Between the rows of small kibbutz dwellings the lawns are ragged but very green. Light and warmth come from the sea. Under the kibbutz lie the ruins of Herod's Caesarea. There are Roman fragments everywhere. Marble columns in the grasses. Fallen capitals make garden seats. You have only to prod the ground to find fragments of pottery, bits of statuary, a pair of dancing satyr legs. John's tightly packed bookshelves are fringed with such relics. On the crowded desk stands a framed photograph of the dead son, with a small beard like John's, smiling with John's own warmth.

We walk in the citrus groves after breakfast, taking Mississippi with us (John is seldom without her); the soil is kept loose and soft among the trees, the leaves are glossy, the ground itself is fragrant. Many of the trees are still unharvested and bending, tangerines and lemons as dense as stars. "Oh that I were an orenge tree/That busie plant!" wrote George Herbert. To put forth such leaves, to be hung with oranges, to be a blessing—one feels the temptation of this on such a morning, and I even feel a fibrous woodiness entering my arms as I consider it. You want to take root and stay forever in the most temperate and blue of temperate places. John mourns his son, he always mourns his son, but he is also smiling in the sunlight.

In the exporting of oranges there is competition from the North African countries and from Spain. "We are very idealistic here, but when we read about frosts in Spain we're glad as hell," he says.

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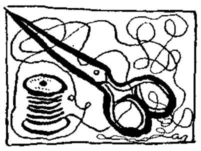
had to be carted in and mixed with the sand. Many years of digging and tending made these orchards. Relaxing, breathing freely, you feel what a wonderful place has been created here, a homeplace for body and soul; then you remember that on the beaches there are armed patrols. It is always possible that terrorists may come in rubber dinghies that cannot be detected by radar. They entered Tel Aviv itself in March, 1975, and seized a hotel at the seashore. People were murdered. John keeps an Uzi in his bedroom cupboard. Nola scoffs at this. "We'd both be dead before you could reach your gun," she says. Cheerful Nola laughs. An expressive woman—she uses her forearm to wave away John's preparations. "Sometimes he does the drill and I time him to see how long it takes to jump out of bed, open the cupboard, get the gun, put in the clip, and turn around. They'd mow us down before you could get a foot on the floor."



Mississippi is part of the alarm system. "She'd bark," says John.

Just now she's racing through the orchards, nose to the ground. The air is sweet, and the sun, like a mild alcohol, makes you yearn for good things. You rest under a tree and eat tangerines, only slightly heavyhearted.

From the oranges we go to the banana groves. The green bananas are tied up in plastic tunics. The great banana flower hangs groundward like the sexual organ of a stallion. The long leaves resemble manes. After two years the ground has to be plowed up and lie fallow. Groves are planted elsewhere—more hard labor. "You noticed before," says John, "that some of the orange trees were withered. Their roots get into Roman ruins and they die. Some years ago, while we were plowing, we turned up an entire Roman street."

He takes me to the Herodian Hippodrome. American archeologists have dug out some of the old walls. We look down into the diggings, where labels flutter from every stratum. There are more potsherds than soil in these bluffs—the broken jugs of the slaves who raised the walls two thousand years ago. At the center of the Hippodrome, a long, graceful ellipse, is a fallen monolith weighing many tons. We sit under fig trees on the slope while Mississippi runs through the high smooth grass. The wind is soft and works the grass gracefully. It makes white air courses in the green.

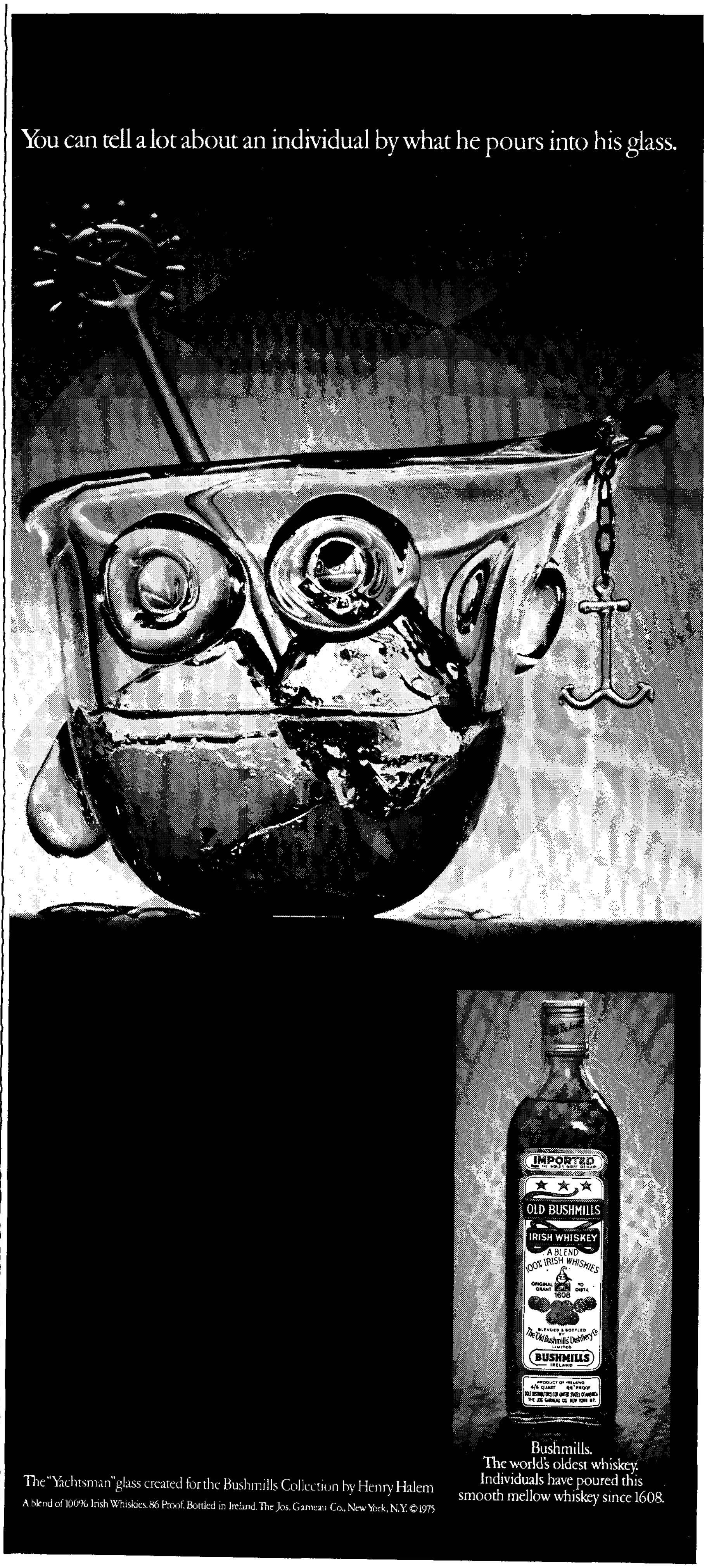
Whenever John ships out he takes the dog for company. He had enough of solitude when he sailed on German ships under forged papers. He does not like to be alone. Now and again he was under suspicion. A German officer who sensed that he was Jewish threatened to turn him in, but one night when the ship was only hours out of Danzig she struck a mine and went down, the officer with her. John himself was pulled from the sea by his mates. Once he waited in a line of nude men whom a German doctor, a woman, was examining for venereal disease. In that lineup he alone was circumcised. He came before the woman and was examined; she looked into his face and she let him live.

John and I go back through the orange groves. There are large weasels living in the bushy growth along the pipeline. We see a pair of them at a distance in the road. They could easily do for Mississippi. She is luckily far off. We sit under a pine on the hilltop and look out to sea where a freighter moves slowly toward Ashkelon. Nearer to shore, a trawler chuffs. The kibbutz does little fishing now. Off the Egyptian coast, John has been shot at, and not long ago several members of the kibbutz were thrown illegally into jail by the Turks, accused of fishing in Turkish waters. Twenty people gave false testimony. They could have had a thousand. It took three months to get these men released. A lawyer was found who knew the judge. His itemized bill came to ten thousand dollars—five for the judge, five for himself.

Enough of this sweet sun and the transparent blue-green. We turn our backs on it to have a drink before lunch. Kibbutzniks ride by on clumsy old bikes. They wear cloth caps and pedal slowly; their day starts at six. Plain-looking working people from the tile factory and from the barn steer toward the dining hall. The kibbutzniks are a mixed group. There is one lone Orthodox Jew, who has no congregation to pray with. There are several older Gentiles, one a Spaniard, one a Scandinavian, who married Jewish women and settled here. The Spaniard, an anarchist, plans to return to Spain now that Franco has died. One member of the kibbutz is a financial wizard, another was a high-ranking Army officer who for obscure reasons fell into disgrace. The dusty tarmac path we follow winds through the settlement. Beside the undistinguished houses stand red poinsettias. Here, too, lie Roman relics. Then we come upon a basketball court, and then the rusty tracks of a children's choo-choo, and then the separate quarters for young women of eighteen, and a museum of antiquities, and a recreation hall. A strong odor of cattle comes from the feeding lot. I tell John that Gurdjiev had Katherine Mansfield resting in the stable at Fontainebleau, claiming that the cows' breath would cure her tuberculosis. John loves to hear such bits of literary history. We go into his house and Mississippi climbs into his lap while we drink Russian vodka. "We could live with those bastards if they limited themselves to making this Stolichnaya."

These words put an end to the peaceful morning. At the north there swells up the Russian menace. With arms from Russia and Europe, the P.L.O. and other Arab militants and the right-wing Christians are now destroying Lebanon. The Syrians have involved themselves; in the eyes of the Syrians, Israel is Syrian land. Suddenly this temperate Mediterranean day and the orange groves and the workers steering their bikes and the children's playground flutter like illustrated paper. What is there to keep them from blowing away?

MOSHE the masseur is delicate in person; his hands, however, have the strength that purity of purpose can give. He arrives cold from the street in his overcoat, which is bald in places. He is both priestlike and boyish, a middle-aged idealistic Canadian. He seems untouched by life. When people say "untouched by life," they often mean that one has—not always for praiseworthy reasons—lived on the whole without cynicism. He is fresh, he is somewhat adolescent at fifty. He believes in his work. He has a vocation. He was born to relieve people of their muscular tensions. He talks to you about exercise, breathing, posture, about sleeping with or without pillows, with open windows or shut. None of this is small talk, because he holds the body sacred. His face is ruddy, his nose slightly bent, his expression tender. I find in him the clean-living Scout's-honor innocence of the boys I knew who worked out at the Y.M.C.A. and, still wet from the showers, darted into the street when the thermometer stood at ten below. Moshe comes from Montreal and studied massage under a French master. Moshe speaks French a bit, Canadian style. His master taught that the body must be treated with the deepest respect. "You don't pick up an arm as though it was a separate piece



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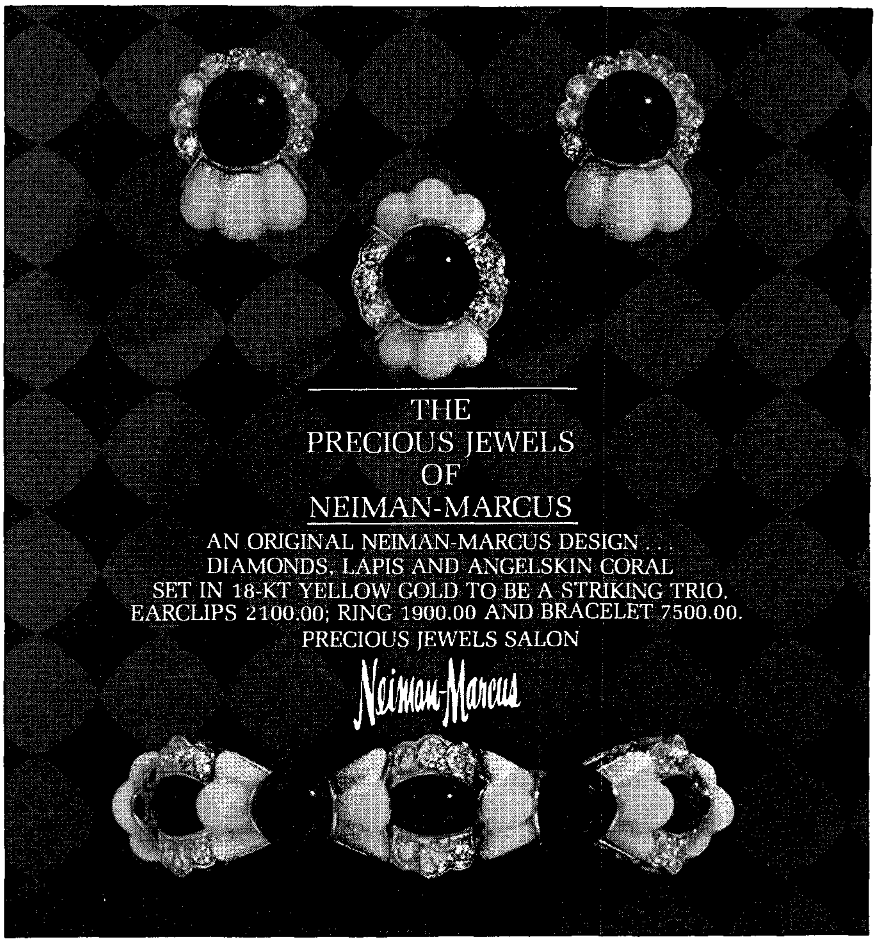

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of something. You've seen 'Jaws'? You saw that fellow's leg when it sank all by itself when the shark bit him. Well, no arm and no leg should ever be treated as if detached. No real masseur will fling you around. For me, massage is a personal relationship and kind of an act of love," explains Moshe. He is fragile but holds himself straight; he is intensely sincere. Catching himself too late, he says that, considering my age, I am in good condition. He teaches me to do pushups while I rest my weight only on the fingertips. He also shows me how to relieve a stiff neck by tracing the numbers from one to nine with my head. He makes his own mixtures of almond and olive and wintergreen oils. He takes off his shoes and sits behind me on the couch to snap my vertebrae into place. He is respectful, professionally impersonal, personally full of concern for your bones and muscles, and his conversation is highly informative. He knows a lot about Jerusalem. He knows Army life, too, for he served as a medic in 1967 and again in 1973 in the Sinai Desert. He tells me what he saw and describes some of the wounds he dressed. He tells me also, faltering a bit, about wounded enemy soldiers for whom there was no transportation. He asks me to make a moral judgment. I taste again the peculiar flavor of that green unripe morality of naïve people, of middle-aged North American adolescents—for which no adult substitute has been found. Do the senior members of the class really know the answers to these hard questions?

IN an obscure journal (*Dispersion and Unity*), an article by Professor Zvi Lamm, of the Hebrew University, charges that Israel has lost touch with reality. Lamm's view is that although the Zionist idea in its early stages seemed more dreamlike than practical, it was soberly realistic. Its leaders knew just how much power they had—or had not—and adhered closely to their goals. They were not hypnotized and paralyzed by their own slogans. Jewish leadership, and with it Israel as a whole, later became "autistic." "Autism" is defined by Lamm as "the rejection of actual reality and its replacement by a reality which is a product of wish-fulfillment." The victory of 1967 was the principal cause of this autism. Israelis began to speak of the West Bank of the Jordan as "liberated" territory. "The capture of lands aroused . . . a deep, sincere, emotional response to the territories . . .

and to the historical events that took place in them: the graves of our patriarchs and matriarchs, paths along which the prophets once trod, hills for which the kings fought. But feelings cut off from present reality do not serve as a faithful guideline to a confused policy. This break with reality did not necessarily blind men to the fact that the territories were populated by Arabs, but it kept them from understanding that our settlement and taking possession of the territories would turn our existence as a state into a powerful pressure that would unite the Arab world and aggravate our insecure situation in a way previously unknown in our history."

Zionism, Professor Lamm argues, is different from other kinds of nineteenth-century nationalism in that it did not originate in order to bring people back to a national homeland. "It arose in order to establish sovereignty, and hence a national home, for Jews without a home . . . it was a rescue movement to save a people in a critical situation by concentrating it within one territory, allowing it to take its political fate in its own hands." Lamm admits the importance of God's Covenant, of the Promised Land, the Holy Land, Eretz Yisrael in inspiring the Jews to auto-emancipation. But with success the emphasis shifted; the need to save the Jews was translated into something else—the project of "redeeming the land." The early Zionist leaders were trying to redeem the people. Realistic Zionist leadership was willing to accept partition "in order to absorb and save Jews rather than to remain faithful to slogans that it itself had coined." Rescue is the true aim of Zionism—not the "liberation" of the Promised Land but the rescue of the Jews, repeatedly threatened with annihilation. But Lamm believes that Ben-Gurion had a messianic character. "Ethnocentrism," or a national "narcissism," appeared in Israel. By 1956 it had become aggressively opportunistic. It attached itself imprudently to the expelled, decayed powers France and England "without any consideration for the future." It relied upon military force and followed the politics of "hiring out our sword" instead of seeking a peace settlement with Egypt. It ceased to think of itself as the sanctuary for rescued people but began to think of a State, with an Army. The effects of the Sinai campaign were, first, to unify the Arab world against Israel and, second, to bring the Arab-Israeli dispute into global politics. The war of 1956 consolidated the power of Nasser and the cabal of Egyptian colonels and more definitely turned the Egyptian masses, who now connected the Jews with the old imperialists, against Israel.

It was after the Six-Day War, according to Lamm, that autism began to prevail over realism. All at once the Israelis were arguing about demography, about getting the Arabs to emigrate, "about keeping Israeli citizenship from the Arabs who would remain," about rebuilding the Temple. But what did they say about peace? Some said, writes Professor Lamm, that "in exchange for peace we would grant the Arabs—peace." The Zionist movement had rejected policies of "positions of strength." A national coalition without definite policies governed the country. Ideological leadership was abandoned; a "business-minded leadership" took over. Statesmen, thinkers, writers, journalists became proud, lost sight of the true reason for the founding of the state—the "rescue" reason—and became power-intoxicated, deluded. The nation, according to Professor Lamm, now lived in a dream world; political debate virtually ended. The Yom Kippur attack was "a blow to the minds of a public doped with empty slogans, living in a fog, and avoiding reality."

Harder words follow. In the Six-Day War, Israel conquered and occupied Egyptian, Syrian, and Jordanian territories. Does it mean to keep them? In 1939, England and France had gone to war with Nazi Germany because they could not accept its expansionism, its policy of territorial conquest and annexation. What was wrong for Germany cannot be right for Israel. The comparison may seem harsh, and Lamm does not go so far as to equate Israel with Nazi Germany. What he does argue is that Israel has for many years demanded that the Arab world recognize a legitimate Jewish claim to Eretz Yisrael, but Israel did not, after the Six-Day War, declare that it recognized the rights of a Palestinian entity. The Rabin government has recently begun to concede—or, at least, to hint at—the concession of rights to the Palestinians.

I am mildly scolded by Mr. Israel Galili, Minister Without Portfolio in the present government, for being ignorant of the government's Arab policy. I have tried to learn what this

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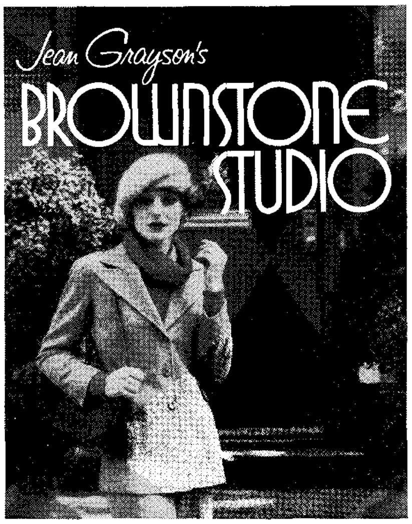

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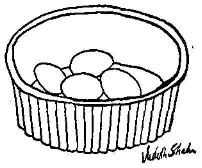
My little un-basic black (because there's nothing basic about me), and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

policy is, I say. When I arrived in Jerusalem, I obtained a mass of government literature on the subject, but from it no clear picture emerges. I know that the government will not negotiate with the P.L.O. I know also that it refused to tolerate a Palestinian state on the West Bank, between Amman and Jerusalem. But that is not all, says Mr. Galili. He is a small, solid, keen man with tufts of Ben-Gurionesque white hair and pale but not faded blue eyes. He sizes me up, quite rightly, as an interested inexpert observer. He glances at Mr. Shimon Peres, the Defense Minister, who is present, as if to say, "You see? They hardly ever know what they're talking about." Then he explains that Mr. Rabin has explicitly recognized the existence of legitimate Palestinian grievances. I should, perhaps, make it clear that we are lunching at the Mishkenot Sha'ananim and that Mayor Teddy Kollek is present. I repeat that I have read what the government information service has to say on the matter but see no sign that Palestinian grievances are officially recognized. "Then we are very poor in public relations," says Mr. Galili. That is true enough.

At this point Teddy Kollek observes that the older leaders have never been willing to acknowledge an Arab problem. Golda Meir flatly rejected its existence. Mr. Galili, an old Zionist and kibbutznik, disputes Kollek's observation. Mr. Peres is too superior a politician to be drawn into a dispute of this nature over lunch. He has really come to discuss literature with me, a fellow-writer. And there is a vast distance between the Zionist idealists Professor Lamm talks about and the political subtlety of Mr. Peres. Mr. Peres carries an aura. The shine of power is about him. I have observed this before. It was visible in the late Kennedys, Jack and Bobby. They were like creatures on a diet of organ meats—of liver, kidneys, and potent glands. Their hair shone, their coloring was rich, their teeth were strong. I assume this to be the effect of wealth and power, not of the eating of giblets or cod's roe, for Leopold Bloom, who ate these with relish, did not dazzle Dublin with his vitality.



But I continue with Professor Lamm's argument. What has happened to the old ideals of Zionism, he asks. Settlement of the land was considered by the pioneers not only as a political act but "as the daring creation of a new social, cultural, and national" life. The attacks of thieves, bandits, and "pogromists" made self-defense necessary. But that was very different from what is happening now. Now settlers go into "liberated territories" like colonialists, with Army support, and take land from the "natives." Lamm names Pitchat Rafiach, the Jordan Valley, the Golan Heights, and Kiryat Arba as places where this has occurred. In its realistic period, Zionism took itself to be the movement of a remnant. Hitler very nearly succeeded in destroying European Jewry. To the survivors, Israel meant life. It did not mean political power. "The time has come to abandon the deceptive notion that we are a 'power' in the region and the overbearing self-righteousness of our 'historical rights' to the land," Lamm writes.

He has few illusions. Even the most realistic policies will not guarantee survival. The enemies of Israel are terrible. "The forces opposite us are seeking to destroy us: the moderates, politically; and the extremists, physically. Anyone who does not admit this . . . is nothing but a dreamer." Israel must come to a settlement with these enemies. If that is not possible, then "we have little chance of continuing to exist in this land. In comparison with the forces that we can muster, the potential military, political, and economic forces of our opponents . . . are beyond all measure." The idea that Israel may prevail by force becomes a nightmare. Professor Lamm calls for a return to political realism. The historical attachment of the Jews to Israel is intense, but so is the feeling of the Arab nationalists, so is the competition between Russia and the West in the region; there is also the matter of the petrodollars and the flow of oil. "If we are lucky, we have not yet spoiled the chance to return to the situation of a society living with reality, fighting for its existence and directed by leaders who dare to stand before it with a political position," he concludes.

One of the oddities of life in this country: When someone says "the struggle for existence," he means literally that. With us such expressions are metaphorical. Nor is the word "nightmare" adequate. On television the other night, people in Beirut were murdered before my eyes. Palestinians under siege shot down two of their own comrades, prisoners who had been sent by their Christian captors to ask for a truce. And these are not fictions that we see on the box but frightful realities—"historical events," instantaneous history. Survivors of the Nazi concentration camps tell us they preferred their worst nightmares to the realities of the morning. They embraced their most frightful dreams and clung to them.

The very Orthodox Professor Harold Fisch, bearded and wearing a skullcap, tells me that "the liberated territories" must be colonized and reclaimed by the Jews. The West Bank is Promised Land. For that matter the East Bank is, too. Professor Fisch, English by birth and dean of something or other at the new university in Beersheba, has no patience with the objections I offer. He tells me fiercely in his Oxbridge voice that we American Jews are not Jews at all. It is a strange experience to hear such a judgment in such an accent. "You will say," he adds, "that we may be annihilated by the Arabs in reclaiming our land according to God's promise. But history sometimes gives us no choice. It is shallow to argue with one's fate. If this be our fate as a people we shall have to submit to it."

THE famous Institute at Rehovoth, one of the world's greatest centers of scientific research, bears the name of Chaim Weizmann, the first President of Israel, but it is the child of Mr. Meyer Weisgal. Weisgal says he is no scholar, though he was for many years the editor of a Zionist magazine. Yet he was the planner, the builder, the fund-raiser, the organizer, and the directing spirit of this place. Early visitors who saw nothing here but sand, heard nothing but the jackals whimpering were taken by Weisgal to the top of a dune and told, "We will have physics here, and biology there, and chemistry around the corner." Now Weisgal has his guests chauffeured through the gardens he has created and says, "So we put chemistry in that group, and the mathematicians over there, and so on. And now let me show you the beautiful memorial we put up for Weizmann himself." His intimacy with Weizmann appears to be unbroken by death. He speaks of him continually.

I see the old boy in Jerusalem. As we climb an endless flight of stone stairs in the warm sun he stops and says, "I'm now eighty-one. Eighty-one is not eighteen, you know." His shrewd brows tilt upward. His white hair spreads outward from the widow's peak, going wide at the back. A bit winded, he continues to climb in his

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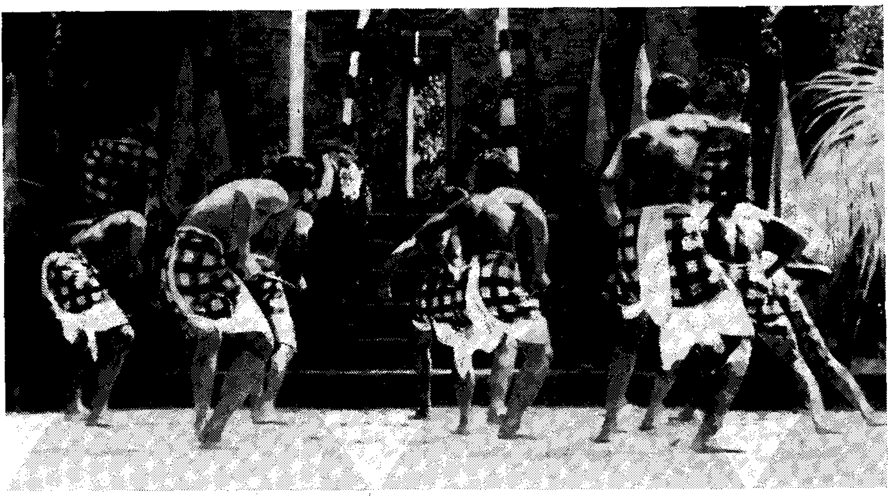

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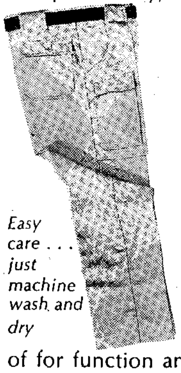

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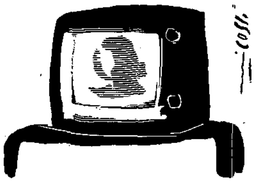
dressy chesterfield with its velvet collar. He gets himself up wonderfully. His suit is elegantly made. His necktie must be a Hermès. He has aged greatly since we last met ten years ago. I was taken aback by his handshake: had I never noticed that his hand is mutilated? Two of his fingers have been amputated. His face is as clever and energetic as ever. His nose swells out, intricately fleshy, grainy—a topographical sort of nose. He is recognizably what people in the twenties called "an old sport," "a good-time Charlie"—one of those men in broad-brimmed fedoras who took drawing rooms on the Twentieth Century Limited in the John Barrymore days, people who knew headwaiters and appreciated well-turned-out women. There were many Jews of this sort, big butter-and-egg men who made and lost fortunes. My late friend Pascal Covici, the publisher, was one of these. Pat knew how to order a fine dinner, how long to let wine breathe, how to cherish a pretty woman, how to dart into the street and stop a cab by whistling on his fingers, how to negotiate a tough contract—not so tough, perhaps, since he paid out too many advances and lost his shirt. These Weisgals and Covicis came over in the early years of the century from Poland or from Rumania and were inspired by America, fell in love with it. Weisgal at thirteen years of age sold matches and papers in the streets. In 1917, he was a doughboy. Covici raised grapefruit in Florida in 1919, then, after failing as a fruitgrower, opened a bookshop near City Hall in Chicago. America seems to have instilled a certain boyishness in these old guys, an adolescent candor and gaiety, a love of plain talk. They had, in that generation, no patience with bunk.



Weisgal became a great fund-raiser; he knew how to talk to millionaires. A niggardly rich man from whom he had expected a large gift to the Institute reluctantly took out his checkbook after he had been entertained at lunch and wrote a check for twenty-five thousand dollars. "Thanks a lot," said Weisgal, "but the meal has already been paid for." He tore the check up. In the twenties he would have lighted his cigar with it. Weisgal knows that he operates in the old style. He spoofs himself as he recalls old times with Max Reinhardt, hambone money-raising spectaculars in the Manhattan Opera House. The Jewish journalist and man-about-town is one of the deep ones, strangely disguised. The diligent man of Solomon's proverb might stand before kings; Weisgal, who is diligent, has done more than stand before them. He knows how to charm the rich and get large sums out of them; he knows how to interest the great. Great men have taken him very seriously. On the walls of his house in Rehovoth are photographs of himself and his wife, Shirley, and their guests—scientists, bankers, and American Presidents. Shirley Weisgal talks in a matter-of-fact way about them. It made Einstein uncomfortable to wear shoes. Oppenheimer openly wept at dinner; he prophesied that a growing number of young American scientists would flee the spiritual vacancy of America and come to work here.

But Weisgal the Zionist pioneer misses the U.S.A. Just now on the stairs of Jerusalem stone he stops again, unwillingly, to catch his breath. Then he says, "Next week I go back to the States. I'm looking forward to that." Then he takes off the vicuña coat with the velvet collar and hangs it over his frail shoulders. "But it's no good kidding. I can't get around the way I used to," he says. The sun shines on his strong nose and on the rippled white hair that fans out stiff and wide beyond the clever occiput. "Stern is waiting up there for me. This is bad planning, all these stairs. Well, here goes, again." We are climbing to the new studio Mayor Teddy Kollek has had a part in building above the Mishkenot Sha'ananim. The violinists Isaac Stern and Sascha Schneider are holding auditions. Dozens of children, many of them recent immigrants from Russia, come daily to play for them. The fiddle culture of the Heifetzes and the Elmans is still strong among the Russian Jews (a death-defying act on four taut strings by means of which you save your life). Stern's visits to Israel are by no means holidays; he works very hard in Jerusalem. He and Weisgal are organizing something. Stern told me the other day that he has appealed to the authorities on behalf of soldier musicians. The hands of a violinist who does not play for months on end may lose some of their skill. The damage can be permanent. "He's always into something," says Weisgal. "I don't lead a restful life myself."

Weisgal flies to New York next week. From New York he will go to California and from there to Florida. He will speak to hundreds of people. The Institute needs millions of dollars.

No need to tell him he's overdoing things, he knows that quite well. He's not a carpet-slipper type. "I may conk out any time," he says. But it occurs to me as we toil upward that dying isn't what he has in mind. He wants to blow into New York again and talk to physicists and philanthropists, and see his sons and his grandchildren, and eat delicious dinners and hear good jokes, to do what probably no one else can do for the Weizmann Institute and for Israel. As for conking out, he must think of that, certainly. But I remember what Harold Rosenberg said to me one day when I asked him how he felt about his approaching seventieth birthday: "Well, sure, I've heard about old age and death and all those things, but so far as I'm concerned it's all a rumor."

THE children in the Master Class come forward with their fiddles and take positions before Stern and Sascha Schneider. A twelve-year-old boy comes forward. He is small, dark, muscular, concentrated. He tucks the violin under his chin, rises on his toes, closes his eyes, dilates his nostrils, and begins to play the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto. For a long time now, I've disliked it. I'm down on all this silvery whickering. It depresses me. I associate Mendelssohn with bad Sunday afternoons, with family dinners, suppressed longings, domestic captivity, and boring symphony broadcasts. Yet as soon as the kid begins to play, there are tears in my eyes. This is idiocy. This small Russian boy is putting me on. The rapt soul et cetera is a trick. I try to smile at his fiddler's affectations but my face refuses to obey. I can only think, How did I ever learn to smile such a cheap smile. I'm well rid of it, then, and I sit listening. For five minutes, this boy reconciled me even to the detested Mendelssohn.

SIGHTSEEING with two poets, Harold Schimmel and Silk, in the Old City. It's not really sightseeing, though. I've never liked cameras, and I haven't owned one since 1940. In that year I photographed some long-legged pigs in Mexico, on the island of Janitzio in Lake Pátzcuaro. I'd never seen such stilted pigs, and they were well worth snapping. The camera came from a hockshop on South State Street and there were small holes in the bellows, so that my pigs were speckled white.

Schimmel, a student at Cornell in the days when Vladimir Nabokov taught there, did graduate work at

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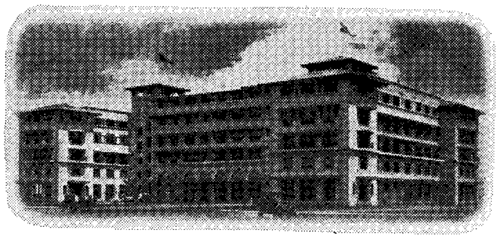

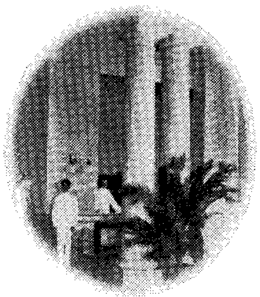

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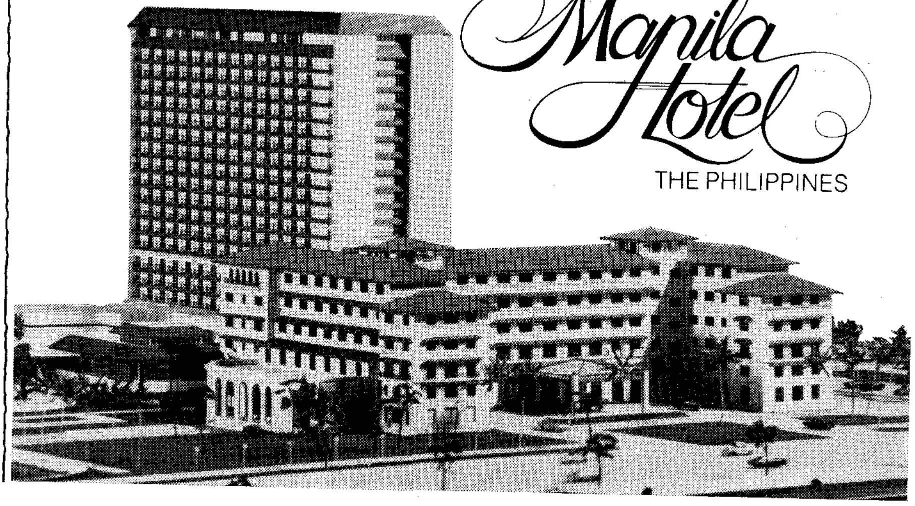

Brandeis with Philip Rahv. He has learned Hebrew well enough to write in the language. I feel, with these two, that I'm on a holiday, briefly relieved of the weight of politics. Big Silk has an outcurved profile, a fine bent nose, and his delicate ways amuse me. He becomes absorbed in a display of Persian bottles; his eyes go wide, his underlip comes forward, he moons, and we have to bring him away. Schimmel takes us to a shop specializing in old picture postcards—Allenby's arrival in Jerusalem in the Great War is commemorated in every shade of brown. There are also lacy greeting cards, tons of them; and scribblers; and Greek editions of Zane Grey, for the proprietor is an old Greek gentleman. He has an immense stock of stereopticon slides, and maps, and photographs going back to the last century of patriarchs and pilgrims, and faces from the Ottoman Empire. Great Turkish or Balkan mustachios such as these soldiers and statesmen wear were still common in Chicago in the twenties. One saw them on South Halsted Street, near Hull House, in coffeehouses and candy stores. The men who drove the gaudy white-and-scarlet waffle wagons and announced themselves to the children with bugle calls were rich in such whiskers. (Waffles, half-baked, gluey, and dusted with powdered sugar, a penny each.) We shuffle through the cards, looking for something exceptional. Elias Canetti, an excellent novelist and somewhat eccentric psychologist, argues somewhere that a passion for antiquities shows us to be cannibals, if not ghouls. The cards are the dark yellow of muscatel grapes, but otherwise suggest nothing edible. I pick up a pre-Hitler German picture of Jews praying at the Western Wall. Silk, who is a collector, digs under piles of trash while the Greek proprietor makes us what is evidently a set speech on the great Hellenic tradition of liberty, sounding off about Miltiades and Pericles as if they lived just down the street.

Schimmel and Silk are looking for the weavers' alley. What they find instead is a big stone stable, once part of a princely establishment. The carved ornaments, all blackened, go back to the fourteenth century, so we are told by two friendly young Arabs who are tinkering with machinery here. Oh, yes, the stable is still used, but the donkeys and mules are out for the day. Big Silk sensitively interrogates the young men. They speak Hebrew well enough to give information. The information is for me, of course. Silk thinks

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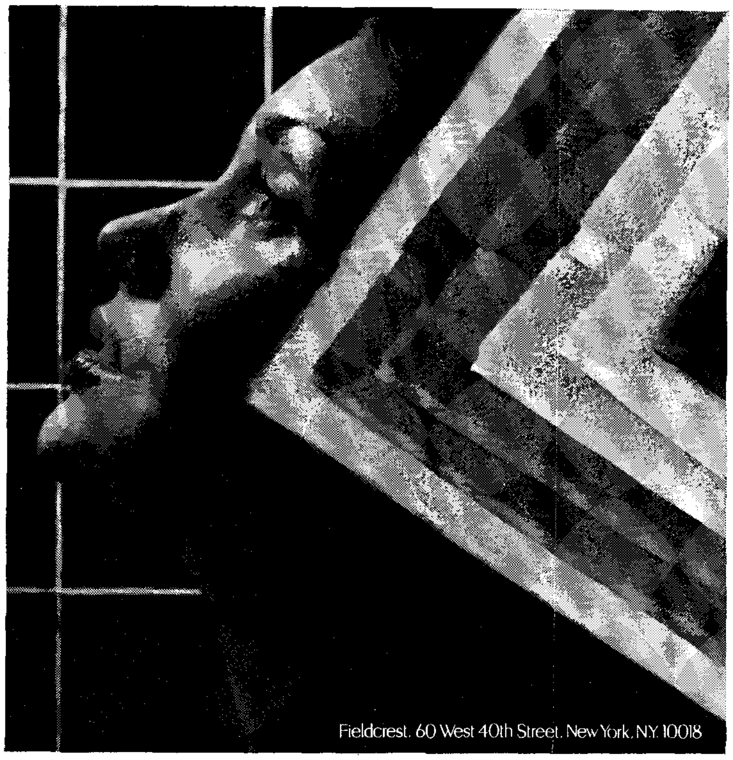

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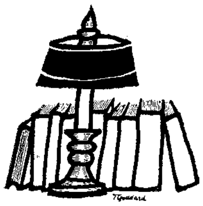
I take a normal tourist's interest in all of this. It doesn't matter to me whether the stable goes back to the fourteenth or to the sixteenth century. What interests me is that one of the young men now decides his feet need washing. He hikes up his trousers and squats, grinning to himself—both these Arabs find us amusing—and pours water from a green bottle over his toes, balancing himself ably on one foot. He has what I call cavalry legs, short and full. A woman, too, may have the cavalry leg; it does not prevent her from being shapely.

We never do find the looms. Perhaps the weavers have taken a holiday. We buy round sesame buns and, at an Arab stall stuffed with luxuries, cans of Portuguese skinless sardines in a spicy sauce and some cucumbers, and we go to Silk's house for lunch. Silk lives in no man's land amid the vacant lots. The house just beyond his was a Jordanian outpost before 1967, and coming home at night was risky in prewar days, especially if one had been drinking, for it wasn't altogether clear where the boundaries were. The lots are safe enough now. There are goats and dogs and cats, and decaying buildings that would have been splendid during the Mandate, and weeds and cans and bottles, and a beautiful view of the mountains of Moab in their tawny nakedness. A sharp little bitch trots with us. She must have a litter somewhere near, for she's so full of milk her udders touch the ground. When Silk opens the door, she enters. "Is that your pet, Dennis?" I ask. He says, seriously and sadly, "No, she's not. But she was a dear friend of my dog, who died last month, and she still comes looking for him."



There are not many comforts in Dennis's house. I can't decide whether it's a hut or a cabin. The property belongs to the Greek Orthodox Church and Dennis goes in person to pay the rent three times a year, dealing with a strange functionary—part lawyer, part bookkeeper—who always tries to get the better of his poet tenant. "It's very Oriental," says Dennis. "You can't just put down your money and ask for the receipt. You have to drink coffee and fence back and forth and go through all the Levantine tricks."

Books and pictures fill the two rooms. Dennis is not a tidy bachelor; he doesn't mind a bit of dust in the place. There's all the difference in the world between vile dirt and poet's dirt. I understand why his windows aren't washed; washing them would make a glare and spoil the tone entirely. This place is perfect as it is—a batik bedspread on the mattress, lots of manuscripts with coffee rings on them. We could do with a little heat, but it isn't essential, the vodka will warm us. Israeli vodka is very good. So is the slivovitz, raki, and tzuika—even the aquavit here is drinkable. Dennis rolls open the sardine cans, puts out cheese and buns and bottles. Papers and books are not removed from the table, only pushed aside, and we eat and drink. We talk about writers. In a journal lying on the floor is one of Gore Vidal's interviews. I always read these with pleasure. It's curious, says Vidal in this one, how full of concepts American speech is: "Americans continually euphemize; they can never call anything by its name. . . . You never say what you mean; this is not good for character." We have become the most pleonastic, bombastic people in the world and, furthermore, a nation of liars. I add to this that no people has ever had such a passion for self-criticism. We accuse ourselves of everything, are forever under horrible indictments, on trial, and raving out the most improbable confessions. And all for world consumption. It's true that we lie a great deal—Vidal is right about that, we lie like mad. There are no Tartuffes in our literature, no monster hypocrites, no deep cynics. What we have in their place is a great many virtuous myths that we apply to our lives with imbecile earnestness. Everything bad is done for the best of reasons. How can a man like Richard Nixon think ill of himself? His entire life was a perfect display of *Saturday Evening Post* covers. He was honest, he had healthy thoughts, went to meeting three times each Sunday, worked his way through school, served his country, uncovered Communist plots. It is impossible that he should be impure. Moral accountancy in America is a fascinating subject. The blaming, too, is fascinating. People seem to become more American in sharing the blame for offenses they cannot have committed. The descendants of Eastern European immigrants had no share in the crime of slavery, yet they insist that it was "we" who were responsible. What I see in this is a kind of social climbing. My friend Herbert McClosky, a political scientist, prefers to see it as moral ambitiousness: a people that expects everything of it-

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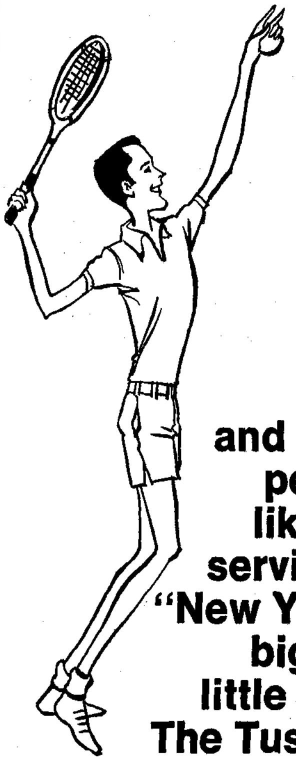

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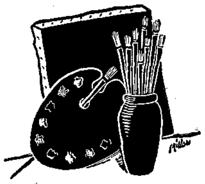
self blames itself for everything. I believe that these confessions of national failure and guilt are also a form of communion. "We are what we get high on," said Jerry Rubin in "Do It!" Anyway, nothing makes us happier than to talk about ourselves. Our own experience has become a source of ecstasy. And here am I, doing it, too.

Schimmel and Silk lead the conversation back to poetry and poets. What was Ted Roethke like? Well, he was a round-faced blond giant—a bit like Silk, come to think of it. He liked to take off his shoes and his jacket and turn his waistband outward to ease his belly. When he played tennis at Yaddo, in Saratoga Springs, his volleys tore down the net. I have become a compendium of such information. And yet I never intended to remember any of it. But it amuses Silk and Schimmel, and there is a bottle on the table, and the disorder of Silk's rooms reminds me of Greenwich Village thirty or forty years ago. Silk, who admires John Berryman and wrote an excellent article on the "Dream Songs," asks me whether I can read the poems in Berryman's own manner. I can try, I say; I heard them from him often enough, in Minneapolis and elsewhere. John would sometimes telephone at three in the morning to say, "I've just written something delicious!" So I know well enough how he recited his songs. I read some of my favorites to Silk and Schimmel. Drink and poetry and feeling for a dead friend, and the short December afternoon deepening by the moment from a steady blue to a darker, more trembling blue—when I stop I feel that I have caught a chill. Silk no more minds the cold than a walrus minds the ice.



The poets walk me back to Sir Moses Montefiore's windmill. I tell them, "It's been super." And so it has. "When I came to Jerusalem I thought to take it easy. But no one takes it easy here. This is the first easy day I've enjoyed in a month."

The mill is one of the landmarks of the New City. Teddy Kollek has had soil brought and old olive trees and cypresses planted, making a considerable park along King David Road. Near the mill, the coach of Sir Moses is on display and tourists and schoolchildren are brought here and lectured on the history of the quarter. Sir Moses, as indefatigable as Kollek himself (although in his portraits the old philanthropist looks to be a more dreamy man than the Mayor), induced some of the Jews to leave their squalid quarter and settle outside the city walls. This was a difficult undertaking. Palestine in the mid-nineteenth century was not the most orderly part of the Ottoman Empire. Settlers and travellers were attacked by brigands and murderers, but old Sir Moses eventually succeeded and the Jews formed a settlement on the far side of the Gai-Hinnom, facing the walls of the city and Mt. Zion. Dennis has written a curious, half-imaginary account of Montefiore and his pilgrimages and projects. Now the mill and the renovated buildings have been gilded with historical glamour, and the buses bring sixth graders and foreign rubbernecks all day long, and there are brass plaques on the walls. The mill has something in common with Chicago's Water Tower. When Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lantern and Chicago was destroyed, almost nothing survived the flames except the knobby Victorian Gothic Presbyterian-looking stone tower that stands on Michigan Avenue like the pet of the surrounding skyscrapers, a piece of history—or of history, commerce, and promotion.

And in Jerusalem it is politically important that Sir Moses and his coach and mill should be worked into history. Mayor Teddy Kollek neglects no opportunity to emphasize the legitimacy of Jewish claims in Jerusalem. There is no deceit in this. The claims *are* legitimate. Yet I often feel that Kollek is too aware that he has a limited time to make his case before the tribunal of world opinion. Sometimes it is hard to distinguish between his personal energy and the urgency of the need. But here is the windmill, a monument to the stout, dreamy Sir Moses, with his beard, and boots, and the British top hat on his Jewish head; and here are the kids and the tourists and the teachers and the guides. Often they lecture loudly at our very doorstep, in front of the Mishkenot Sha'ananim.

On my way home, feeling the vodka I've drunk with Dennis and Schimmel, I pass through the tourists' lines. But I've just had a holiday with two poets. They released me from weeks of preoccupation with the merciless problems—the butcher problems of politics. The mind took a different route today. It isn't that one escapes suffering along this route. I couldn't help grieving over Berryman's suicide, and everything that led to his suicide, when I recited some of his "Dream Songs," but it wasn't senseless grief. Something else mingled with the feelings of heaviness. The transforming additive: the gift of poetry. You think yourself full of truth when you've had a few drinks. I am thinking that some of the politicians I meet are admirable, intelligent men of strong character. But in them the marvellous additive is lacking. It is perhaps astonishing that they aren't demented by the butcher problems, by the insensate pressure of crisis.

I AM fascinated by the profusion and ingenuity of Jewish ideas on the future of Israel. Thinking of them, I picture bin after architect's bin filled with blueprints and projected details. I have a letter from Mikhail Agursky, a Russian writer who recently came to Jerusalem. What he tells me is that "the Jews can be productive and efficient if one very strange condition is fulfilled—that their objectives ought to be strictly unrealistic from a current point of view. If they pursue such objectives they are out of competition. Zionism," he goes on, "can be revitalized now only by an injection of such non-realist objectives. Personally I am advocating such an objective—to make Israel the center of the new civilization (not less!), taking into consideration the evident decline of the Western (and Eastern as well) civilization. . . . Pragmatically only such ideas can be successful for the Jews." I find a résumé of an article by Agursky on Russian immigrants in Israel in a recent number of *Insight*, a small paper edited by Emanuel Litvinoff and published in London.

What the essay assumes—that Russia will presently permit the mass emigration of its Jews—is far from certain. The Soviet government, thoroughly anti-Semitic—it has twice broken relations with Israel, and there is no other country it denounces so roughly—is not about to supply Israel with what it needs most. The population problem, everyone agrees (and in a country in which unanimity is rare), is one of Israel's most serious problems. Thousands are leaving. Are they being replaced? Reliable figures are hard to come by. When the impressive Defense Minister, Shimon Peres, expressed the hope that large numbers of Russian Jews might soon be coming, he diminished his impressiveness somewhat. A military leader ought not to sound so wistful. Israel's casualties in 1973 have been terribly damaging; some suggest that its losses were comparable to those that bled the British in the First World War, advancing the view that in the Somme and other great battles British

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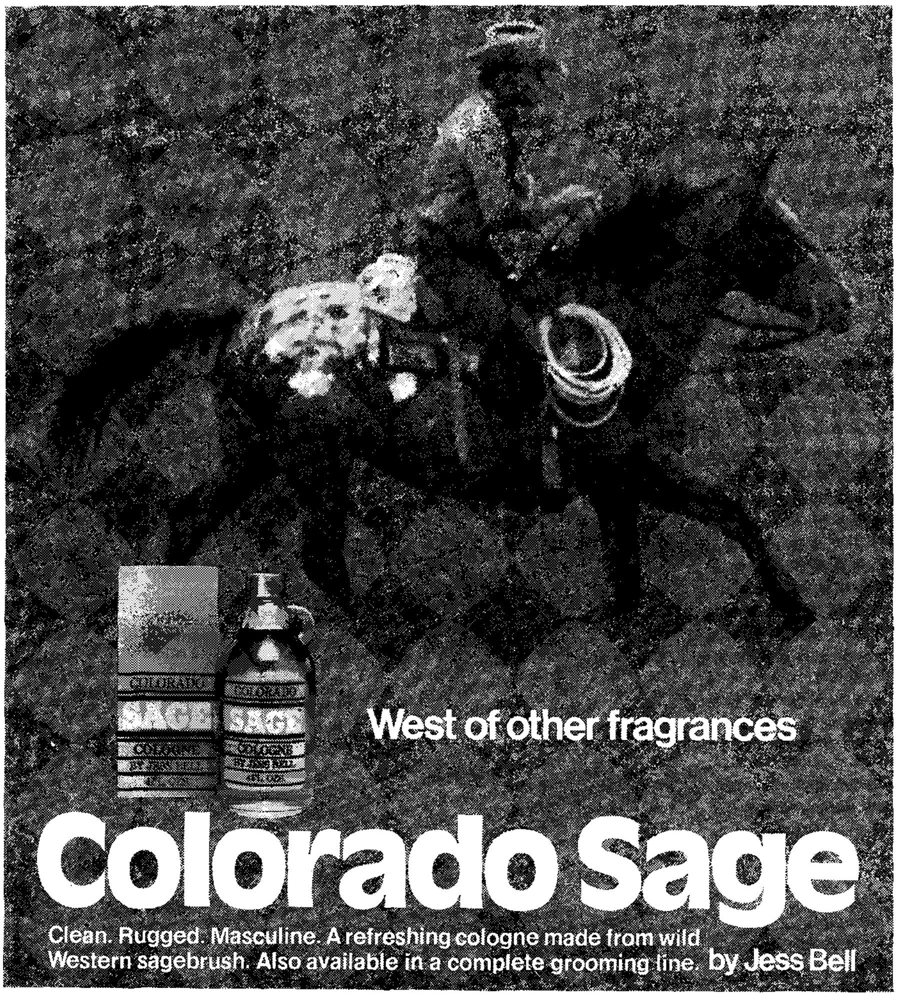
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power was cracked and England hurt beyond recovery. Is it likely that the Russians do not understand how serious Israel's 1973 losses were and that they will allow the country to recover its strength by the mass immigration of Russian Jews?

But Mr. Agursky assumes that Russian Jews will soon be pouring in and believes that they can change the character of Israeli society and alter the fate of the world. According to Agursky, as *Insight* paraphrases his statement, Soviet Jews who joined the Zionist movement "had an idealistic image of Israel as a society united by feelings of brotherhood and solidarity." They believed that Jewish moral traditions had assumed secular forms here, and that a non-religious Jewish population would manifest a Jewish awareness or a binding Jewish moral element. In this, they made a serious error. Here it is the national and religious heritage that matters. Jewish history makes no sense, Agursky says, without the actual source of Jewish integrity and persistence. A Jewish state summoned into existence cannot replace this peculiar compound, and the common opinion that Israel can exist only under the Western system of democracy "is a profound mistake which can cost our people its life." Western democracy is now "on the brink of catastrophe." Democracy can endure only when a free people is capable of self-discipline and refrains voluntarily from weakening the political order. In the West, enough of the old religious morality remains to preserve the parliamentary systems. "Precisely for this reason, totalitarianism in all its forms, when striving to undermine the Western world, seeks first and foremost to destroy those institutional forms that are dictated by religious values. The main aim of totalitarianism is the undermining of religious education, traditional ways of life and the family, and complete liquidation of moral censorship." By such means, totalitarianism aggravates the sickness of Western democracies. But if the West is near collapse, so is the totalitarian world.

Agursky believes that Israel should place its confidence in traditional and religious values. As matters now stand, it is a sense of the common danger and not a religious feeling of brotherhood that unites Israeli society.

The Russian Jews, he concludes, can make an important contribution to the necessary revival of religious feeling. Their totalitarian experience has matured their souls as well as toughened their minds. Bitter experience has given them a wisdom too scarce to be wasted. Perhaps Agursky also means that what sections of the Western world seem to long for—peace and justice in a Communist society—these Eastern Jews already know.

Agursky's argument makes me think of Henry Fairlie's recent book, "The Spoiled Child of the Western World: The Miscarriage of the American Idea in Our Time." America, in Fairlie's view, is no longer preoccupied with the struggle for existence. He sees a new sort of permissiveness recommended by fashionable Existentialism. Since the struggle for existence "ceased to be a problem, one's existence in itself became the problem. Existentialism is not a philosophy for someone who lacks a crust of bread."

If the struggle for existence has indeed slackened in America and a major phase of history has ended, we need not wonder at the strange looks we receive from a world astonished at our privileged state and appalled by our lightheartedness and light-headedness. Agursky wonders whether democratic America has enough self-discipline to pull through. Many writers have pointed out that in world history liberty is an exceptional condition. Rulers do not share their powers with the ruled. Periods of liberty have been very brief. Our species knows little about being free. Ruskin, writing of Thucydides' "History," says that his subject was "the central tragedy of all the world, the suicide of Greece." Possibly we are once more at a suicidal point, and this is what Russian dissidents, people who have managed by heroic resistance to keep mind and judgment intact, are thinking when they consider our behavior.

But to finish with Agursky: he speaks of an older revolutionary generation which has not been forgotten, and of the messianic universalism of that generation and its desire for social justice. He thinks that the Hebrew prophets in Russian translation should be put into the hands of the new immigrants from the Soviet Union "to enrich their national awareness," according to the paraphrase in *Insight*. "No capital investment could be as effective as this spiritual investment." Agursky himself writes, "Israel must become the center of a new civilization as was dreamed by the prophets, the best representatives of the Jewish people." The editor of *Insight* comments that Russian Jewish intellectuals of Agursky's type have begun to ask questions "that Western Jews had long thought answered" and "were coming up with different results. Sometimes they sounded naïve, more often powerful and arresting."

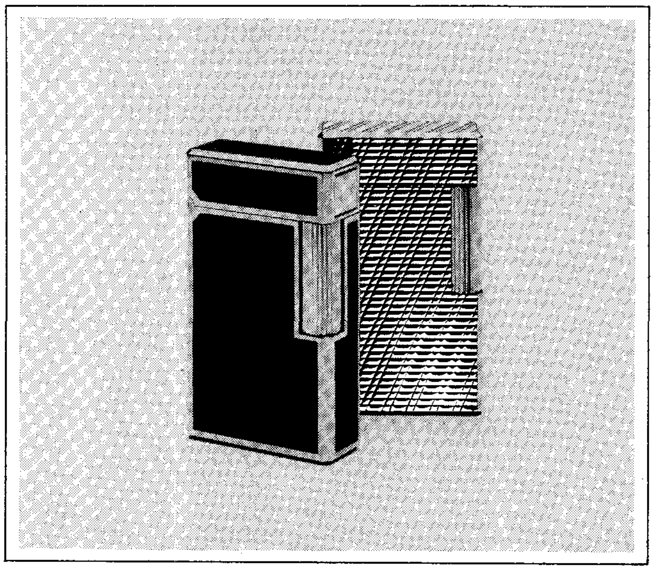
Knowledge of evil such as these Russians have acquired cannot be without its side effects. Their understanding of Western capitalism was acquired in Russia. So they see us as frivolous and our condition chaotic. They hold the prevailing European and Russian view of our waywardness. To them we present a danger to freedom. But they are immensely hopeful, too. Israel the center of a new civilization? I can see what Agursky means when he counsels us not to be too realistic. He advocates— But no, no, I don't want to level serious arguments at Agursky. He is too beguiling. What I like about these Russian dissidents—the Solzhenitsyns and the Andrei Sinyavskys as well as the Agurskys—is their wakefulness. By contrast we seem very drowsy.

With us in the West wakefulness, for some mysterious reason, comes and goes. Our understanding fires up briefly but invariably fades again. Sometimes I suspect that I am myself under a frightful hypnotic influence—I do and do not know the evils of our times. I experience or suffer this alternate glowing and fading in my own person, and I see that others, too, are subject to it. I am familiar with the history of the First World War and of the Russian Revolution. I know Auschwitz and the Gulag, Biafra and Bangladesh, Buenos Aires and Beirut, but when I come back to facts anew I find myself losing focus. Then I begin against reason to suspect the influence of a diffusing power—a demonic will that opposes our understanding. I am forced to consider whether Western Europe and the United States may not be under the influence of a great evil, whether we do not go about lightly chloroformed.

It is reported in the papers that the American Embassy in Moscow suspects it is being exposed to microwave radiation. According to the U.P.I., experts speculate that the Russians intend the radiation to activate microphones hidden in the Embassy building, to interfere with American jamming devices, or "according to a more sinister report, the radiation was designed to induce lethargy in American diplomats." This may be a total delusion, which the public seems willing to share with the experts.

But the Russians, if they really knew it, need no such lethargy-induc-

Paris Match.



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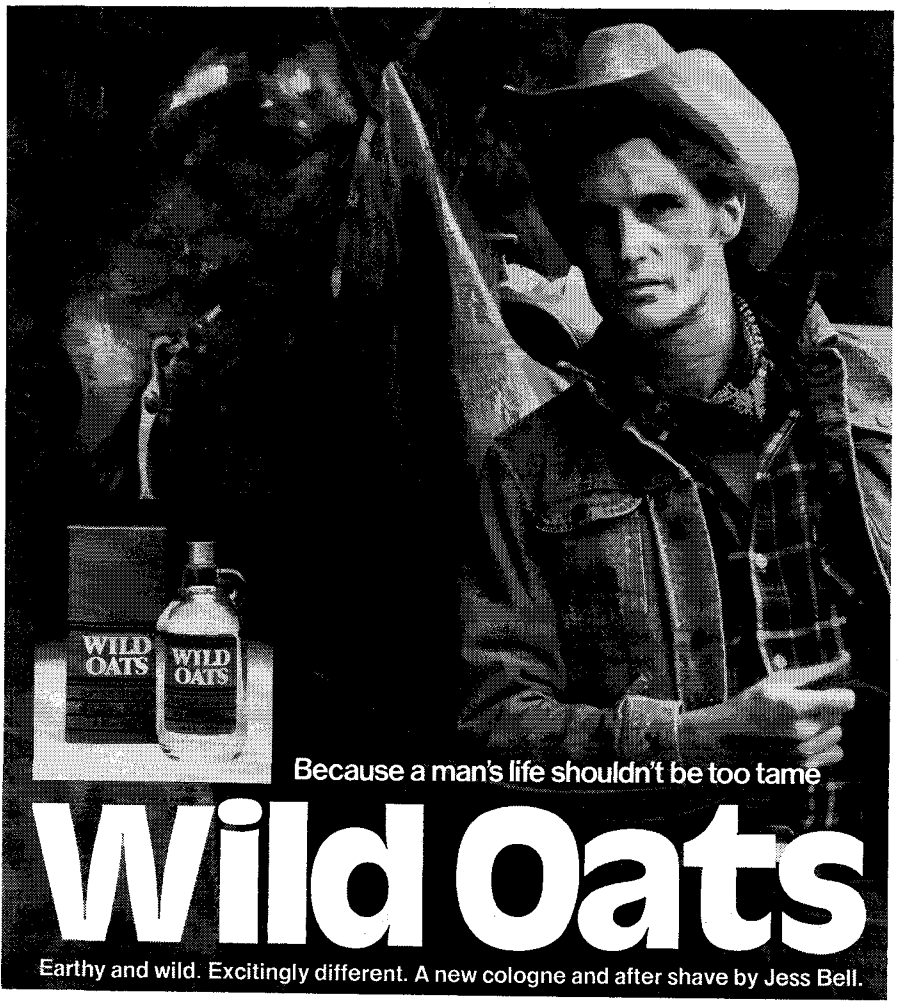
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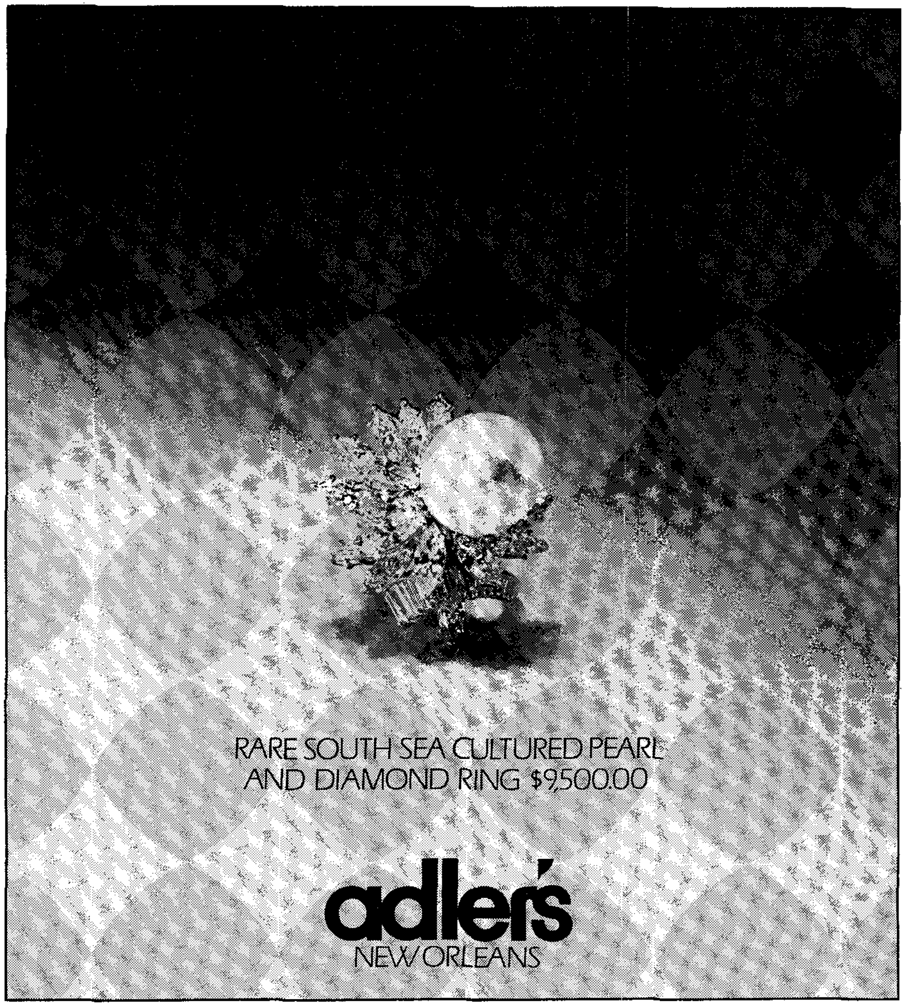

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ing devices. The free countries are curiously lethargic about their freedom. The credit of revolution is strong in Western Europe, while capitalism, especially in its hated American form, is held to be dying. Many exult over its approaching death. Tired of old evils, they long for "the new thing" and will not be happy until they've had it. They remind me of Baudelaire's saying that life is a hospital in which each patient believes that he will recover if he is moved to another bed. When I lived in Paris in the late forties, I became an involuntary student of this subject. I learned from shopkeepers, *garagistes*, barbers, waiters, concierges that "revolutionary" ideas, now thoroughly banal, had reached all levels of French society. Anticipating the coming victory of Communism, many French intellectuals prepared themselves opportunistically for careers in the new regime. The leaders of French thought had three decades in which to teach their countrymen the facts about Russia and Eastern Europe. These can be summed up in a few words: there is no free society in Eastern Europe; Communism has thus far created only police states. One may reply that freedom is less important than equality, security, and the welfare of the working class. I've heard such replies given. These days they are given often by Indian intellectuals, who justify the repressive measures adopted by Indira Gandhi. In helping to interpret this, political theorists are less useful than mythologists and demonologists.

Still, I continue to read the theorists. In our apartment in the Mishkenot Sha'ananim, the sideboard, the deep marble windowsills, the coffee table, the desk are covered with papers, journals, pamphlets, and books on the Middle East. The night staff in the lobby watches TV. The chief guard with his round cropped head and big eyes is an Oriental Jew, slender and dark. A gun is tucked into the waistband of his dungarees. Coming home at night to the books and papers, you meet armed patrols. You see them on the road above and in the gardens below. —SAUL BELLOW

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

Program theme is "Bicentennial Celebration, Our American Heritage." Foods of yesterday will be featured at the covered dish luncheon.—*Knoxville News-Sentinel.*

You mean leftovers?

THE THEATRE

UNBEWITCHING

THE revival of "Pal Joey" at the Circle in the Square is a sorry botch. The intention had been to have Edward Villella play the brassy, duplicitous Joey and to have Eleanor Parker play Vera, the "older" society woman who finds herself sufficiently pleased by Joey as a sexual partner to set him up—for a time—in his own night club. Mr. Villella and Miss Parker having withdrawn from the show late in the rehearsal period, their places were taken by their understudies, Christopher Chadman and Joan Copeland. According to the scenarios of a hundred Hollywood movies, when the understudy's big chance comes at last, he or she invariably scores a smash success. It is certainly true in the present instance that Miss Copeland makes an admirable Vera and belts out "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered" in a fashion that brings down the house, but Mr. Chadman as Joey is wholly inadequate. Though he works hard at his singing and dancing, his acting skills are rudimentary, and one doesn't believe for a moment in Joey's sleazy depravity. To make matters worse, the director, Theodore Mann, has permitted the rest of the cast to play their roles as if they were a group of relaxed, good-natured amateurs putting on a benefit for some obscure suburban charity. It is the ideally unsuitable way to perform a musical comedy.

The novelty of the disagreeableness of Joey and Vera made "Pal Joey" seem a revolutionary work when it was new, nearly thirty-six years ago; now it is threatened with seeming old-fashioned. We are no longer surprised to encounter anti-heroes and anti-heroines on our stages, and the harshness of the sexual commerce between Joey, who will sleep with anyone, and Vera, who will sleep with *almost* anyone, has become something of a literary commonplace—a commonplace in part because John O'Hara, who wrote the book of "Pal Joey," helped to make it so. O'Hara based his book on a number of short stories in epistolary form that he wrote for this magazine; at the time, it was evidently felt that the show would require more plot than the stories afforded, so O'Hara added several turns and twists of incident that today merely clutter up the stage and our minds and lead nowhere. But the music, by Richard Rodgers, and the lyrics, by Lorenz Hart, are as delightful as ever. What a score it is!

The setting of "Pal Joey" is by John J. Moore, the costumes are by Arthur Boccia, the lighting is by Ron Wallace, and the choreography is by Margo Sappington.

—BRENDAN GILL

• •

I AM SHORT

I am short. I cannot stop
the lilac clouds going over
the horizon. They slip

past my fingertips like wind
through my shirt. I once kissed
your face; now in my mind

the eyes whiten, the outline blurs,
as twilight sits on a window sill
half in, half out of, doors.

If I were tall, I would turn
with the world. The moon would rise and set
on my palm. Your face would burn

like a dawn of happiness. I would be free
to net all the white fish in the sky.
My fingers would swim through the sea.

—F. D. REEVE

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

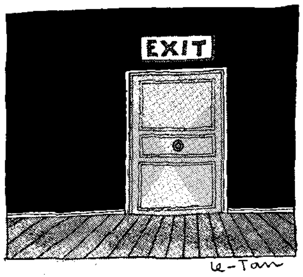
Thirteen, Going On Twenty-three

AT thirteen, we are likely to start five-year diaries that are not kept beyond fourteen. One feels that the heroine of "Véronique, ou l'Été de Mes 13 Ans" (Véronique, or the summer of my being thirteen years old), directed by Claudine Guilmain, will probably keep hers diligently until eighteen.

This observant, gentle film is seen through the eyes of Véronique (Anne Teyssèdre), who starts the picture off solemnly by announcing in her diary that she is thirteen and French. She likes method. She gets her bed ready for sleeping in before she goes down to dinner. In spite of her age, Véronique transports us into a world of very French intellectualism and talk. Guilmain was once assistant to Eric Rohmer, and the likeness is there in the film's reserve and its interest in the small ways of mood.

Véronique's father is a stern French banker (Jean-Pierre Moulin). Her mother is a shaky, emotional woman (Edith Loria). The instability seems to be the reason for Véronique's frail clutch at system. The mother, for instance, sleepwalks. She gets a cuddly toy in the night and sits down in a chair to hug it. This is love that should be Véronique's, you think, but the mother withholds it. No wonder the daughter often can't sleep; no wonder she stops the grandfather clock from ticking: life here is not what she wants. She is a fugitive from it. Her great wish is to become an adult elsewhere, and perhaps her most adult discovery in the film is that there really is no such thing as an adult.

She is on the edge of a summer idyll with an older boy cousin named Sylvain (Christophe Perring). In a scene reflected in a looking glass, her mother tells her that her grandmother has died. After the funeral, the little girl is whisked off for a trip through southwestern France by her godfather, Jean (Michel Peyrelon), and her godmother, Anne (Anouk Ferjac), neither of whom she has seen since she was a baby. Their marriage entrances her. She barely takes in that her godfather is erotically attracted to her. Véronique watches the behavior of her stand-in parents with the same sobriety with which she recorded her Frenchness in her diary. She observes with apparent lack of response the sudden fights and reconciliations peculiar to adults, which are so different from children's hidden struggles and outward equanimity. She participates in her godparents' spurts of gaiety, but she is never more than a witness of their fun, their lies, their minor deceptions of one another. At the end of the summer, writing in her diary of the holiday, she is much changed. When Sylvain knocks on her door now, she finds him callow. She has grown up so much that she even says in her diary, probably picturing herself as an adventuress, that she regrets having said no to her godfather's advances.



The film is beautifully lucid and intelligent. It is low-pitched, funny, and tenderly comprehending of what it is for Véronique to be en route to the self she will be at twenty-three, who in her instinct for privacy and resolve will not be so different from the Véronique we see now. This is a thoughtful and perceptive picture, as attentive as a wise older friend: the sort of person who is often drawn to someone of Véronique's temperament.

MEL BROOKS' "Silent Movie" is not exactly a throwback to the old days. The voices are mute, with terse subtitles that often take the form of abuse, mixed with a surreal politesse ("Hi, I have a glandular condition. May I use your phone?"), but the sound effects are very loud: the magnified noises of a foot being crushed by a door, or a head bashing against a wall. The rather burly humor of the picture is encased in a story about the efforts of the formally dressed high-ups of a corporation called Engulf & Devour to prevent the wild effort of Mel Brooks to make a silent movie as a 1976 comeback from a long Hollywood career of being smashed.

His name is Mel Funn. His partners in battling Engulf & Devour are Marty Eggs (Marty Feldman) and Dom Bell (Dom DeLuise). Marty Eggs wears what appears to be a black shiny leather motorcycle suit, a tight-fitting matching helmet slightly off center, a white evening scarf, and an askew expression; Dom Bell wears a hat that is far too small for him, and a grin quite unsuited to his difficult circumstances. These being the times of sound, people involved in making the silent movie, and especially Mel Funn, have to creep around saying "Sh-h-h" to each other. He inspires rage in Engulf & Devour, which is a pious corporation given to a short morning prayer for the dollar before board meetings. The progress of the film is reported in *Daily Variety*. We watch Paul Newman haring about cheerfully in a wheelchair with a leg stuck out in a plaster cast, in spite of which he looks very handsome. *Daily Variety* then carries a headline announcing that he has joined the cheerfully hapless endeavor. Liza Minnelli is persuaded to lend herself to the project through an assault by the Funn-Eggs-Bell team, dressed in armor, while she is quietly eating her lunch. This is a joy to kids in the audience. So is a moment when James Caan is in a canted trailer with a broken spring trying to control the apportioning of melon balls. So is a repeated catastrophe with a Coke machine: repeats always seem to work for children, as parents know from being asked to repeat the same funny story every night. So is the sight of a very large fly, advertising fly extermination, on the top of a van that gets caught in the middle of a chase in which three Engulf & Devour black cars race after a yellow car containing Funn, Eggs, and Bell and the only print of their movie. The insect emblem is not well fixed to the van, and it takes flight into the plate of a placid café customer (Henny Youngman), who complains when he is looking at the monster insect—again to the great pleasure of children in the audience—that there is a *fly* in his soup.

The biggest coup, from a show-biz columnist's point of view (and also from the point of view of kindergarten euphoria), is the discovery that Anne Bancroft has the rare gift of moving her eyes one by one. For a person of four, this is tantamount to the genius of Pythagoras. No wonder even grown-up people salaam in front of such a star. Cyd Charisse's legs, Sophia Loren's figure, Cary Grant's voice, Mae West's tortoise wamble: few things can equal, for a child, independently moving eyes. They are the equivalent of ears that can be wiggled without disturbing the forehead. Again, in the children's department of crass school jokes come a shot of a nurse reading a paperback called "My Filthy Dreams;" a game of barroom Ping-Pong played on a screen that happens to be monitoring a patient's heartbeat; mock deaths, instantly curable, in the manner of games of "You're dead" at the age of eight; and a sneak preview that everyone literally sneaks into.

The trouble is that though the jokes are for children, the references are very much grownups': *Daily Variety* headlines, show-biz financing, word-of-silent-mouth about success. There is nothing delicate or poignant here. Mel Brooks and Woody Allen both worked in their time for Sid Caesar—who appears in "Silent Movie"—but Brooks has nothing much in common with Allen. Children laugh at Brooks' gags because the smallest kids seem to laugh at the rhythm of phrases even when the phrases refer to something quite outside their experience; they recognize a scabrous insult when they can't have the faintest idea what it means. This happened, joyfully, with "Young Frankenstein," which many children would count as their Young Eisenstein. But "Silent Movie" holds less than "Young Frankenstein" for grownups, apart from Anne Bancroft's brilliant eyecraft. The difference between Mel Brooks and Woody Allen is perhaps that Brooks' humor rests on bulky rudeness but Allen's imparts fragility, solemnity, and worry.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE CORPORATE FRONT

[*From a quarterly report received by a sorrowful investor*]

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•

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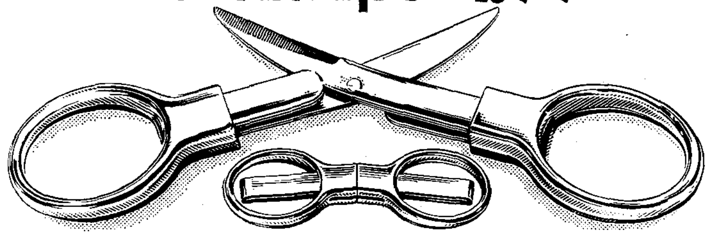

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AROUND CITY HALL

WILL YOU LOVE ME IN NOVEMBER?

DESPITE the argument, so popular in some quarters last year, that New York is a dying enterprise best abandoned by all Americans elsewhere, sixteen million out-of-towners stayed at least one night in New York hotels in 1975, spending a billion and a half dollars in the city and giving the local tourism industry one of its best years in history. Nearly a quarter of the visitors were drawn here by eight hundred and twenty-one conventions, of which about one every other month brought as many as or more visitors than the twenty to twenty-five thousand expected for the big Democratic gathering at Madison Square Garden this month. The eleven thousand who were here last year for the meeting of the American Bankers Association are especially remembered, since their arrival coincided with a hectic week—the first of many—when the city was threatened with financial collapse in a matter of days, and the visiting bankers were frequently asked for their view of this prospect. Most of those interviewed said that, yes, they were having a wonderful time in this wonderful city and that, yes, they thought it should be allowed to go bankrupt. Many of this month's visiting Democrats will probably share that view of what the city has coming to it, but, fortunately for local spirits, most of the talk in the lobbies of the twenty hotels in which the Democratic delegates will be billeted—all of them within thirty blocks of the Garden—will be of roll calls rather than fiscal rollovers. Although the city obviously regards its first major national political convention in fifty-two years as an event of extraordinary interest ("Spruce Up New York—Company's Coming!" reads a big sign in Times Square), there will be plenty of space left over for ordinary tourists. In fact, the Democrats coming here to make political history will occupy only a fifth of the city's available hotel rooms. The news that some of the Republicans attending their party's Convention in Kansas City next month will have to be quartered at hotels in Topeka, sixty-four miles away, is mentioned here more often than one might expect in a city notorious for being short on home-town boosterism.

New York politicians from the clubhouse to the statewide level are so well known for their organized sociability, at an ante of anything from five to five hundred dollars a head for party or individual campaign treasuries, that politics often seems to be a major industry in itself, and the sight of formal and informal caucuses in the corridors will be nothing unusual for most of the hotels that are putting up Democratic Convention delegates. Recently, party leaders have tended to move their headquarters into office buildings and to pass out their banquet trade rather evenhandedly among the brassy new hotels on the West Side, but for decades, beginning in the nineteen-twenties, the city had two major political watering holes. The Republicans generally congregated at the Hotel Roosevelt, at Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue, which opened in 1924. The Wisconsin, Arizona, and Colorado delegations, as well as Arizona Representative Morris Udall and his staff, who will stay there during the upcoming Convention, will find themselves mingling with members of the New York County Republican organization, which still has its offices there. (The hotel's name presented an awkward problem in 1944, when New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey was running for President against F.D.R. The Republican National Committee solved the matter by announcing that its quarters were "on the tenth floor of the Hotel Theodore Roosevelt." E. B. White's comment in this magazine was "You know, that little old inn on James Madison Avenue.") The Democratic counterpart of the Roosevelt has been the sixty-three-year-old Biltmore, on East Forty-third Street, where former Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris and the Connecticut, Puerto Rico, Minnesota, New Hampshire, and Montana delegations will be staying. Nominee-presumptive Jimmy Carter, whom many local Democrats associate with political future shock, will be at the glass-and-stainless-steel Americana, on Seventh Avenue, during the Convention, but late in June, when he came to town to address the Foreign Policy Association, he stayed at the Biltmore. New York Democratic leaders—district and county, incumbent and retired—are still often seen there, among them Carmine DeSapio, who has had a Biltmore office for thirty years, including the seventeen months, ending in December of 1972, that he served in a federal penitentiary for conspiracy to bribe in connection with a city permit. (Defenders of the local criminal-justice system, who tend to be especially defensive these days, like to point out that he was sent there by a Democratic United States Attorney, Robert Morgenthau.) During the twelve years he served as his party's New York county chairman, which was the title of the Tammany bosses, DeSapio, of course, symbolized entrenched old-style clubhouse politics to local Democratic reformers, and they finally ousted him in 1961. The reformers, many of whom are now members of the alliance known as the New Democratic Coalition, continue today as the most active force in Manhattan politics. On the morning last month after eighty-eight-year-old James Farley died (in his suite at the nonpartisan Waldorf-Astoria, where Herbert Hoover also died, after spending his last years there), much of the talk in the Biltmore elevators was of the good old days before the N.D.C., whose record in recent years of winning the Democratic primary for its candidate, who then lost the election, often to a Republican, has led its critics to claim that its initials stand for "November Don't Count."

Lobby-sitters in the Biltmore's red plush chairs on the morning after Farley's death could read in his *Times* obituary of how, beginning in 1930 at his Biltmore office, Farley, who was then State Democratic Chairman, had masterminded the national campaign that two years later won the Presidential nomination for Franklin D. Roosevelt. At Farley's funeral, at St. Patrick's on June 12th, the Reverend Robert Gannon, the former president of Fordham, who delivered the funeral sermon to a crowd of fifteen hundred that was studded with leading politicians of all parties and several political generations, dwelt on the marvels of Farley's campaign for Roosevelt, and finally, for those present who were too young to remember, put it in contemporary terms. "He did a Jimmy Carter," Father Gannon said. The following week, during Carter's formal appearance before the delegates from this state, whose April primary gave him only thirty-three delegates, to a hundred and three for Senator Henry Jackson, seventy-three for Udall, and sixty-five uncommitted but generally in favor of Senator Hubert Humphrey, Carter made it clear that he welcomed any parallels between his political history and that of Roosevelt, the only New York politician he mentioned. After referring to the special problems that the Northeastern states have to-

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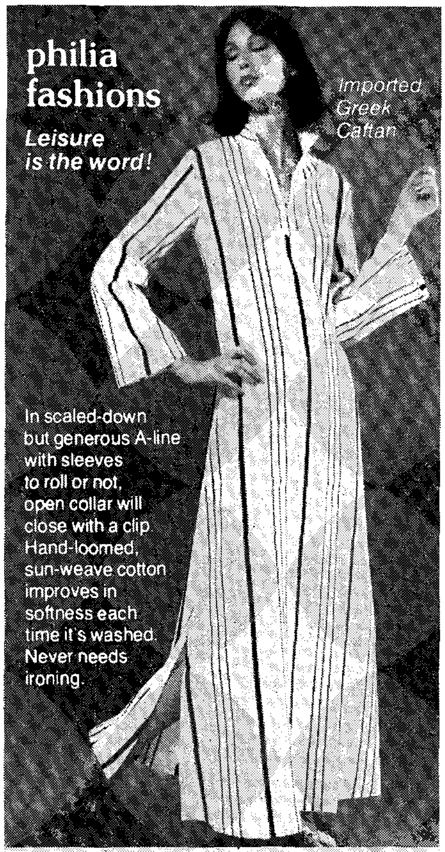
Sincerely,
Steve Steele
Dear Doctor,
Love,
All My Love,

day, and to the difference that the policies of President Roosevelt, "who had been your governor," had made to the Carter family and to other Southern families in the Depression years, he said, with more fervor than is his custom, "I hope if I become President that I can do as much to unify our nation to be sensitive to the needs of all those who live in your area as Franklin Roosevelt was when he changed my life."

WHEN, at the Biltmore on the day after Farley's death, former United Nations Ambassador Daniel Patrick Moynihan held a press conference to announce his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for United States senator to run against the Republican incumbent, James Buckley, Moynihan did not mention Roosevelt. Instead, he referred to two fellow-Irishmen, Al Smith and John F. Kennedy, and noted that, except for Robert Kennedy, New York State, where registered Democrats outnumber registered Republicans almost three to two, had not elected a Democratic senator since Herbert Lehman won, in 1950. Said Moynihan, "The case for my running is, first of all, that I can be elected"—a remark that was taken as a gibe at Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug, who has the overwhelming endorsement of the N.D.C. as the Party's candidate for senator. (The fact that it is November that counts was a big political point that week. The day before, President Ford had told reporters at the White House that, in contrast to his major rival, "I am electable," and Ronald Reagan's staff people had countered that *their* candidate was the electable one.) Moynihan added, however, that electability "is not an everyday thing for us Democrats"—a complaint that James Farley would have understood: in the period stretching back from 1932 to before the Civil War, only two Democrats (Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson) were elected to the Presidency, and from 1864 until Al Smith came along Republicans were almost twice as likely as Democrats to be elected to the New York governorship. As for New York Democrats in the United States Senate, the situation was even worse, and it has persisted. Of the thirty senators who represented this state from the Civil War years until today, only nine have been Democrats.

For generations, there has seemed to be a conviction in this state, as in most of the nation outside the South, that Democratic candidates, who have tended to be products of the cities and big-city bosses—with their "evil, immigrant rule," as the Nebraskan William Jennings Bryan once described them—were best restricted to municipal offices or an occasional term in the House of Representatives. Even today, supporters of Moynihan in the Senate race (he was the last to announce, and there are three other contenders besides Ms. Abzug) undoubtedly believe their candidate to possess two big advantages having to do with geography: he is associated in the voters' minds with national and international affairs rather than with those of this city, in which he grew up, and, despite his extensive service in Washington and New Delhi and as a tenured professor at Harvard, he has a voting residence in Oneonta, in upstate New York, while all four of his rivals for the senatorial nomination are from Manhattan. At his Biltmore press conference, Moynihan, who has run for only one other political office—an unsuccessful race for the Democratic nomination for New York City Council president in 1965, before he considered himself an upstater—said, "I expect to draw support from all over the country." He then said quick-



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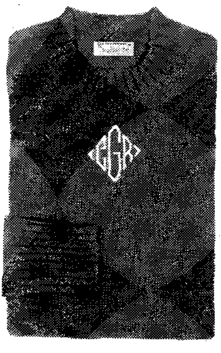

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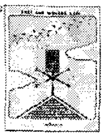

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ly, "I mean, of course, the city." And then, "That is, the state."

ONE other press conference held at the Biltmore on the morning of the Moynihan announcement was primarily of legal significance, but it also had its political implications. The lawyers for the sons of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg distributed to reporters copies of documents concerning the 1951 Rosenberg spy trial which had recently been released to them by the Justice Department under the Freedom of Information Act—documents that, according to the lawyers, should lead to a special inquiry into the case, on the ground that the presiding judge, Irving Kaufman, had allegedly consulted about the appropriate sentence with members of the prosecution staff, headed by United States Attorney Irving Saypol. News accounts of this development noted that Saypol, who has been a State Supreme Court Justice since 1952, was now under indictment himself—one more unwelcome reminder to local Democratic leaders of the number of prominent members of their party who are in trouble with the law. However, Russell Baker's recent homemade-dictionary definition of a New York Democrat as "a person in danger of indictment" is hardly fair. Of the forty-two members of the City Council, only two are under indictment, not counting Matthew Troy, chairman of the Council's Finance Committee and former Queens Democratic county leader, who last week announced his intention of waiving indictment and pleading guilty to having filed a fraudulent tax return. In the State Assembly the ratio is even better—only two are under indictment out of a hundred and fifty. Indeed, even these figures can give a misleading impression, since two of the four indicted officeholders are members of the same family. Assembly Speaker Stanley Steingut has been charged with "corrupt use of position or authority" in arranging a campaign contribution for his son, Councilman Robert Steingut, whose indictment is based on the same incident. Nor can all the legal travail of these four Democrats be attributed to former Special State Prosecutor Maurice Nadjari, whom one politically well-connected defendant indicted last month by a Nadjari grand jury described as "the Torquemada of the twentieth century," and whose efforts in the last months to retain his office have generated far more local controversy than any overtly political contest. Nadjari, of course, has just ended four years as the Republican prosecutor who was appointed in 1972 by Governor Nelson Rockefeller to root out corruption in the city's heavily Democratic criminal-justice system—a crusade that has so far cost nearly fourteen million dollars. (The possibility that the Albany Legislature would vote funds for a special Democratic state prosecutor appointed by the present Democratic Governor, Hugh Carey, to root out corruption in the state's largely Republican criminal-justice system outside the city is considered remote.) The indictment against Justice Saypol was, however, Nadjari's work. Saypol was charged, along with Manhattan Surrogate S. Samuel DiFalco, with having "disregarded a long-standing policy" of the Surrogate Court by allowing Saypol's son Roger to auction off certain property under the court's jurisdiction which the younger Saypol had already appraised. Surrogate DiFalco is also well known for his paternal solicitude, directed in his case toward State Assemblyman Anthony DiFalco. (Young DiFalco is not running for reëlection to the Assembly this year, which may be just as well. During a roll call a few weeks ago, when the clerk called out his name and the names of two other members noted for poor attendance records, the other legislators shouted, "Who? Who? Who?") The Surrogate Court, which deals with the probate of estates, is considered the richest in patronage of all local courts, and in 1973, when Anthony DiFalco was engaged in a well-financed campaign for the presidency of the City Council, it was popularly reported that his campaign slogan was "Where There's a Will, There's a Way." The successful candidate in that contest was Paul O'Dwyer, who is among those now running for the Democratic nomination for United States senator. After the indictment of Surrogate DiFalco, O'Dwyer was asked about the 1973 campaign. "There was a lot of talk about Sam telling people it would be nice to contribute to his son, but I put that aside," O'Dwyer said, adding generously, "After all, what kind of a father would he be if he didn't want to help a son?"

Last December, Governor Carey attempted to dismiss Nadjari and replace him with Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau, saying that there had been "a perceptible decline in public confidence" in Nadjari's investigations, caused by "a series of adverse court decisions and rulings." A considerable number of Nadjari's cases had been dismissed or overturned on appeal—a process that has continued. Some of the Biltmore habitués who were long-faced last month as they read the Farley obituary were all smiles the next day. The Court of Appeals, the state's highest court, had refused to reinstate a Nadjari indictment against former Queens District Attorney Thomas Mackell, the only really significant figure in the local criminal-justice system whom the Special Prosecutor had convicted in his nearly four years in office. Of eleven judges indicted, none have been convicted; two have been acquitted, two have had their cases dismissed, and seven have not yet been brought to trial. Mackell's conviction, on the charge that he had failed to prosecute a Ponzi-like scheme in which his son-in-law was involved, was overturned last year by the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court, which accused Nadjari of engaging in dubious prosecutorial tactics and showing "basic disregard of the rules of evidence." Carey's attempt to remove Nadjari was blocked by the state's Republican Attorney General, Louis Lefkowitz, who had held this post throughout the regime of Nelson Rockefeller, and who, through a technicality, had actually appointed Nadjari. Lefkowitz gave Nadjari six months more to pursue his investigations. In the past two months, the eleven Nadjari grand juries—indicting against deadline, as those named claim bitterly—have sent up a volley of formal charges against Democrats, including one naming DeSapio, who is accused of lying under oath as a witness in a case involving the Surrogate Court. The theory that the prosecutor's office might view an indictment as a weapon was encouraged by an affidavit submitted to the court reporting that a member of Nadjari's staff had told a local bank president that if he did not coöperate with an investigation Nadjari would get an indictment against him, and had then said, "And so what if the indictment was dismissed in two months? Your bank and reputation would be ruined."

Two weeks ago, after a four-month investigation, a report was issued by former State Supreme Court Justice Jacob Grumet—a Republican appointed by Lefkowitz in January to look into Nadjari's charge that Carey had tried to remove him in order to protect the Governor's handpicked State Democratic Chairman, Patrick Cun-

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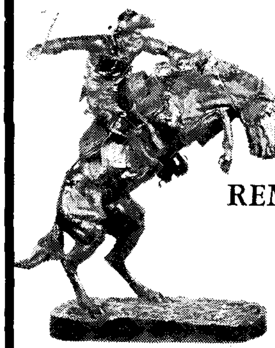

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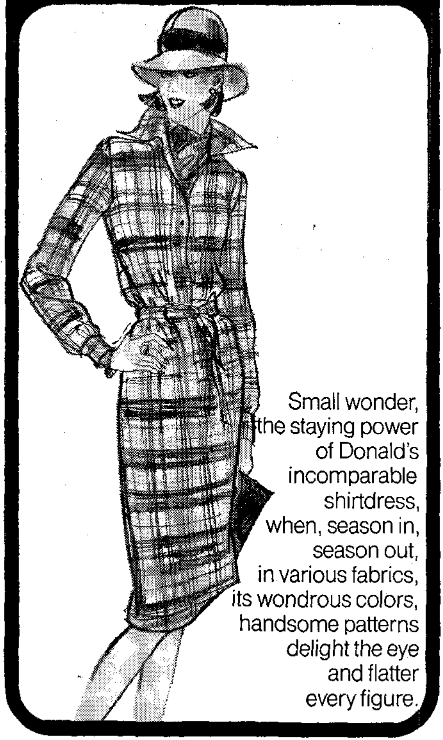

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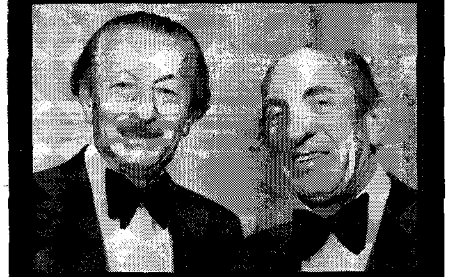

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ningham, who in late May and early June was indicted on a number of counts involving alleged corruption in his home county of the Bronx. Grumet's verdict was that there was no evidence that Carey had had any idea Cunningham was under investigation at the time he made the decision to remove Nadjari. The charges in Nadjari's recent indictments are far less sensational than they were rumored to be in accounts that, one way or another, found their way out of the Special Prosecutor's office and onto the front pages, and some of these, like earlier Nadjari indictments, may not stand up in court. Whatever happens, the damage to Cunningham's reputation is probably permanent, and that to Carey's political position has been great. On the other side of the aisle, the benefit to the Republican opposition in the state has been considerable. Last month, as Carey and Lefkowitz were negotiating over whether Nadjari should continue in office, Vice-President Rockefeller, who keeps in touch with politics back home, publicly commended Nadjari for a job well done.

Lefkowitz's position was understood to be that the Special Prosecutor should be allowed to carry all existing indictments and active investigations through to conclusion. However, Nadjari's angry response to the Grumet report absolving Carey of improper motives was to repeat his charges against the Governor, to threaten to interrogate him on the matter before a grand jury, and to denounce Justice Grumet—Lefkowitz's friend since the days when the Attorney General was a young Republican assemblyman, nearly half a century ago—for having conducted "no investigation." Four days before Nadjari's extended term ran out, Lefkowitz and Carey announced that he would be replaced by John Keenan, District Attorney Morgenthau's chief assistant, who is, conveniently, a registered Republican. Most Democrats are convinced that Lefkowitz consulted with his former chief before he originally extended Nadjari's term last winter, but the Attorney General denies this. Until early 1975, Lefkowitz's son Stephen had been general counsel to the State Urban Development Corporation, a two-billion-dollar Rockefeller project that Carey, shortly before he took office, in January of 1975, discovered was in severe financial difficulties. Two months later, it defaulted on some of its debts and had to be refinanced by the state. The younger Lefkowitz was known to be indignant at Carey's suggestion that the U.D.C. might have been poorly managed—an opinion later supported by a special state investigating commission. Attorney General Lefkowitz, explaining his continuation of Nadjari's tenure last winter, which thus insured Carey of so much political embarrassment, said that the only person who had known about his decision ahead of time was his son Stephen.

IT was suspected in some quarters that the persistence of the father-son motif in New York political life, along with published reports that California Governor Edmund Brown, Jr., was not always nice to former California Governor Edmund Brown, Sr., might have had something to do with the fact that the local response to Jerry Brown's visit here in search of political support on June 1st was, as *Newsday* described it, "tepid." By the time Jerry Brown, along with Udall and Carter, returned to the city to address the state's Convention delegates two weeks later, however, New York Democrats had other things on their minds. The rush of Democrats in most parts of the country to switch their votes to Carter had become a stampede, but the Anybody-but-Carter movement was still in almost full bloom here. At a meeting of the delegates, in the grand ballroom of the Statler Hilton Hotel, on Seventh Avenue across from Madison Square Garden, Udall came in second (one more time) on the applause meter. As between the two other men, the majority of the delegates from New York—congenital dissidents, stubborn as ever about facing reality, as some of their fellow-Americans might consider them—seemed little moved even by Carter's grateful words about Franklin Roosevelt, and gave only what the *Times* called a "lukewarm" reception to the candidate, who spoke in an even voice and smiled constantly, and who will almost certainly head their national ticket. To the California Governor, who almost certainly will not, and whose voice frequently rose to a shout as he assured them that the nation's problems could not be solved by "an invitation to love," and who spoke dramatically of the problems of the South Bronx (but not of Watts), and who did not smile once, they gave a series of foot-stamping ovations. A band of Jackson delegates started a chant of "We want Brown!" The delegates for Jackson, the state's big primary winner, have particularly resisted the rush to Carter. The previous week, more than

a hundred Jackson delegates, alternates, and supporters had held a closed meeting in Forest Hills, Queens, with their chosen candidate. Through the doors, reporters could hear such shouts as "Carter never!" and "Let's go down like men!" and "Let's go down in flames!" One Jackson delegate who felt differently was Mayor Beame, who endorsed Carter on May 26th; this put Beame one up on Carey, whose endorsement came on June 12th. The Mayor (whose aides like to point out that the last political contest for which Jim Farley served as campaign chairman was a Beame mayoral race, although, unfortunately, it was the one in 1965, which he lost to John Lindsay) had to give up his scheme of trying to persuade New York's regular Democratic leaders to swing their delegates to Carter in a body early in June and thus win points for the city and perhaps a more receptive ear from its prospective new banker by putting the winner over the top. As it is, even if a few local delegates insist on going down in flames at the Convention this month, no one may even notice. November, however, is another matter, in a state that had over nine million registered voters at the time of the last Presidential election. A few weeks ago, Carter hired as his local public-relations consultant Howard Rubenstein, the son of an old Brooklyn friend of Beame's. Rubenstein handled publicity for the Mayor's successful 1973 race and has been a power at City Hall ever since. Carter's theory may be that a man who is being paid to improve New Yorkers' impression of the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association and a large number of the city's prominent landlords (who are also Rubenstein clients) might do marvels for a Georgia Baptist who plans to be the next President.

THE Presidential race went virtually unmentioned at another meeting last month—also at the Statler Hilton—at which members of the Democratic State Committee chose the Party's designee for the senatorial nomination. It is hard to understand why the designation was much sought after, since the Democratic candidate on the November ballot will be the winner of the September 14th primary, and the pattern has been that the June choices of the Party leaders are September losers. In 1974, for example, the Party designated Syracuse Mayor Lee Alexander for senator and Howard Samuels for governor, both of whom were defeated that September by rivals who accused them of running on the

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ticket of the bosses. Of this year's five senatorial contenders, only one, Abraham Hirschfeld, emerged from last month's meeting without Party backing of some sort. The Party designation went to O'Dwyer, reportedly at the urging of Mayor Beame—who would no doubt be happy to avoid geriatric jokes by getting O'Dwyer, now sixty-nine, off the ticket as a candidate for re-election as City Council president when Beame runs for reëlection as mayor next year, at the age of seventy-one. As had been planned, Moynihan and Bella Abzug both received enough committee votes so that they will automatically be on the ballot, and won't have to comply with Party rules consigning those shut out at the state convention to the costly and time-consuming chore of gathering twenty thousand signatures on petitions in twenty counties. As had not been in the original plan, the Moynihan forces shuffled enough of their votes to put former Attorney General Ramsey Clark on the ballot also—a move reflecting not generosity but self-interest, since the comparatively conservative Moynihan would benefit by having the liberal vote split three ways, among Abzug, Clark, and O'Dwyer. Shortly afterward, however, the ungrateful Clark announced that during the next few weeks he would help gather petitions for the left-out Hirschfeld, who is also a comparative conservative ("Let a businessman run the city's business") and could give Moynihan some competition.

A popular view is that the chief gladiators in the Senate race will be Moynihan and Abzug, assuming that the congresswoman doesn't back out at the last moment and decide to settle for certain reëlection to the House. "It would be hard to imagine . . . two more contrasting characters than the articulate, impish Moynihan and the brassy, irrepressible Ms. Abzug," the *News* commented. "Those two alone should provide enough color and controversy to give the campaign a zip and zest New Yorkers haven't seen for years." Hirschfeld came in last in the 1974 senatorial primary, and in 1968 O'Dwyer lost the election for senator to Jacob Javits by over a million votes. The practice is to dismiss as if they had never happened the events of 1974, when Clark was virtually ignored at the Democratic state convention, getting only one per cent of the committee vote, but then took the primary and, although he lost in November, got almost one million seven hundred and fifty thousand votes, to two million for Javits. Javits, who traditionally receives the votes of many Democrats, won that year only by approximately the margin of the votes he got as the result of also being the candidate of the Liberal Party, which this year will surely endorse the Democratic nominee over Buckley. Clark is continuing his 1974 policy of accepting no more than a hundred dollars from each contributor, and has so far raised nearly a quarter of a million dollars that way. The former Attorney General, who is regarded as being somewhat unworldly, has another resource. Before his father, former Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark, went on the bench in 1949, the elder Clark was a respected figure in regular Democratic politics, not only in his native Texas but in other parts of the country as well. Some reporters who covered Ramsey Clark's campaign his last time out took bets on how long it would be at a stop before some veteran of the political wars would come up to the candidate, touch his arm, and ask, "How's your dad?" One of Justice Clark's friends from the old days is United States Customs Court Judge Paul Rao, of Manhattan. The judge was indicted by a Nadjari grand jury in 1974 on two counts of perjury, one count being that he had falsely denied having urged a defendant in another court to hire his lawyer son, Paul Rao, Jr., who was also indicted. The judge had been appointed to the bench in 1948 on the recommendation of Tammany Hall and was described at the time the charges were brought against him as a "patriarch" of local Democratic politics. The Raos, against whom the Nadjari indictments were later dismissed, were among the first to sponsor a fund-raising affair for Ramsey Clark in his Senate race two years ago. They are helping him again this year as New York Democrats prepare for a summer of cutting each other up until after school starts, just as many of the rest of the nation's Democrats get ready, in some astonishment, to celebrate the new Party unity at the Garden.

—Andy Logan

•

After about half an hour, Natasha—who is Natalia Makarova, also Mrs. Edward Karker—swept into the ornate living room, padded with Persian rugs and hung with tapestries. "Where," she asked, "we go?"—*Topeka Capital-Journal.*

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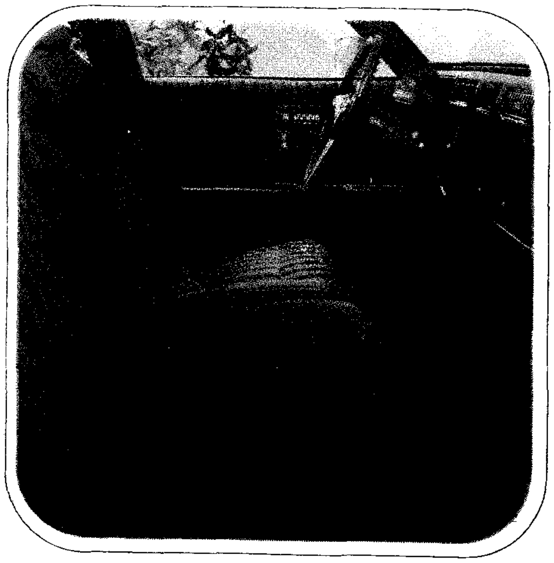

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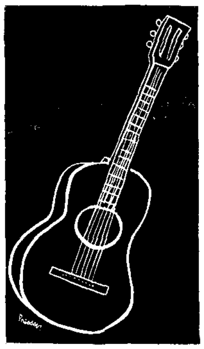

Avery Fisher Hall, for nine previous years the home of this summer series, is being rebuilt; hence the move to Tully. And thence, one might have hoped, a new concern for doing things in a properly Mozartian way—possible now, before audiences of something over a thousand rather than approaching three thousand. Vain hope! It is the old-fashioned mixture as before—modern instruments with the timbre of the late nineteenth and the twentieth century. Inevitable so long as our conservatories concentrate on training performers of the late-Romantic repertory, for whom such instruments are the norm. (They turn their techniques to Bach, to Mozart, to Beethoven, to Schubert, and if they are sensitive they modify their style and clarify their tones when tackling the earlier repertory. But they cannot hope to produce the sounds that those composers had in mind.) Regrettable that not one single concert, not one recital should be performed on the right instruments. But perhaps not inevitable at all if the director, instead of plumping for the eminent, the familiar, and the convenient, had engaged some of the artists who not only play eighteenth-century instruments but are also interpreters of the first rank.

The opening concert, conducted by Alexander Schneider, consisted of a symphony, Haydn's No. 49, and three concertos, in which the soloists were members of the mixed quartet that calls itself Tashi (Tibetan for "good fortune"). Peter Serkin was the soloist in Bach's Harpsichord Concerto No. 4, in A major. The program note called the work a "Concerto for Clavier and String Orchestra" and tactfully refrained from any further explanation; it did, however, point out that for its performance two keyboard instruments are required, one for the soloist and one for the continuo. "Clavier" (which can refer to any keyboard instrument) is ambiguous; the superscription on the manuscript score of the concerto is surely not: "Concerto a Cembalo certato, due Violini, Viola e Cont." Mr. Serkin played his part on a modern Steinway piano, and there was no continuo. I am not a person to make a great fuss about an occasional performance of a Bach harpsichord piece on the piano. For one thing, Edwin Fischer as a piano soloist in the concertos and Rudolf Serkin as a piano soloist in the Fifth Brandenburg have in the past given too much pleasure for me, even now, to find a modern concert grand altogether unacceptable. For another, Peter Serkin's performance of the A major was so lucid, both in conception and in execution, that it was impossible to do anything but enjoy it. The solo writing is two-part throughout (which suggested to the author of the program note—it doesn't to me—that the piece may have been conceived from the start for keyboard rather than derived, like most of the keyboard concertos, from a violin original). Mr. Serkin's right hand maintained a strong singing line, and his left a firm yet discreet accompaniment. It was all just about as good as a piano performance of the concerto can ever be.

Mozart's D-Major Violin Concerto, K. 218, followed, with Ida Kavafian as soloist. She has a clear, well-formed, unassertive tone; her playing was poised and lyrical; the phrases were well shaped. Then came the Haydn symphony (or, at any rate, three-quarters of it; the repeats of the first and second movements were not taken). In the preface to his edition of the score, H.C. Robbins Landon remarks that "the presence of a harpsichord (*cembalo*) . . . was a matter of course in the eighteenth century, and a performance of the work without this instrument is unthinkable," for reasons both of harmony and of timbre. But Mr. Schneider found it thinkable enough, and used no harpsichord. He also, I suspect, used obsolete instrumental parts, since the first violins did not play Haydn's expressive turn at measure sixty-one of the first movement, and nineteenth-century editions likewise omit it. Not a very important point—unless it indicates a general indifference to performing the music from the best possible texts. Similarly, one could remark that Richard Stoltzman played the next piece, Mozart's Clarinet Concerto, on an ordinary A-clarinet and in the familiar version now regarded as an arrangement of a work that Mozart composed for an extraordinary instrument reaching a few notes lower. (The autograph has disappeared, as has that of the Clarinet Quintet; Mozart's likely original has been deduced from internal evidence.) But—this "but" always recurs when the artistic excellence of a performance outweighs its transgressions against authenticity; Beecham's peerless recordings of Haydn symphonies, from corrupt texts, afford an obvious example—a listener cannot suddenly stop enjoying a score whose notes have delighted audiences since first it was published, early in the nineteenth century. And Mr. Stoltzman gave a bewitching performance. It is a critic's duty to scold when the results of musical research are ignored by artists. (Musicology is a sterile occupation until its discoveries are put into practice.) It is a Mozart-lover's pleasure to praise the almost "creative" way in which Mr. Stoltzman molded the phrases. He produced the effect of extemporizing his role, inspired by and inspiring the orchestral players. It was fresh and free; supple yet rhythmically trim; fanciful in its coloring and inflections; emotional, in the slow movement, without being soppy; dancing in the finale.

Mr. Schneider is a conductor readier to persuade than to dictate. His tempi are sometimes slow—the minuet of the Haydn symphony was slow to the point of heaviness—but, as Casals did when conducting Mozart, he sets easy tempi, it seems, only so that wonderful details of the scores should not be scamped. When all the phrasing can be defined, the result sounds more, not less, energetic. Many years ago, Mr. Schneider, with the Dumbarton

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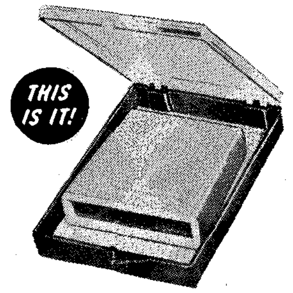

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Oaks Chamber Orchestra, recorded a performance of Mozart's G-Major Piano Concerto, K. 453. I recall the disc for two reasons: because the soloist, Ralph Kirkpatrick, played not a modern concert grand but a modern copy of a late-eighteenth-century instrument, and made an unanswerable case against the big late-nineteenth-century piano in such music; and because the slow tempi adopted for the outer movements, though surprising at first, allowed one to hear—and mark the sense of—so many of the notes, from keyboard, winds, and strings, that most other performances now sound hurried.

THE second concert was all Mozart, and of chamber music. The Tashi quartet (its fourth member is the cellist Fred Sherry) was joined by Mr. Schneider, violin now, and Daniel Phillips, viola and violin. It began with a curiosity, Mozart's "other" Clarinet Quintet—not the familiar piece in A major but the allegro movement in B-flat (K. Anh. 91, or 516c in Alfred Einstein's revised numbering), which breaks off at the foot of a page, after ninety-three measures. In 1968, Robert D. Levin added a brief, tactful development section, recapitulation, and coda, and his completion was used. (The exposition, ninety measures long, was repeated, so what we heard was "mostly Mozart.") It is a striking, in places even a dramatic composition; there are some arresting entries for the clarinet, and Mr. Stoltzman handled them boldly. There followed the Second Quartet for Piano and Strings, K. 493, and the late Divertimento for String Trio, K. 563. Both works received promising rather than completely finished performances. It was rewarding to hear these alert, accomplished players engaged together on great music, yet it was evident that not everything had been fully resolved. Mr. Serkin, leading the piano quartet, blurred some of his passage-work with pedal, and tended to release chords smudgily. Miss Kavafian, leading the *divertimento*, scurried through some of the little notes and did not find for the second subject quite the serene, happy touch she had brought to K. 218. Mr. Phillips, who had played second violin in the quintet, was violist in the divertimento. If I were to say that he is a player who stands out in everything he does, it would be a poor compliment to someone I have heard only in chamber music, and always as a responsive and sensitive partner in ensemble. He "stands out" in no unsuitable way. But I have never heard him play a phrase that did not come to life under his fingers; he has a natural instinct for rhythm and for eloquent articulation, for making one listen keenly. And so the lilting first trio of the second minuet, which is the viola's special solo, became the high point of the divertimento.

THE program notes for the first two concerts, supplied by an agency, efficiently assembled information about each individual work. There is no general program book for the whole series, with thoughtful essays about Mozart's work in the many genres represented at this festival. There were no illuminating cross-references from program to program—nothing to place Mozart in relation to the Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven works that are being played. In the foyer of the hall a little shop had been set up. It sold bars of soap with musical notes printed on them, and playing cards, and T-shirts bearing a leering caricature of Mozart, and other unhappy images of composers in plaster statuettes or on plaques. It also sold some books, but only accounts for kiddies of the lives of the great composers. It sold nothing of musical merit—not Charles Rosen's "The Classical Style," not Stanley Sadie's "Mozart," not A. Hyatt King's "Mozart Chamber Music" (one of those excellent BBC guides designed to deepen the experience of the ordinary concertgoer, and published over here by the University of Washington Press, at a dollar and ninety-five cents; for next year's festival "Mozart Wind and String Concertos" and "Mozart Piano Concertos" should also be ready). It did not even sell pocket scores of the works that are being played.

Four further regrets. That no new works should have been commissioned—from, say, William Bolcom and Jacob Druckman—to be played amid the Mozart. That, although Miss Alice Tully has presented the hall with an organ that (quite apart from its sonic merits) provides a beautiful visual background for any performance, it should be screened away out of sight at these concerts. That Jens Nygaard and his Westchester Chamber Chorus and Orchestra should not have been invited to repeat, to the fuller festival audience, the captivating program of very early Mozart that they gave a few months ago. And that the concerts should not be broadcast, so that wide audiences at home could also enjoy them. For the rest, simple gratitude to Mozart and to his devoted interpreters. —ANDREW PORTER

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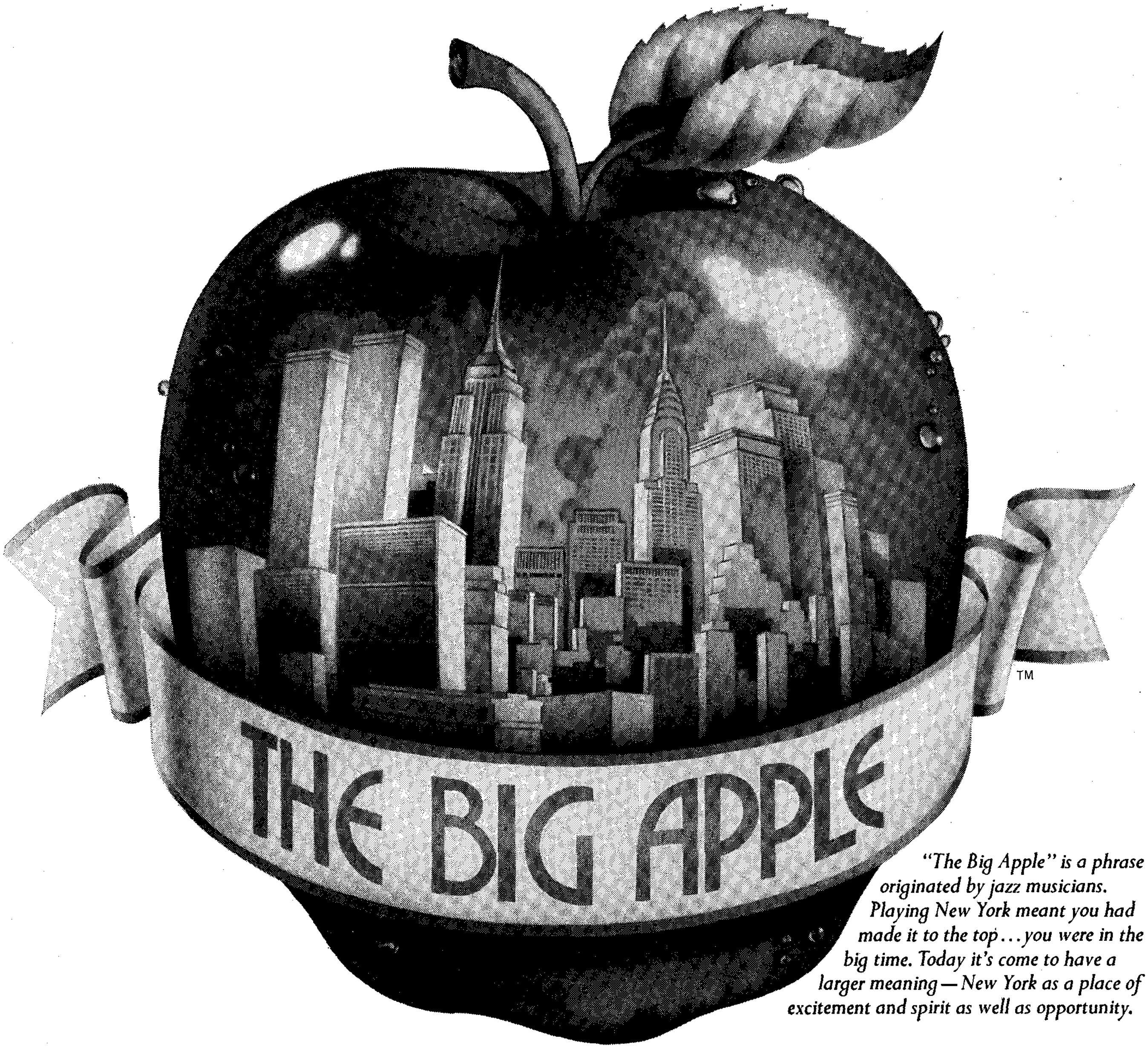

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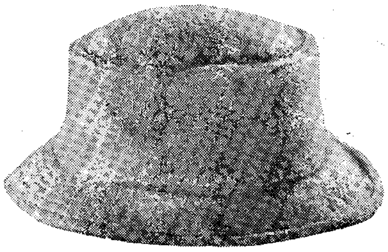

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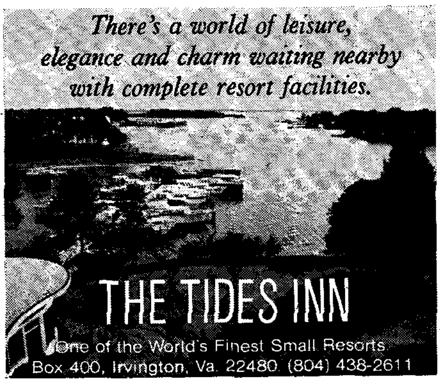

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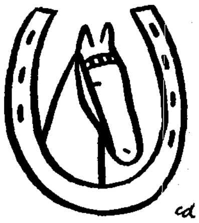

A NEW star rocketed into view with the victory of William Haggin Perry's Revidere in the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park a couple of weekends ago. It was her fifth win in five starts. Oddly enough, the fifty-ninth renewal of the classic for three-year-old fillies was almost a repetition of the Belmont Stakes three weeks before; like Bold Forbes, Revidere dominated the running of the mile and a half, and, like the Belmont, the race ended in a thrilling finish. Revidere, away forwardly, galloped along just off the moderate early pace of All Rainbows. Watching them, you knew that Revidere could go to the front whenever Vasquez, who rode her, wanted her to. And, at the halfway mark, she did. Shortly after Revidere turned into the homestretch, Optimistic Gal came storming up on the outside and took the lead for perhaps half a furlong. But Revidere, buckling down, raced her into submission and won by half a length. Optimistic Gal was ridden by Baeza, and I can't recall when he rode a better race. But, as an old racetracker remarked, "you can't win without the horse." No Duplicate was third, nine lengths or so behind. The time was 2:28⅖—three-fifths of a second faster than the Belmont. Ten went to the post, but only nine ran, for one of the lot, Ten Cents a Dance, stumbled coming out of the starting gate. Neither she nor the rider was hurt.

Bred by Claiborne Farm, Revidere is an attractive chestnut-colored individual. She is by Reviewer (the sire of that unfortunate wonder filly Ruffian, who won the Oaks last year) out of Quillesian, by Princequillo. She did not race last year. Coming out at Aqueduct early in April, she won at seven furlongs from seven other maidens, and followed that victory up by winning an allowance race at one mile at the Big A, another (at a mile and a sixteenth) at Belmont, and the Cotillion Stakes at Keystone—all by lengths. Apparently, David Whiteley, who trains her, was satisfied that she could run all day, as the saying goes, and her workouts for the Oaks were only for speed. Her share of the $114,400 purse was $68,640. Through the years, Mr. Perry has had a number of other top fillies, among them Lamb Chop (my favorite), Gameley, Alanesian, Princessnesian, and Face the Facts.

THERE were a lot of big purses that weekend. Hollywood Park had two of them—the $82,950 Hollywood Oaks, whose winner's share of $49,200 went to Answer on Saturday, and the Swaps Stakes, at $165,450, of which $98,200 went to Ogden Mills Phipps's Majestic Light, who, 20–1 in the betting, came from behind in the stretch to beat Crystal Water. The longest-priced winner of the weekend's six-figure-purse events, though, was a colt by the name of Return of a Native—by Search for Gold out of Nine Star—who beat Cojak by a few lengths in the $125,000 Ohio Derby at Cleveland's Thistledown Park. A two-dollar ticket on Return of a Native returned the holder $184. Dream 'n Be Lucky (how could a horse miss with a name like that?) was third; An Act, shipped to Cleveland from California, started as the favorite and finished fifth. And E. P. Taylor sat in the stands at Toronto's Woodbine and watched Norcliffe, whom he had bred and then sold, take the $138,025 Queen's Plate, Canada's classic, by half a length from Military Bearing. Mr. Taylor's Confederation finished third. This year, the Plate was worth $89,716 to the winner.

BELMONT's midweek attraction before the American Oaks was the Great American Stakes, for two-year-olds. It was won by the Whitney stable's Banquet Table, who came up on the rail in the stretch to beat Iron Post by a neck. Duke Wayne was third. Banquet Table, a dark bay by Round Table out of Silver Bright, is on the small side, but he has speed; he did the five and a half furlongs in 1:04⅘. There was more interest, however, in a race for maiden two-year-olds earlier in the afternoon, in which Waldemar Farm's For the Moment, a full brother to Honest Pleasure, was making his first start. He enlivened the proceedings by tossing Baeza, who rode him, out of the saddle in the parade around the walking ring. In the race, For the Moment broke slowly, and although Baeza rushed him up into contention, John Galbreath's Sanhedrin wore him down in the stretch and beat him by a head. Better luck next time.

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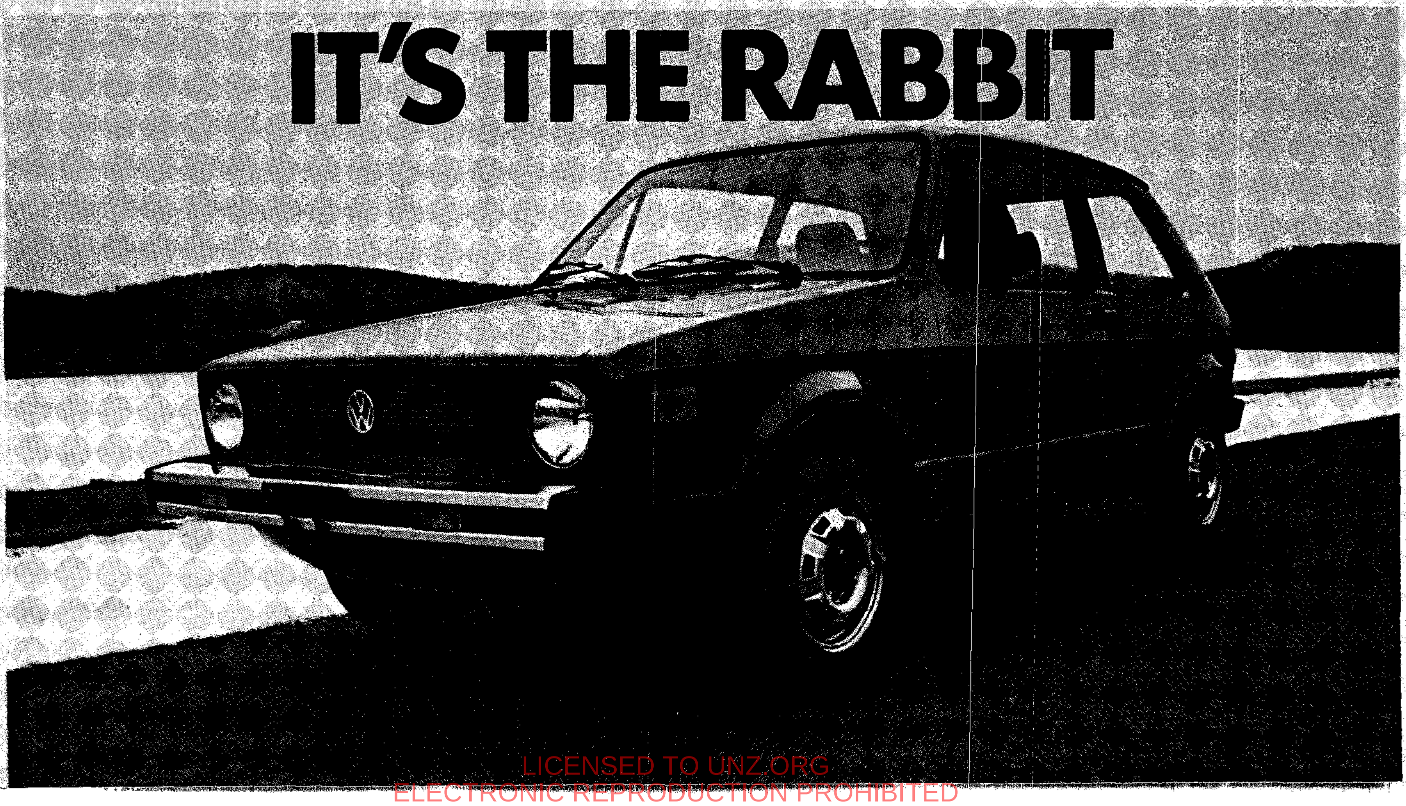


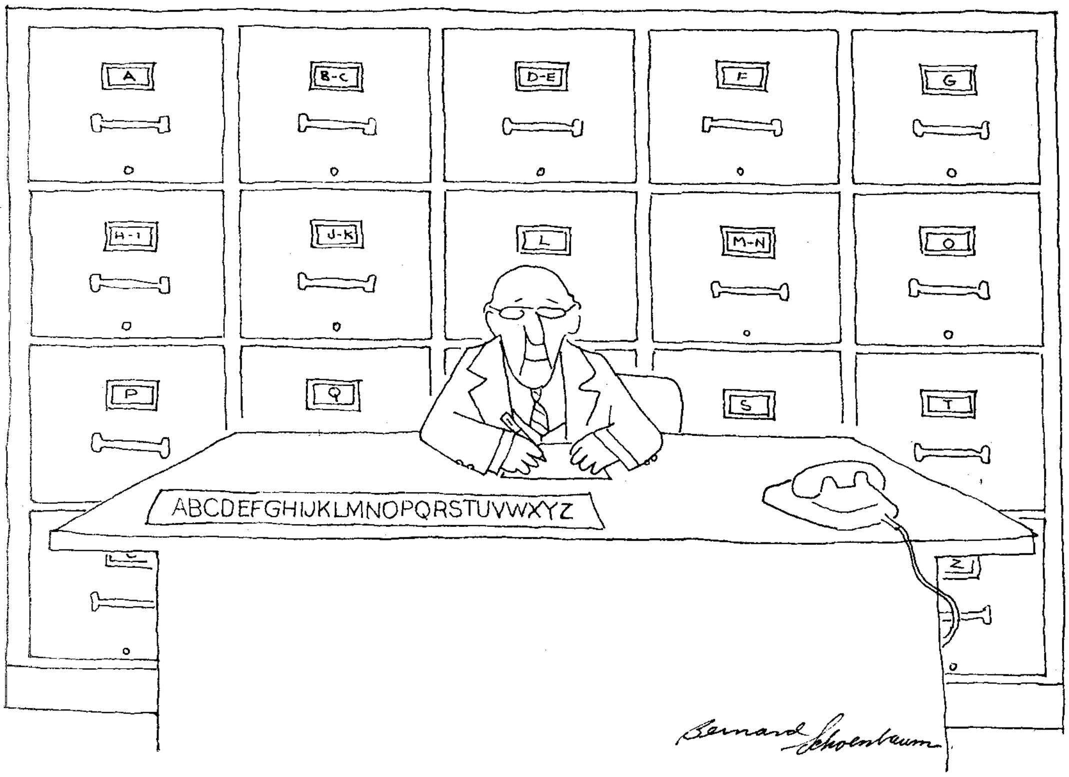
BOOKS

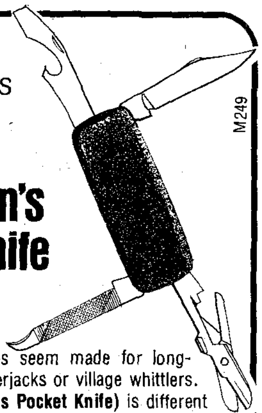
Saints and Sinners

R. W. B. Lewis's absorbing, engaging, and wise "Edith Wharton: A Biography" (Harper & Row) discovers a gallery of Edith Whartons. We recognize the familiar self-assured Pulitzer Prize-winning gentlewoman who lived at the top of intellectual society in this country and abroad, and who grandly entertained her brilliant friends in her handsome houses. Edith Wharton the writer, who supported all this style and sparkle, appears a dedicated, dogged worker, a daily producer and constant reviser, who concealed the intensity of her efforts from those friends. Professor Lewis tells us that once, when Mrs. Wharton was travelling with Bernard Berenson, he thought she made a nuisance of herself about where her bed was to be placed in her hotel room; Lewis's point is that she apparently was too shy to say that she was working during the jaunt, and that she habitually wrote sitting up in bed in the morning. There is no shyness about the Edith Wharton who in the summer of 1914 began organizing one relief effort after another for French and Belgian victims of the First World War, and who commanded innumerable Allied causes during the next four years. But then there is also the Edith Wharton who remained a scared girl, who lived her life in fear, I think, of rejection. (Sometimes, as I read about her, I was reminded of Kafka, who turned his fears into audacious art.) These Edith Whartons, working within their alternating patterns of reticence and outspokenness, carefully saved Edith Wharton's papers so that a biographer could tell strangers what she would not tell friends—not only how hard she worked but that she had a lover.

Mrs. Wharton, born Edith Newbold Jones in New York in 1862, came of a family that was well off by inheritance and stuffy by design. She adored her father and disliked her mother, and this seems to have concerned her to the end of her life. One work that Mrs. Wharton preserved for her biographer is a passage of erotica graphically describing father-daughter incest. Professor Lewis, who prints it in an appendix, thinks she wrote it in 1935. (She died in 1937.) Young Edith was a great reader but not a great belle; her first engagement was broken, and another suitor, Walter Berry, who later became a dear friend, decamped without proposing. In 1885, she married Edward (Teddy) Wharton. Their marriage appears to have been practically sexless: first, it made her sick; later, it drove him crazy. They were divorced in 1913. Most of her psychosomatic ailments disappeared after she began to establish a career as a writer. Lewis thinks she hung back because she feared that professional writing was unladylike, but my own hunch is that she associated writing with assertiveness, with putting forward some part of her personality she feared or disapproved or thought punishable or criticizable. She finally settled down to steady work; by 1902 she had become a recognized American writer, whereupon her husband had his first nervous breakdown. Her friend Henry James said that her marriage was an "utterly inconceivable thing," and though Professor Lewis tries to help us conceive it, James' adjective stands. Teddy had no job; since he and his wife could neither converse nor sleep together, he became a superior servant—something between a rock star's gofer and a queen's Master of the Horse. He was a trustee of her fortune until, during a manic period, he embezzled fifty thousand dollars of it. It is difficult to understand Mrs. Wharton's emotional investment in this travesty of marriage, and her sincere reluctance to end it. Professor Lewis tells us that she blamed her mother for refusing her any sexual enlightenment, but that is not a persuasive reason for guilt about marital failure; plenty of Victorian innocents fumbled their way to ecstasy. The really incredible disparity is that Teddy was not very bright, while, Professor Lewis says, Mrs. Wharton was "one of the most intelligent American women who ever lived." His work bears out that judgment, and so, I think, does hers. She seems to me an example of what superb intelligence can do in literature without the aid of that mysterious unknown—daemon, or genius.

Mrs. Wharton's brains and aesthetic sensitivities contributed enormously to what happiness she attained, but they did not make her truly happy. Neither did her love affair with Morton Fullerton, a cultivated American expatriate who in his youth had shown a great literary promise he never fulfilled; instead, he had an exceptionally active amorous career, in which Mrs. Wharton was an episode. Our author dates their intimacy from 1908 to 1910. He





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thinks that she was intoxicated by the discovery of sexual love and her own capacity for erotic response but that her feelings changed to guilt and disgust; he quotes a friend who heard her exclaim, in 1912, about "the poverty, the miserable poverty, of any love that lies outside of marriage."

I hesitate to sum up Mrs. Wharton's complexities; while Professor Lewis makes me feel that I know her, I am not sure I understand her. Her insistence on conventions that were antiquated in her own time is puzzling; I wonder if she tried to appease a fantasy version of her extremely dull mother. (In her real adult life, she shunned the woman.) Mrs. Wharton's mind entertained all sorts of freedoms she did not allow her person. Yet her true-blue gentility—her loyalty to servants and friends, her copious generosity—is exemplary, the more so because, though she sometimes, amid all the emotional devastations of her existence, quarrelled with equals, she never harmed a dependent. She is lucky, and so are we, in her biographer, for he has an uncommon ability to put his subject onstage and let her take over. He fills in the scenario with precision and discretion, but this is her book, and we are given her life and personality to contemplate, to admire, pity, wonder at—to make of what we can. James summed up Edith Wharton—one of her, at least—in a letter that applies to Lewis's fortunate readers as well as to H. J.'s correspondent: "You have made friends with Edith Wharton. I congratulate you: you may find her difficult, but you will never find her stupid, and you will never find her mean."

The twentieth is the first century in which the human race discovered that common people are good-looking. Handsome features on a dishevelled serf had been attributed to a touch of illegitimate noble blood. In the nineteenth century, aristocracy called on the racist science of the period; it asserted that nobles differed racially from, and were superior to, commoners. Yet when a caste has selected spouses for power, property, and noble quarterings, it is apt to get only what it has been seeking, while people who have paired off on the basis of sexual attraction are more likely to breed lookers. The camera made this truth inescapable. In the nineteen-twenties, for example, it showed the world that the head of the House of Savoy, one of the oldest ruling families in Europe, was the physically insignificant Victor Emmanuel and that a good-looking

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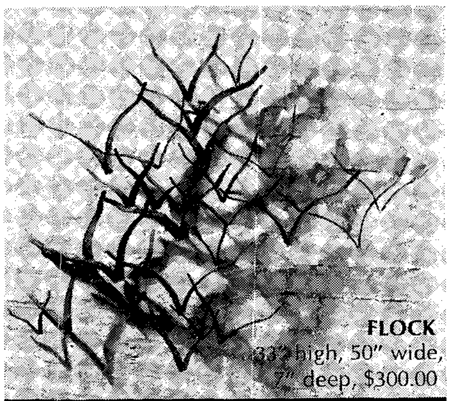
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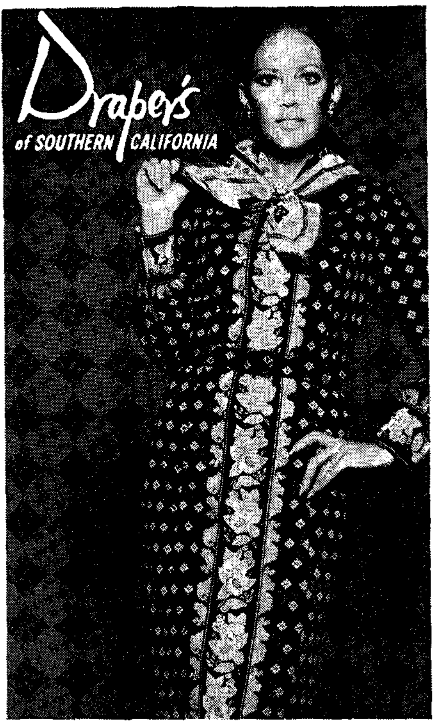
Italian male was the obscurely born Rudolph Valentino. Apparently, the myth of aristocratic supremacy was never wholly accepted, for history picks up plebs whispering that rulers who showed remarkable qualities had a touch of common blood. Victoria's consort, Prince Albert, was rumored illegitimate because he seemed too smart, too handsome, and too well behaved to be a pure-bred prince. Lewis says that Mrs. Wharton's gifts stood out so strikingly against the background of her lymphatic relatives that she, too, was rumored illegitimate—the daughter of a young English tutor who left the family in 1866. Lewis does not think that the theme of illegitimacy, as Mrs. Wharton used it in her fiction, derived from this gossip, but he reminds us of her sympathetic portrait of the tutor in "The Age of Innocence."

GABRIELLE CHANEL, the subject of Edmonde Charles-Roux's "Chanel" (Knopf; translated from the French by Nancy Amphoux), was undoubtedly illegitimate. She came from a line of peasants-turned-peddlers who mated in haste and married at leisure; she was born, in 1883, the second child of a couple who married the next year. Unlike Mrs. Wharton (Lewis calls her "pretty"—a gallant judgment his photographic illustrations refute), Gabrielle was a stunner. Mlle. Charles-Roux's biography of Chanel is the best so far, which is not high praise. Mlle. Charles-Roux has done more extensive research than her predecessors, but her style is horribly inflated. Yet Chanel's biographers all deserve sympathy, for all labor under the same difficulties. One is that Chanel fabricated a different past for every auditor, so the task of disentangling fact from fiction wastes a lot of space. Chanel also lied about feelings—her own and others'—and no commentator seems to have escaped the contagion of her phony pathos. The most important factor in her biographers' failure, though, is that, for reasons that vary with their temperaments, they never squarely face the fact that Chanel was an abominable character—the quintessential guttersnipe. Her plusses were beauty, grace, taste, the ability to learn fast, the willingness to work hard, and (possibly) charm. Though she never found a husband, she was rarely without a lover; I suspect that the long string of men who invented excuses not to marry her knew very well what they were avoiding. During the First World War, while the American Mrs. Wharton was devoting herself to countries that were not her own, the French Mlle. Chanel was busy laying the foundations of her fortune. Mrs. Wharton lived long enough to detest Hitler, Mlle. Chanel to take a Nazi lover during the Occupation. She tried to acquire by Nazi racial-law escheat the shares belonging to her perfume-business partner, a Jew who had fled. (They had done business together since 1924, but Chanel's code was: When they're down, kick.) According to Mlle. Charles-Roux, Chanel had a fling at making a separate peace under the aegis of the German spymaster Walter Schellenberg, one of Himmler's aides. What might be considered a trace of this story appears in Pierre Galante's "Mademoiselle Chanel." Schellenberg's memoirs do not mention Chanel, but, Alan Bullock points out, in his introduction to that work, "The Labyrinth," which was published posthumously, omissions and alterations may have been made while the manuscript wandered postwar Europe. At all events, Mlle. Charles-Roux appears to have found that Chanel gave Schellenberg money after his release from prison; there seems no reason for Chanel to have done so unless he had some hold on her.

Chanel treated servants harshly, employees worse, and never shared (but sometimes stole) professional credit. She bribed her humble brothers to keep out of sight, lest they interfere with her social ambitions, and then cut off their allowances when the Second World War started and distress was beginning for the French—though not for Chanel, whose perfume royalties went on accumulating in Switzerland. Once upon a time, such egomania and rapacity would have been attributed to Chanel's low birth, as nowadays they would be attributed to her deprived childhood. But it is possible to demonstrate that both propositions are false and that, highborn or low, people are responsible for their characters. The proof is Gabrielle's girlhood friend, her aunt Adrienne Chanel, the youngest child of Gabrielle's grandparents. She was about Gabrielle's age, and they went to school together and became seamstresses together. The photographs of young Adrienne are even more beautiful—her features are more finely chiselled—than Gabrielle's. Adrienne was prodded by Gabrielle to join in her efforts to break into *le monde;* this led them to the *demi-monde*, and they became kept women. Adrienne, however, fell



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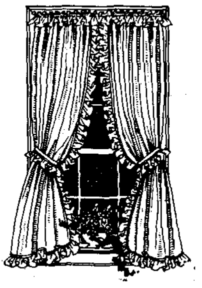

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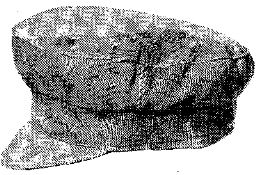
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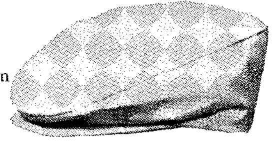
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in love with her noble protector, and he with her, and they lived happily ever after. They met in about 1905, and were able to marry in 1930, after his disapproving father had died. When Gabrielle let somebody down, Adrienne picked him up. Gabrielle amassed money, Adrienne tended lame ducks. Mlle. Charles-Roux tries to make us pity Chanel's lonely old age, which was indeed an emotional Death Valley—a striking contrast to Mrs. Wharton's, for she, though husbandless and childless, too, was surrounded by generations of loving friends to the very end.

Fair is fair. Women owe a great deal to Mlle. Chanel. Working clothes always existed for working women, but except for Chanel's drive and imagination dysfunctional clothing might have remained, as it always had been, high-status clothing, and clothes that free the female body might have remained the badge of poverty. Chanel *made functional clothes glamorous* and desirable. Of all the illustrations in this book, the most striking are those that display the radicalism and classicism, the purity and workability of her designs. Her clothes are what "modern" is all about. Not, one hopes, her character. But her life affords the useful lesson that, though being good does not guarantee happiness, neither does being bad. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ANGELS AT THE RITZ, by William Trevor (Viking). At their best, short stories can capture the essence of a life with the blink of an eye, and William Trevor is one of the subtlest practitioners of this art around today. In fact, he gives us such a rich understanding of the emotions of the various English and Irish people who inhabit these twelve spare, engrossing stories—the embarrassed love of a sensitive schoolboy for his dowdy, gabby, divorced mother; the wounded bravado of a recently cuckolded middle-aged architect travelling alone in Iran; the naïve gratitude felt by a plain English secretary for the advances of the office bounder—that the collection seems to be made up of twelve little novels, though his stories are rarely more than twenty pages long. Many of them are about the effect of large events—death, divorce, romantic deceptions of all sorts—on ordinary lives. Villains are absent from them all. No matter how skewed a character's point of view, the author makes us feel a bit

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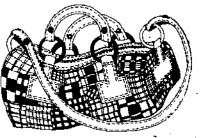

of sympathy for it. Mr. Trevor also gives a lot of credit to the pubs, sweet cakes, household furniture, and articles of clothing that solace people while their minds are on other things. Very little of a spectacular nature happens to anyone here, but the feeling of real lives lived (or merely endured) is palpable.

RATNER'S STAR, by Don DeLillo (Knopf). A whimsical, surrealistic excursion into the modern scientific mind, built (exceedingly loosely) around the story of a fourteen-year-old mathematical genius's attempt to decode a message that scientists have picked up from a distant celestial body—Ratner's star. If you know any adolescents with a passion for higher mathematics or crystal structure, pass this right along. Its legions of transitional logicians, mystical mathematicians, and kingpins of alternate physics, and its non-stop display of scientific expertise and pseudoscientific word games, will probably be well received. Nonwhizkids, however, will almost certainly find the constant Mach 2 appearances and disappearances of caricaturish characters confusing; the setting—a futuristic think tank called Field Experiment No. 1—almost impossible to visualize; and the dialogue, which seems to have been freely translated from the Upper Transylvanian, annoying. ("While I was here a personage came by and said he wants to receive you in his apartments at the top of the armillary sphere." "Apartments plural?" "This is acoustically what I heard.")

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS: MORE UNKNOWN THRILLERS OF LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, edited by Madeleine Stern (Morrow). A second—and, unfortunately, concluding—collection of the hair-raising, potboiling novellas that young Louisa wrote to support her family and published under a pseudonym so as not to embarrass them. Miss Stern, who, with her rare-book-dealing partner, Leona Rostenberg, unearthed these stories, calls them "superb rubbish." So they are. They have the gusto of the born storyteller—a relish that makes the hoariest gothic cliché seem fresh. *Plus-ça* note: The last story in the volume deals with a group of wholesome New England youngsters tripping on hashish.

GENERAL

THE LARDNERS: MY FAMILY REMEMBERED, by Ring Lardner, Jr. (Harper & Row). Mr. Lardner

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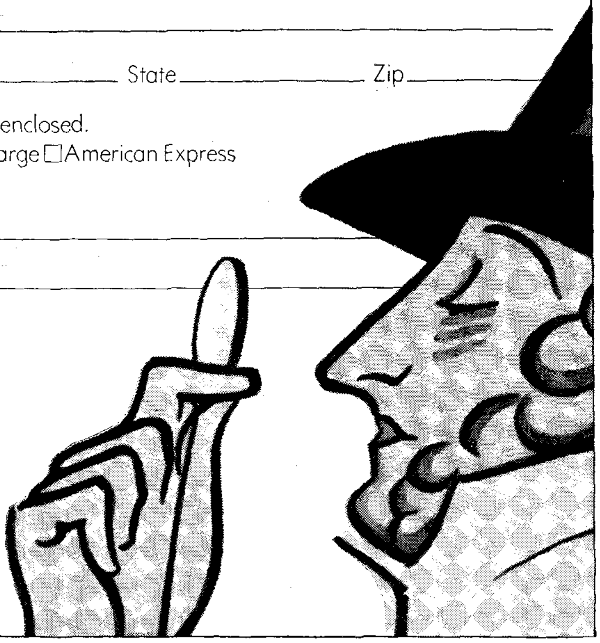

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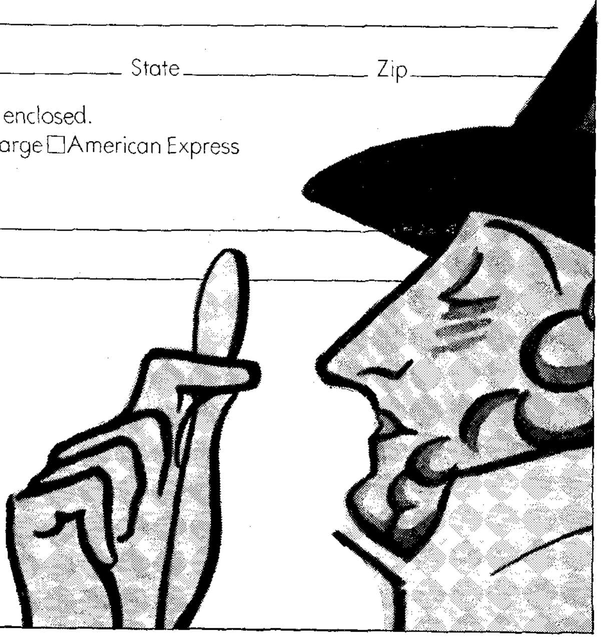

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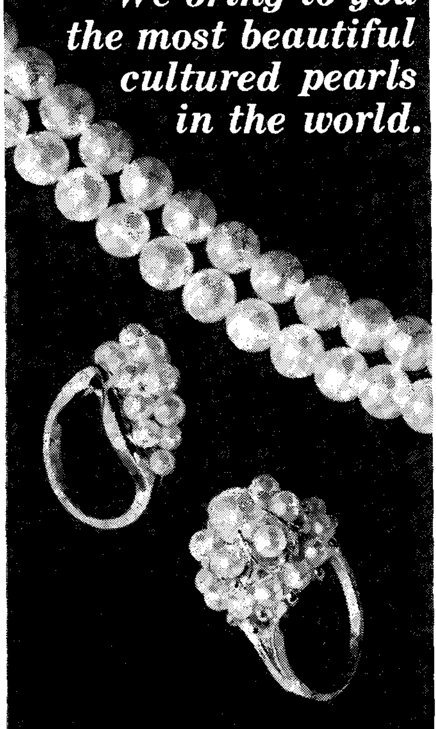
(now sixty) has been the sole surviving member of his gifted but luckless family for some sixteen years. His famous father died (of alcohol and tuberculosis) at forty-eight; James, the second of his three brothers, was killed in action in the Spanish Civil War at twenty-four; his younger brother, David, a war correspondent for this magazine, was killed by a land mine in Germany at the age of twenty-five; and his elder brother, John (afflicted with tuberculosis, multiple sclerosis, and heart disease), died at the age of forty-seven. Only his mother, who died at seventy-two, had a normal life span. It would be too much to say that death—early death—is the theme of this memoir, but the spectre is there, and the book is haunted by the presence of talent unfulfilled or incompletely realized. It is at once a sad and an extremely funny book. It is a record of unhappiness, with Ring Lardner, Sr.—dour, uncommunicative, chronically depressed, and (in his son's phrase) a "strait-laced cynic"—at its center, but with something of his nature manifest to a certain degree in all of his sons. It is also, however, an affectionate record—a record of a happy growing up and an unusual warmth (never demonstrated, however) between the brothers. And, with a wealth of Lardner letters, Lardner impromptus, Lardner deadpan comedy ("I have known what it was like to be hungry, but I always went right to a restaurant"), it delights as deeply as it moves. Many photographs.

SOME CHAMPIONS: SKETCHES & FICTION, by Ring Lardner, edited, with an introduction, by Matthew J. Bruccoli and Richard Layman, and with a foreword by Ring Lardner, Jr. (Scribners). If, as seems likely, Mr. Lardner's memoir of his family excites an overdue revival of serious interest in the work of his celebrated father, this collection of hitherto uncollected writings might very well provide it with a little boost. It consists of seventeen humorous articles and nine short stories. The earliest of these is a piece that appeared in the Boston *American* in 1911, and the latest a story published posthumously in *Redbook* in 1935. Nothing here is of the highest quality, but almost everything deserves inclusion in a book. The humorous articles include several pieces that form an autobiographical fragment relating to Lardner's beginnings as a Chicago sportswriter; the fiction includes two of the "You Know Me Al" baseball stories (one written too late for book publication and the other, written in 1918, dealing with draft-dodging and considered un-American), and a fine sample of his so-called "dark stories"—a 1930 thrust called "Mamma."

MUSSOLINI'S ROMAN EMPIRE, by Denis Mack Smith (Viking). Absolutely topnotch work. The author, a Fellow of All Souls who has published extensively on modern Italian history, writes for the layman and the specialist alike in clear prose that puts all sorts of unfamiliar material into an understandable historical setting. Smith describes the growth of an imperial vision in Mussolini's mind—a policy of fantasy that led in time to the death of the dictator and, of course, to immense suffering by the Italian people. The psychological oddity in all this was the Duce's persistent passion for unreality: for example, though Italy was always short of fuel and his Fascist armies held Libya, which was known to be floating on oil, the Italians never bothered to extract it. The relations between Mussolini and Hitler afford another instance: Mussolini continued to regard himself as, so to speak, the elder brother of world Fascism, no matter what evidence there was to the contrary. The book is a demonstration of the dangers of taking the word for the deed. But there is another lesson: because the Duce dealt in so much delusion—such disproportion between claim and accomplishment—Italian Fascism and its imperial ventures are often regarded as farcical. It was not; it was as nasty as could be. The colonial victims—black Africans, Arab Africans, Albanians, Greeks—were just as dead as if Mussolini's Fascist doctrine had attained any intellectual coherence.

STAR-MAKING MACHINERY: THE ODYSSEY OF AN ALBUM, by Geoffrey Stokes (Bobbs-Merrill). In 1974, Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, a San Francisco rock band, had reached a critical point in their career. They were popular with the critics and had a loyal cult following, but the magic of their concerts did not carry over to their records. They badly wanted their next album to be a real commercial success. So did their record company, which persuaded them to hire John Boylan, an independent producer from Los Angeles, to help them make their sound salable. This book is a vivid, detailed account of the planning, recording, and market-



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ing of that album. Step by step, Stokes follows Cody's Byzantine contract negotiations; the arduous process of recording and mixing; the conflicts and tensions that affected everyone involved with the project; the fate of the final product as it was promoted, distributed, publicized, and reviewed. An essential part of the drama is Cody's uneasy coexistence with Boylan: anarchic San Francisco meeting corporate L.A. The album ended up a compromise that satisfied no one, including the consumer, and demoralized everyone, especially the band. Stardom—and solvency—remained elusive. Stokes's portrait of the record business is not kind, but he has avoided the temptations of the easy exposé. Rock has always been both art and product, and the relationship has never been simple. Because Stokes understands the complexity of the subject, his book is a valuable study of the economics of mass culture.

MESSENGERS OF GOD: BIBLICAL PORTRAITS AND LEGENDS, by Elie Wiesel, translated from the French by Marion Wiesel (Random House). These essays about Old Testament figures, from Adam through Job, start with the words of the Bible, consider a body of traditional Jewish commentary, and add the author's modern reflections. Mr. Wiesel's ideas are extremely sophisticated, but he writes with great simplicity. He and his rabbinical forerunners seek moral and spiritual meanings, religious concepts, and lessons we can apply to our own lives. The effect of their work, though, is to heighten our awareness of the literary power of the Old Testament stories: one feels again how magnificently their epic bareness, frankness, and concision deal with truths about man that are as perplexing as the truths they reveal about God.

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Even the FBI has abandoned the argument that *most* of the documents involved should be withheld on national security grounds, but it has grasped like a drowning man to the anchor of privacy.—*The New Republic.*

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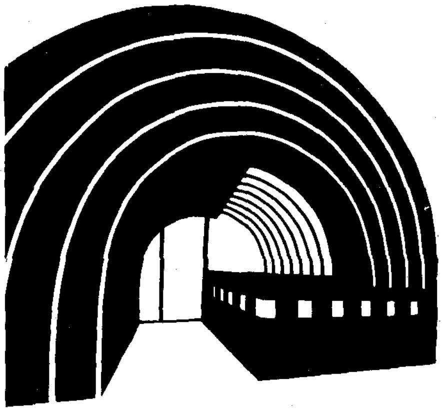

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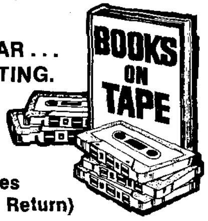

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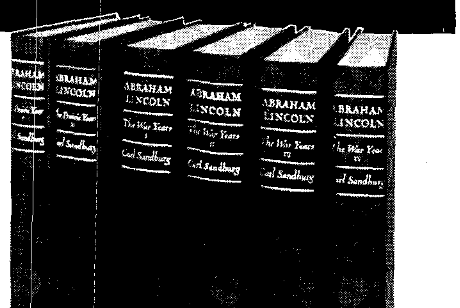

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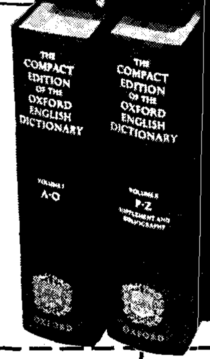

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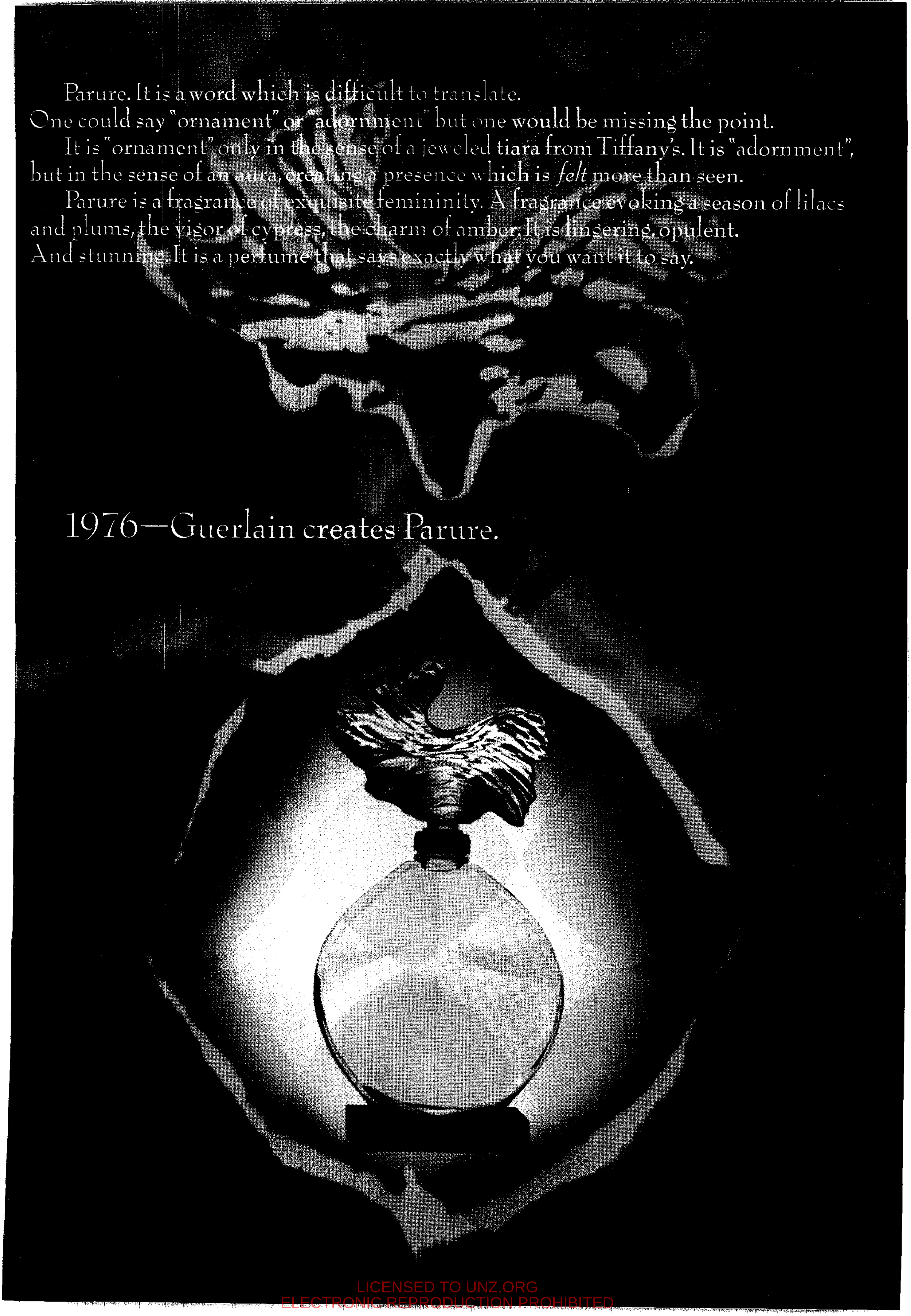

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